This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

BOOKS ſold by W. REEVE, *at* Shakeſpear's-Head *in* Fleet-Street, LONDON.

1. THE Inſolvent: Or, Filial Piety. A Tragedy. Acted at the Theatre in the *Hay Market* (by Authority) under the Direction of Mr. *Odell*. Written by *Aaron Hill*, Eſq; Author of *Athelwold*; Partly on a Plan of Sir *William D'Avenant*'s and Mr. *Rymer*'s. Price One Shilling and Six pence.

N. B. There are high Encomiums on this Tragedy in *The Critical Review*, *The Gray's Inn Journal*, *Magazines*, *The London Chronicle*, and other Periodical Works. After quoting near three Hundred Lines, in order to ſhew the Merit of this Piece, they conclude with the following Words; "Upon the Whole, we will venture to "ſay, that this is far from being the worſt Tragedy "which has appeared of late Years on the Stage, and, "with a very little Alteration, might, in our Opinion, "be made a fine Acting Performance."

2 Travels through *Egypt*, *Turkey*, *Syria*, and the *Holy-Land*. Containing, among many other curious and entertaining Particulars, 1. A Deſcription of *Egypt*, the River *Nile*, the Pyramids, &c. 2 A Deſcription of *Turkey*, and of its Provinces and Iſlands. 3. A Deſcription of *Syria*, the Ruins of *Palmyra*, the Deſerts of *Arabia*, &c. 4. A Deſcription of the *Holy Lands* Particularly, of *Jeruſalem*, and the Holy Places; of *Jericho*, *Jordan*, *Bethlehem*, the *Dead Sea*, &c. 5 The Manners, Cuſtoms, Government and Trade of the *Egyptians*, *Turks*, *Tartars* and *Arabs*. 6 Their Religions, Genius, Tempers, Perſons, Habits, Diverſions, Exerciſes, Buildings, Curioſities, &c. Interſperſ'd with many judicious Obſervations. Written by an *English* Merchant, who reſided many Years in the *Eaſt*. To which are added Explanatory, Theological, Hiſtorical, Geographical and Miſcellaneous Notes. *By a Gentleman of Oxford*. Price Three Shillings bound.

A *N. B.* This

N. B. This Book not only gives a particular Deſcription of moſt of the Countries mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures, and therefore highly neceſſary to be perus'd by all, but alſo of many other Places that are very little known by the People in *Europe*. It likewiſe gives a very particular and entertaining Account of the *Arabians* of the Deſart; of the Proceſſion of the *Mecca* Caravan, *&c.* In ſhort, this is the cheapeſt Book of the Kind ever printed, as it affords the Reader both Entertainment and Inſtruction; and is a very proper Preſent for Parents, Guardians, *&c.* to young Gentlemen and Ladies, as it will impreſs on their Minds a Deſcription of Countries which will ever be regarded by the World in general, and enable them to ſpeak with Propriety of Men and Things, at preſent but too little known among us.

3. A Thankſgiving Sermon for the important and aſtoniſhing Victory obtained on the 5th of *December*, 1757, by the glorious King of *Pruſſia*, over the united and far ſuperior Forces of the *Auſtrians* in *Sileſia*. Preached on the Sabbath of the 10th of the ſaid Month, at the Synagogue of the Jews at *Berlin*. By *David Hirſchel Franckel*, Arch-Rabbi. Tranſlated from the *German* Original printed at *Berlin*. Price Six-pence.

Note, The *German* Original is left with Mr. *Reeve*, and may be ſeen by the Curious.

4. The Theatre of Love. Price Three Shillings bound.

5. *Du Pleſſis*'s Memoirs: Or, Variety of Adventures. Interſpers'd with Characters and Reflections, moral, ſatirical, inſtructive and humourous. With a Deſcription of ſome Strolling-Players, amongſt whom the Memorialiſt travell'd awhile, before his laſt Departure from *England*. In 2 Vols. Price Six Shillings bound.

MEMOIRS

OF

Madame DE STAHL.

[Price bound Three Shillings and Six-pence.]

MEMOIRS
OF
Madame DE STAHL.

In TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING,

A particular Account of the PLOT, for which the *Spaniſh* Embaſſador, great Numbers of the *French* Nobility, and Madame *De Stahl*, were committed Priſoners to the *Baſtile*, and to ſeveral other Priſons and Caſtles in that Kingdom. Her Conduct under Confinement; and the Integrity ſhe preſerv'd, notwithſtanding the Artifices that were made uſe of to induce her to a Diſcovery. With the Intrigues of ſeveral Perſons of High Rank, from ſome of which ſhe had a narrow Eſcape: And a Relation of ſome State Tranſactions, which throw new Lights on the *French* Hiſtory. Likewiſe ſome Account of the Conventual Life, this Lady having been brought up from her Infancy in a Nunnery in *Normandy*.

THE WHOLE BEING

A Series of very extraordinary and intereſting Events; And is interſpers'd

With Characters and Anecdotes of ſeveral of the *French* Nobility, and of Perſons either belov'd or deteſted for their Virtues or Vices.

Written by HERSELF, *in Her laſt Illneſs.*

Tranſlated from the *FRENCH.*

To which are added,
Hiſtorical and Biographical Notes, by the Tranſlator.

Le Vrai ſeul doit plaire; le Vrai ſeul eſt aimable. BOIL.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed and ſold by *W. Reeve*, in *Fleet-Street*.

M.DCC.LIX.

210. m. 222.

TO THE READER.

THE advantageous Mention made of this PIECE *in all the* FOREIGN REVIEWS, *induced me to look into it; and, to uſe the Style of my Superiors, the Cenſors of Books,* "*After a careful Peruſal I have found nothing* "*in it contrary to good Manners,* "*or which ſhould hinder a Tranſla-*"*tion of it.*" *I am even ſo ſanguine as to think, it bids as fair to anſwer the worthy Bookſeller's Purpoſe*

Purpoſe as many other Memoirs *or* Adventures. *The ſeveral Incidents, and Miſs* De Launay's *Behaviour, beſides the Recommendation of Truth, being ſuch, that the Polite and the Politician, the Lover and the Scholar, and even the Philoſopher and the Chriſtian, will meet with Entertainment in it.*

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF

Madame DE STAHL.

AS it is not in my Power to increaſe the Revenues of Foundations for the Health and Relief of the Body, or of the Retreats of Devotion; that I might not depart without ſome Token of my Regard for Society, I have drawn up theſe Memoirs, wiſhing that, according to the natural Tendency of them, they may promote the Tranquillity and moral Improvement of my Readers.

My Fate has been the reverſe of what is ſeen in Romances; where the Heroine, from a Cottage riſes to a Throne. In my Childhood, I was treated like a Perſon of Diſtinction; but afterwards I came to know all my Meanneſs, and that there was nothing in the World I could call mine. My Mind failing at firſt to take the Turn natural to Calamity, has ever been ſtruggling againſt the Subjection which afterwards became my Lot; and hence proceeded the Wretchedneſs of my Life.

My Father, on ſome Account induſtriouſly concealed from me, was obliged to remove into *England*;

land; my Mother, then young and beautiful, remaining in *France*. Some Directors however raiſing Scruples in her about being apart from her Husband, ſhe went after him; but the Climate diſagreeing with her, ſhe returned to *Paris*, where ſoon after I firſt ſaw the Light. The want of a Subſiſtence reduced her to look out for a Retreat, which ſhe obtained in the Abbey of St. *Sauveur*. Madame *De la Rochefoucault*, the Abbeſs, by the Intereſt of ſome Friends, generouſly admitted her without any Expence; and, when I was to be taken from Nurſe, even allowed my Mother to bring me into the Convent.

A LITTLE before, *Lewis* XIV. had aſſumed to himſelf the Nomination to all the *Urbaniſt* * Abbeys; but this being oppoſed by the Pope, moſt of the Nuns who had been nominated to theſe Abbeys, and had gone to take Poſſeſſion, inſtead of returning to their Houſe, choſe rather to betake themſelves to other Convents, and there wait the Iſſue of the Conteſt.

THE two Meſdames *De Grieu*, who were among the Candidates, had retired to St. *Sauveur*, and took a particular Liking to my Mother; that, when ſhe returned with me, I became their Idol. Being in a ſtrange Houſe, where they had no Employments, they fell into that Laſſitude which faſtens on the firſt Object of Amuſement; and they loved me with that Vehemence, which Leiſure and Solitude communicate to Sentiments of all Kinds.

THOUGH

* Nuns of the Order of St. *Clara*; ſo called from Pope *Urban*, who drew up Rules and a Diſcipline for them.

THOUGH only in my third Year, ſome Things came from me, which, on Account of my Age, were cried up as Witticiſms; and the Favour of the Abbeſs I gained by an Incident, perhaps beneath relating. She was Siſter to the witty Duke *De Rochefoucault*, and had herſelf a great Share of that Talent; but Wit is no Preſervative againſt Whims, or rather expoſes them the more. Her Apartment was the Infirmary of ailing Dogs. Here lay the Lame and the Incureable. Some rolled about in a Fit of the Falling-Sickneſs, and others were all over mangey. None of any Beauty were admitted as Patients, the Lady well knowing that there would be Doors enough open for their Relief. Meſdames *De Grieu* frequently took me with them, in their Viſits to her; and one Day, juſt as they were ſitting down to Supper, I happened to tread on the Foot of one of the poor Creatures, that it ſet up a terrible Yelling. The Abbeſs reddened with Anger, that a kind Perſon, next to whom I was placed, whiſpered to me, to ask Pardon. Not comprehending that ſhe was the Party offended, I got down from my Chair, and went and kneeled before the Dog which I had hurt, and, it ſeems, made my Excuſe very movingly. This took Effect, and placed me in her Favour. The Marchioneſs *De Silleri*, her Siſter, and Meſdames *De Saint Poin* and *De Bois Fevrier*, her Nieces, uſed to divert themſelves, in chatting with me. Indeed my Underſtanding was clearer than is uſual at ſuch an Age. This may be ſaid without any Vanity; as Children, from being accounted Prodigies of Wit, are known to degenerate into a monſtrous Stupidity.

THESE happy Qualities were cultivated by all the Inſtructions my Age was capable of. My Company

were grown-up Perſons, and this helps to give a rational Turn to the Mind. They alſo knew enough to anſwer all I could ask. The Satisfaction of one Curioſity ſtarted another; that I was perpetually asking Queſtions, and always had my Anſwer. Inſtead of being lulled aſleep with Tales, my Head was furniſhed with the Elements of Sacred and Prophane Hiſtory; and ſo well arranged, that I, at Times, quoted them very pertinently. Such Aptitude increaſed the Fondneſs of theſe Ladies who interfered in my Education, that they prevailed on my Mother entirely to give me up to them.

THE Dutcheſs of *Ventadour* having made my Mother an Offer of being Governeſs to her only Daughter, ſhe accepted of it, and the Conditions were both honourable and advantageous. But this Kind of Life, and eſpecially the Inclinations of her Pupil, being incompatible with her rigid Devotion, ſhe left the Place without ſtaying for Mademoiſelle *De Ventadour*'s Marriage, which was ſoon after concluded with the Prince *De Turrenne*.

AFTER a Year's Abſence my Mother joyfully returned to the Convent, where the Ladies ſhe had left me with would not deliver me up to her. They looked upon me as their Child, and my Education was their chief Employment.

THEIR ſtrong Affection begat in them a Deſire of a Station which would enable them to do me more Good, that they made Intereſt for an Abbey. It was talked of a long Time before it ſucceeded, and I foretold that it would not be 'till I had reached my eighth Year. Fools and Children are known ſometimes to propheſy, by ſpeaking at Random. Nothing occaſions a greater Stir in a Convent, than the Promotion

tion of a Nun to an Abbeſs. Every Step towards this Object is careſully watched; and as Meſdames *De Grieu* were ſuſpected to look that Way, I was queſtioned as one who, to be ſure, was the Depoſitary of their Secrets. My Anſwers were all frivolous. I talked of my Doll and Baby-Houſe, 'till it was concluded that I was ſtill too much a Child to be intruſted with any Thing; and thus I kept the Secret, without any Breach of Truth. Lying was what I had not learned; for, as to own any Fault always inſured my Pardon, I was never put to contrive Evaſions. It is by Strictneſs and Severity that moſt Children are made deceitful and Lyars.

The eldeſt Siſter was at laſt appointed for the Priory of St. *Lewis* at *Rouen*. She ſoon ſat out, in Company with her Siſter; and my Mother, having enough to do with herſelf, readily conſented to her taking me with her. The Ladies ſtopped at a pretty Seat of their Brother's on the Road. I was overjoy'd to ſee new Objects; and ſtill more, when we arrived at St. *Lewis*. Soon after my Mother, in one of her affectionate Letters, informed me of my Father's Death. I had never ſeen him, nor do I know whether it ever came into my Head that I had a Father; yet I beſtowed ſome Tears on him, though why I cannot tell.

The Convent of St. *Lewis* was now a little State, where I reigned ſupreme. The chief Care of the Abbeſs and her Siſter was to pleaſe my Humour, and prevent my Deſires. I had a Room in her Apartment, than which nothing could be more convenient and elegant. No leſs than four Siſters attended me, and the Rovings of my giddy Fancy kept

them all ſufficiently employed. When checked in nothing, we deſire a great deal.

THE Abbeſs's Nieces, whom out of Regard to her Family ſhe had taken under her Care, were, though much againſt their Wills, my Playfellows; and the whole Houſe found themſelves obliged to pay their Court to me. As all about me courted my Favour, I little dreamed of any Regard being due to them; accordingly I ſhewed them none, not even to the Ladies, whoſe blind Fondneſs had erected this little Empire for me.

AN Annuity which they had from their Family, went for Maſters, and furniſhing me with Neceſſaries; and it was but asking, and I had. They wanted every Thing, that I might have more than enough. Indeed love them I did, but it was without knowing my great Obligations. Of all that was done for me I made ſo little Account, that it ſeemed to me as if no more than natural. It is only by our own Induſtry and Labour in the Acquiſition, that we come to know the true Value of Things: In fine, mean as I was, I contracted all the Faults of the Great; and this has ſince taught me to bear with, and extenuate ſuch Failings in them, and has ſhewn me how prone we are to conceit that every Thing is made for us.

BY this extreme Indulgence to all my Faults, they muſt neceſſarily have grown to ſettled Vices, had not the Devotion, which in my earlieſt Years I cloſely adher'd to, reſtrained my infant Paſſions, before they had gained any Force. Religion was the chief Object which filled my Soul. I had alſo an uncommon Knowledge of it; and this, with the Forwardneſs of my Genius, procured me the Participation of its moſt ſacred Myſteries, before I was quite eight Years of Age.

Age. Such a diſtinguiſhing Privilege encreaſed my Fervour. I loved Reading; and, as the Convent Library conſiſted only of devotional Books, I every Day employed ſome Hours in them, and the reſt of my ſpare Time was given to Prayer and Meditation. But this, it was feared, would affect my Health, and Meaſures were taken to cure my Zeal; but having hitherto been a Stranger to the leaſt Controul, they rather added Fewel to the Fire. I uſed to hide myſelf for ſpending, in pious Exerciſes, the Hours which I was thought to be killing in Diverſions; and with them intermixed ſome eaſy Studies.

SEVERAL Years paſſed in this Manner; and, ſuch was my Aſſiduity, that I grudged every Moment otherwiſe employed, and even had my fine long Treſſes cut, that my Head might be the ſooner dreſſed; whereas, it was then the Faſhion to be very curious about the Hair. A Woman has her Charms more at Heart than her Paſſions, and mine for Reading did not render me inſenſible of the dear Sacrifice I had made. This firſt taught me Repentance, and now my Ardour for being a Nun abated. I began to ſee into the Conſequences of an indiſſoluble Engagement, where all Repentance would be not only vain, but poſſibly productive of Evils not to be thought of without Horror; that, from that Time, to the Age of taking the Veil, it ſcarce ever came into my Thoughts.

IN the Convent were ſeveral Boarders, conſiderably my Elders; and ſome of theſe I admitted to a Familiarity with me, by Way of a little Amuſement after my ſerious Occupations. They lent me Romances, which made ſuch ſtrong Impreſſions on my Mind, that I have not felt thoſe Emotions under my own

real

real Adventures, as I did for thoſe of the fictitious Perſons there exhibited. Amidſt all the Freedom allowed me, an Eye was had to my Actions; and, being above concealing any, my whole Behaviour was eaſily known; amongſt the reſt, my reading theſe ſeductive Books, which I was very ſeriouſly told to forbear. I obeyed ſo punctually, that though I had ſtopped in the Height of a moſt ſtriking Incident, I would not proceed to the unravelling of it, and withſtood many Sollicitations to go through with it privately. Few Things ever coſt me more Struggle. However, I became ſtruck with the Ideas of the Paſſions, and the Sentiments, whence they ariſe, inſinuated themſelves into my Mind, though without any determinate Object.

MADEMOISELLE *De Silly*, whom in my Infancy I had ſeen at St. *Sauveur*, came to live at St. *Lewis*. She was a very amiable Lady, of a happy Genius, well improved, guided more by her Views than her Sentiments, and with a proper Candour and Firmneſs. I attached myſelf to her with all the Vivacity uſual to our firſt Impulſes. My whole Study was to pleaſe her. I modelled my Inclinations to her's; and, as ſhe delighted in Books, I read by her for whole Days. 'Till then I had met with no Books, which either raiſed or ſatisfied my Curioſity; and how often have I ſince lamented the Loſs of five or ſix of thoſe Years, the moſt proper for the Culture of the Mind, but waſted in what Girls are uſually taught, as Dancing, Singing, and playing on the Spinnet; Things for which I had neither Liking or Talent.

MY Abbeſs and her Siſter had taken care I ſhould want no Improvement ſuitable to a Child, but of any Thing further they had little Notion; and I

was

was totally at a Stand, when Mademoiſelle *De Silly* opened me a new Field. She was then ſuperficially ſtudying * *Deſcartes*'s Philoſophy. This was an Enterprize I joined in with extreme Delight. Afterwards I read with her Father † *Malebranche*'s *Enquiry into Truth*, and was raviſhed with the exalted Syſtem. To try whether I underſtood it, I uſed to exerciſe myſelf in foreſeeing the Conſequences of his Principles, and was generally right, and this made me to believe I underſtood it: As a novice Head, void of any Opinion, may take in abſtract Ideas more readily than ſuch as are already ſtuffed with a Multitude of fluctuating Thoughts, which are apt to ſuperinduce a Confuſion. Another Truth is, that the Paſſion for Knowledge is more active before any other comes

* He was born in 1596, and died 1650 in *Sweden*, where Queen *Chriſtina* was for burying him in the Royal Vault, and with ſuitable Pomp; but the *French* Embaſſadour obtained Leave to bury him in the *Romiſh* Manner. His Corpſe was afterwards removed to *Paris*, where his Obſequies were performed with uncommon Splendor. His Philoſophy, however, was near being condemned by the Parliament of *Paris*, and his general Character among the Learned of his Time was, *Doctiſſimus Geometer, Philoſophus mediocris, Theologus nullus.* See a good Account of him in a very entertaining Book, called, *Lives of* French *Writers*. Vol. II. p. 94.

† Born in 1638, died in 1715. The chief Subject of his *Enquiry after Truth*, is, *That all Things are ſeen in God.* He was a moſt extraordinary Perſon, that an *Engliſh* Officer, who had been taken Priſoner, proteſted he did not grudge his Misfortune, as it gave him an Opportunity of ſeeing *Lewis* XIV. and Father *Malebranche*. See French *Writers*. Vol. II.

comes to be felt, and the Attention cloſer at an Age naturally free from Cares and Buſineſs.

WITH this ſuppoſed Diſcovery of Truth I was ſo taken, that any Avocation put me in a Fret. Diverſions, Company, every Thing, except Study and literary Converſation, was odious to me. However, with all my Thinking, ſome very alarming Thoughts aroſe in me. I trembled, leſt Philoſophy might corrupt Faith. I feared, that theſe metaphyſical Ideas might be too ſtrong a Food for a young Mind; and, as nothing is to come in Competition with Piety, I reſolved to deſiſt, 'till I could purſue my Studies without Danger: A Sacrifice which went almoſt as much againſt me, as cutting off my Locks.

MADEMOISELLE *De Silly*, whom I conſulted, praiſed my Caution. No Thought preſented itſelf to my Mind which I did not ſubmit to her Deciſion. My Love was equal to any Self-Love; nay, I thought I loved her better than myſelf. I am ſure I took an Averſion to ſome People, for ſeeming to ſhew more Eſteem and Friendſhip for me than her.

THIS firſt Attachment, extreme as it was, did not however ſecure me from a ſlight Touch of a more common Paſſion. A Brother of my Abbeſs brought a Gentleman, in Love with her Niece, to ſpend a few Days. This to me was a Novelty. From ſome Words which paſſed betwixt them before me, tho' about ſomething quite indifferent, I ſaw into their Diſpoſitions. With this Diſcovery I was not a little elevated within myſelf; and, to follow it, I watched their Proceedings with an Attention beyond mere Curioſity. My Remarks I communicated to Mademoiſelle *De Silly*; who, being more experienced than myſelf, immediately knew of what Nature the Concern

cern was which I gave myſelf about it. But this ſhe hid from me, as a Knowledge often dangerous; for a Sentiment, its Nature being unknown, may happen to be over-looked and evaporate of itſelf: Whereas that which diſturbs, and one ſtrives to expel, engraves itſelf thereby ſo deep in the Fancy that it is with extreme Difficulty it can ever be effaced.

HOWEVER, the Melancholy into which I fell, after this Company went away, gave me to underſtand that I had not been inſenſible of the Chevalier *De R*------'s Accompliſhments, though nothing extraordinary. His Perſon, every Thing he ſaid, even to the Tunes he had played on the Lute, were ever running in my Mind. I acquainted Mademoiſelle *De Silly* with my Diſorder; and now ſhe owned, that ſhe had perceived it before me: Adviſed me not to be uneaſy, nor examine myſelf too curiouſly, the Evil often encreaſing by the Mind's dwelling on it. Her Advice, with the frightful Idea of an indiſſoluble Union, broke the Charm, and the next Morning I waked perfectly free and chearful; and if ever I thought of my Flame, it was only to laugh at it with Mademoiſelle *De Silly*, to whom I owed my Deliverance.

BEFORE this Adventure, a Gentleman, by ſome juridical Authority, came ſeveral Days ſucceſſively to my Convent. Happening to fall into Talk with me, he was ſurprized to find in a Girl of only betwixt Thirteen and Fourteen, a Fund of ſuch Knowledge as might become even a Man of a much more advanced Age. Monſieur *Brunel*, for that was his Name, deſirous of a further Acquaintance with me, asked Mademoiſelle *De Silly*, to whom his Converſation was not leſs agreeable, that he might be permitted

to

to viſit her. She readily conſented; and, as we were inſeparable, he at the ſame Time ſaw me. It was not long before he made himſelf our conſtant Viſitor every Afternoon, playing the Gallant pretty equally with Mademoiſelle *De Silly* and myſelf. I could however perceive, that the Scale turned on my Side.

With theſe Meetings, I was infinitely delighted; for Monſieur *Brunel*, beſides an exquiſite Diſcernment, was verſed in the moſt valuable Sciences. He wanted only thoſe Graces which are acquired no where but in the polite World, yet pleaſe beyond more ſolid Endowments. I had no Manner of Liking to him, yet was tickled with that he had for me. Our firſt and laſt Conqueſts are thoſe we moſt pride ourſelves in. To pleaſe when very young, is already ſomething; and ſtill to pleaſe when in the Decline, is a great Matter. This amuſed me, without affecting me. I watched every Word of Monſieur *Brunel's*, in order to find out what he thought of me; but when he ſpoke too plainly, or claimed ſome Return, I perfectly loathed him: So true it is, that the Heart reluctſ againſt any Demands which it does not anticipate of itſelf. Yet, with all my Indifference for Monſieur *Brunel*, I was nettled at hearing he had a former Miſtreſs, with whom he ſpent Part of his Life. However, it produced no Jealouſy, as I had no Love for him. Our Acquaintance indeed ſubſiſted till his Death, which I heard with the Concern due to the Loſs of a valuable Member of Society.

Mademoiselle *De Silly*, my beſt Friend, was now obliged to go to *Paris*; and, though her Abſence was to be but very ſhort, it grieved me beyond any Thing I had ever met with. In order to emerge from

from the Kind of Annihilation to which I was reduced, by the Abſence of this excellent Lady, I had Recourſe to a new Occupation. In my firſt Studies I perceived the Inconveniency of not being acquainted with Geometry, and had ſtill retained a Deſire of acquiring ſome Tincture of it; but now the Neceſſity of exerciſing my Mind with Ideas which ſhould entirely fill it, determined me to this Science, and in it I found a uſeful Amuſement. The beſt Way of quieting the Perturbations of the Mind, is, inſtead of combating the Cauſe of them, to preſent other Objects to it, whereby it may be inſenſibly diverted and alienated from the former. This Remark proved of eſpecial Service to me a long Time after, and in another Sort of an Affair.

THE Convent of St. *Lewis* was in bad Circumſtances, at the Time of Madame *De Grieu*'s being made Abbeſs of it; and a Famine, with which *France* was viſited ſome Years after, reduced it to the loweſt Miſery. The Nuns being now ill-fed, could not digeſt ſome Expences, conceiving that they were partly at their Coſt. The Abbeſs and her Siſter had Annuities from their Family, but it was thought that they did not ſuffice for keeping their Nieces; and ſtill leſs ſo, for all that was done for me. I became the But of the Murmurs, which ſoon formed Cabals; and then proceeded ſo far as to put the Archbiſhop of *Rouen*, Mr. *Colbert*, on ſuppreſſing the Houſe, or ejecting the Abbeſs. On his viſiting it, after hearing the many general Complaints, he declared that Madame *De Grieu* muſt either reſign her Abbey, or diſmiſs me and her Nieces. I found no Way to bear the Expectation of ſuch a Sentence, but by arreſting the Agitation of my Mind, by an

intenſe Application of it to abſtract Matters; and, I believe, by early Cuſtom, this ſo beneficent Expedient might be improved to a Habit, and thus we may ſave ourſelves a great deal of fruitleſs Diſquietude.

MALICE ſoon informed me of his Grace's Determination. There is no expreſſing the Convulſions of the Abbeſs and her Siſter, that their Grief dulled all Senſe of my own. At laſt, after a Conſultation betwixt them and me, and the dear Mademoiſelle *De Silly*, who had long before been returned to St. *Lewis*, the Abbeſs concluded that ſhe would offer to reſign the Management of the temporal Concerns of her Houſe, producing Accounts in Proof of her Care and Rectitude; and to live with her Siſter, her Nieces and me, on her Allowances from her Family, without taking a ſingle *Louis* * from her Benefice. Nothing could be better for keeping me with her, and ſave any Suſpicion of being a Charge on the Convent; but this could not be brought about, 'till after many Negotiations. The Archbiſhop had nominated a Superior †; this was the Abbé *De Gouey*, who was inceſſantly peſtering the Abbeſs with Letters, and theſe were to be punctually anſwer'd, beſides the Neceſſity of writing Abundance of others. The Abbeſs being extremely at a Loſs, appointed me her Secretary. The Deſire of being ſerviceable to her, I believe, taught me that Addreſs in Writing, ſo neceſſary in Treaties of this Kind. My Letters were approved by ſome Friends with whom ſhe adviſed. She gained her Ends. I remained with her, and here was an End of all Complaints.

THUS

* A Gold Coin worth about Twenty Shillings.

† Who has the Inſpection of a Convent.

THUS ſome Years paſſed quietly, 'till Mademoiſelle *De Silly* was finally ſent for to her Father's Seat in *Lower-Normandy*. Here was another ſharp Affliction; and a large Blank it cauſed in my Life. My Eagerneſs for Study was ſlackened, ſince I had perceived that Truth, after a laborious Purſuit, at the Inſtant one thinks to graſp it, vaniſhes.

IT was not long after Mademoiſelle *De Silly* went away, when I was taken with the Small-Pox, and as bad as bad could be, without dying. I was not concerned neither for my Life, nor for my Face. The Pain was all; yet did not that hinder me from deſiring to be removed, that no Body might ſuffer by me. I already underſtood that in Morality, as in Geometry, the Whole is greater than its Part, and reſignedly prepared for Death: Yet, ſuch was my Weakneſs, that on my Recovery, I could not bear to look at my Face, however little I had valued it; and it was not 'till three or four Months after, that I accidentally met with it. Women who lay the leaſt Streſs on their Charms, and ſeem to overlook them, yet have them more at Heart than they themſelves think.

SINCE my Bookiſhneſs had abated, I was become more ſociable, and contracted Acquaintance with Meſdemoiſelles *D'Epinay*, who came to ſpend ſome Time at St. *Lewis*; and engaged me, when they left it, to viſit them at an Aunt's, with whom they lived. Monſieur *De Rey*, an Acquaintance of theſe Ladies, grew very fond of me; which I was very indifferent about, except the Pleaſure of Pleaſing: But when I came afterwards to be acquainted with his noble Sentiments, I conceived a very particular Eſteem for him.

MY Abbeſs fell dangerouſly ill, which filled my Mind with melancholy Reflections on my Condition. I had nothing, and ſhe could leave me nothing. The only Reſource in View was to take the Veil, and now this Taſte had quite worn off; and for this I muſt have accepted the Portion, kindly indeed offered me by a Lady, but to whom I did not care to be under ſuch Obligations: For beſides that the Abbeſs of St. *Lewis* had not Intereſt enough in her Houſe to get me admitted gratuitouſly, the State of the Convent would not allow of any ſuch Overture.

ONE Day, when labouring under theſe Thoughts, I was diſcloſing them to Meſdemoiſelles *D'Epinay*, whoſe Concern for me deſerved my entire Confidence, in came Monſieur *De Rey*. He perceived my Dejection; and, when I went away, asked what was the Matter? As they knew him well, they readily told him, that, in the Want of a Fortune, I had ſome Thoughts of becoming a Nun. He ſeemed very much affected, and the next Day coming to ſee me, he told me, that he had heard of my Deſign, and conjured me not to make my whole Life miſerable, but rather comply with what he would do for me: That, being married, he could not offer me his Perſon, but he would ſecure to me a Sufficiency for living in what Manner, and where I pleaſed: That as a Proof of his having no private Views, in what he would and could do for me, he conſented, if I required it, never to ſee me. I was amazed at ſuch an Offer, and only thought of refuſing it; nay, ſo imperfect were my Ideas of Things, that I was near taking Offence at what has ſince appeared highly to deſerve my utmoſt Eſteem and Gratitude; though

through with no Alteration of my Opinion, as to the Refuſal.

THE Abbeſs happily recovered, and I reſolved never to think about what would become of me, 'till I was actually deprived of the Reſources I found in her Affection.

I HAD generous Offers from another Quarter, and which I likewiſe declined. Monſieur *Brunel* one Day brought with him the Abbè *De Vertot* *, a Perſon of a moſt lively Fancy. In what Light he looked on me I know not, but he immediately became tranſported with a vehement Kindneſs for me. In the Booksellers Shops my Deſerts were his common Topick. Little ſuſpecting his Zeal in whatever related to me, I roundly opened to him my Situation, and Want of any Proviſion hereafter. On this he propoſed to purchaſe an Annuity for our two Lives; and mention'd it to ſome of my Friends, who adviſed me to accept of it, but I would not. I had early determin'd to prefer Indigence to a ſuſpicious Obligation; and afterwards I diſcerned in the Abbè's Sentiments, and particularly in his extravagant Opinion of me, all the Symptoms of a Paſſion. When he was ſetting me off, with all the Flights of his luxuriant Fancy, I uſed ſometimes to ſay, "You "will one Day, to your Amazement, ſee me as "I am." His Forwardneſs, though checked by the Decorum of his Age and Character, and the Reſpect which ever accompanies a Deſire of Pleaſing, was too prominent not to offend me; and accordingly they produced in me an Averſion, which

* Died in 1735. An admirable Hiſtorian. *Lewis* XIV. of his own mere Motion, nominated him a Member of the *French* Academy. See *Lives*, &c.

of *Hochſter*, and carry'd into *England*; where the Air having brought on him a conſumptive Diſorder, he had been allowed to return to *France* on Parole: And I had heard ſo much of him, that I longed to ſee him.

I MET with a very joyful Reception at my Convent, where I lived as uſual with my ſelect Friends, Monſieur *Brunel*, Meſdemoiſelles *D'Epinay*, and Monſieur *De Rey*, who ſtill ſhewed a great Regard for me: Yet, from two or three ſlight Circumſtances, I diſcerned ſome Decreaſe in his Sentiments. I often uſed to viſit Meſdemoiſelles *D'Epinay*, where he ſeldom failed of being. As they lived very near the Convent, I generally walked home, and he handed me. In the Way was a large Square, and, in the Beginning of our Acquaintance, he conſtantly kept along the Sides of it, whereas he now croſſed it; whence I concluded his Love to be diminiſhed, at leaſt the whole Difference of the Diagonal to the two Sides of the Square.

I WAS impatient for the Time of returning to *Silly*; though ſince the Torture of Mind I had undergone, from the Preference given to my old Acquaintance there, my Fondneſs for her was not quite ſo paſſionate. I went thither. The Heir of the Family was expected, and nothing talked of but he. He came, and all the Houſe went to receive him; I not ſo faſt, that when I came up, he was going to his Apartment. He turned about, to give ſome Order. I was ſtruck with the Beauty of his Perſon, and the Dignity of his Carriage, as quite different from any Thing I had ever ſeen. He at firſt was reſerv'd, and ſpoke little. Some Books he had brought with him were his Company. This

kept

kept him in his Chamber; or now and then he took a Walk, but it was alone; that, except at Meal-Times, we ſeldom ſaw him. However, tho' he ſeldom gave himſelf the Trouble of ſpeaking, he ſpoke ſo well, that his Wit and Senſe appeared, without any Deſign of his to ſhew them.

If his Beauty charmed me, I was no leſs provoked at his Coldneſs; and his Siſter, who had known him more ſociable, was little leſs offended. This made the uſual Subject of our Talk. One Day walking in a Wood, where we imagined ourſelves alone, we gave full Vent to our Indignation; but, though unperceived by us, he was ſo near, as to over-hear us. Finding the Diſcourſe to turn on him, he ſtopped, for we were then ſitting; and thus he came to know our undiſguiſed Sentiments. He did not ſhow himſelf; but, on our return he ſaid to us, that he had heard a great deal of Ill ſpoken of him, and not in Jeſt. "Whoever complains of you," anſwer'd I, "cannot be in a jocular Hu-"mour." This Anſwer pleaſed him; "So," reply'd he, looking at me, "I find in the Vale "of Auge, what I little expected." He then owned the Pleaſure with which he had heard our Talk, though we had not ſpared him.

Since that Time he thought us worthy of his Company. Walking, Reading, every Thing now was in common. Thus I ſpent whole Days with a Perſon who pleaſed me infinitely, but whom I had not the leaſt Thought of pleaſing: For I could not dream that one uſed to converſe with the fineſt of Women, and unqueſtionably to be loved by them, ſhould have the leaſt Regard for me; as having neither Beauty, nor any of the polite Allurements.

In

In the mean Time I had the Pleaſure of continually ſeeing a Perſon, whoſe Preſence only made my Happineſs. He attended to what I ſaid, and ſometimes applauded; but with a Delicacy which flatter'd Vanity, without putting Modeſty to any Pain. He ſeemed, and was in Reality, ſo penetrated with what pleaſed him, that it never wore out of his Memory. He has often recall'd to my Mind Things ſaid by me many Years before. It was ſo much the Humour of the Houſe to be taken up only with the young Marquis, that I could give Way to my Inclination, without diſtinguiſhing myſelf; yet ſome Sallies eſcaped me, which ſpoke too plainly. One of theſe was, that on my giving him a Purſe, ſent me from my Convent, he toſſed his to a Chamber-Maid of his Mother's, who was none of the leaſt aſſiduous in her Attendance on him. Whether I was for having this Purſe, or only that ſhe ſhould not have it, I caught it by the Way; and this before the Marchioneſs, one of the moſt ſerious of Women. I was younger in my Want of Experience than my Age, but hitherto had never felt what may be called Love: For that Fit in my fourteenth or fifteenth Year, was only the Effect of romantick Ideas; deſiring to have a Paſſion, which, as I conceited, would make me a Perſon of Importance: And, as to the ſubſequent Fit of Jealouſy, it was no more than the Vexation of mortify'd Pride. Neither, in the leaſt, reſembled thoſe Sentiments, which now had inſinuated themſelves into me; and I don't know how it happen'd, that I never thought of oppoſing them. They appeared to me void of Danger, as they would have no Return; and all I imagined I had to do, was to conceal them.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR *De Silly*, from a Fear of engaging with me, or giving me an Opportunity of explaining myſelf to him, was very cautious of finding me alone. I, though firmly determined not to ſay any Thing to him, paſſionately wiſhed for this Meeting, which he ſo circumſpectly avoided; and when I had found out the Cauſe of his Vigilance, it made me ſtill more deſirous of ſome private Talk with him, that I might give him to underſtand how very far I was from forgetting what I owed to myſelf, and thus remove his Fears.

THIS Satisfaction at length I had, in one of our uſual Walks. Mademoiſelle *De Silly* excuſed herſelf as indiſpoſed: The Mother, who in all Things conſulted her Son's Amuſement, bid me go with him. There was now no receding. We walked to ſome Diſtance, and he much more uneaſy than myſelf, that not a Word came from him. This little Triumph open'd my Mouth. At firſt, I took Notice how delightful the Country looked; but this not being far enough from the Topicks I was for avoiding, I ſoared up among the celeſtial Bodies, and ranged the whole Syſtem of Nature. In this lofty Region I firmly kept myſelf, 'till our return home. Monſieur *De Silly*, cured of his Diſquietude, civilly joined in the Converſation; which, though the Subject was ſerious, had been carry'd on with Sprightlineſs and Pleaſantry. One Advantage I reaped from it was, that he ſaw I knew how to ſpeak, and be ſilent; and, at the ſame Time, I felt that delicious Joy, unknown to thoſe who never reſiſt the Motions of their Hearts.

MONSIEUR *De Silly* now no longer ſhunned me. He ſeemed even to be glad of an Opportunity of talking

talking with me; and beſides an Eſteem, with which I was not a little elevated, he manifeſted a tender Concern for every Thing relating to me. One Proof of this, was ſome little Advices which he uſed readily to give me, and the Succeſs never failed. In fine, I found in him all I could deſire, except Love; which, to myſelf I did not ſeem to deſire. I found a Kind of Pleaſure in loving without Fear or Conflict, ſecure from any Weakneſs; and my only Care, that of diſguiſing my Sentiments: But at this, as I have ſaid, I had little Skill; and, to be ſure, a Perſon of the young Marquis *De Silly*'s Penetration and Experience in Gallantry muſt have known, and perhaps better than myſelf, my Diſpoſitions towards him. Indeed he never gave me to ſee that he had perceived them, not even when afterwards we lived together in an intimate Confidence. I only came to know, a long Time after, from his Siſter, that he had not been without Temptations to attach himſelf to me; but that convinced within himſelf that the Union would be only temporary, he had been withheld by the Eſteem which I had raiſed in him, and Compaſſion for the Wretchedneſs he ſhould bring upon me. Accordingly he would ſometimes ſay, with Earneſtneſs; "Oh! how I ſhould hate the "villainous Wretch who ſhould deceive thee!"

MADEMOISELLE *D*------, who had lived in the Convent of St. *Lewis* with Mademoiſelle *De Silly* and me, being then at a Seat within a Mile and an Half of the Marquis's, was invited hither. Having been at ſeveral Courts of *Germany*, and in *England*, ſhe was qualified to open a new and agreeable Field of Diſcourſe. The Marquis ſeemed pleaſed with her Converſation. It was inſiſted on, that ſhe ſhould

ſtay

ſtay ſome Days with us. Monſieur *De Silly*'s Accompliſhments had a very rapid and ſtrong Effect on her. He was not without ſome of that Coquetry, uſual to genteel Perſons; and though Mademoiſelle could not pretend to Beauty, and had but little more of Wit, he diverted himſelf with his Conqueſt, and did not publickly omit the Means of ſecuring it. All this I ſaw ſo unconcernedly, that I can ſtill ſcarce conceive how, having felt all the Horrors of Jealouſy for one I ſo little valued, I was then entirely free from them; unleſs the Origin of this Paſſion lies rather in Vanity than Love, and that not imagining I could have been weighed in that Balance which inclined to Mademoiſelle *D*------, my Honour was not affected. So light did I make of this Affair, that Miſs, after her return home, having declined the repeated Invitations for another Viſit, I went myſelf to fetch her; glad at my Heart to efface, by this Step, the Indications, which others leſs guarded might have given of my Sentiments. Beſides, it rejoiced me to ſee the Charm by which I had been faſcinated, operating on all others; as thus, my Excuſe for not having avoided it was its being unavoidable. So little uniform are the Effects of Paſſions, that, at the ſame Time I appeared thus indifferent, I grudged the leaſt Complaiſance Monſieur *De Silly* ſhewed to any Perſon whoſoever. I became exaſperated at ſomething of a more ſerious Nature, in which I perceived a Failure of what I jealouſly reſerved to myſelf, his Eſteem and Confidence.

A GREAT many Packets and Letters came to him, concerning which he uſed to hold long Conſultations with his Mother and Siſter. I ſaw there

was ſome Affairs on the Carpet of great Importance to him, and which I muſt not be let into. To me, this was as an Affront. I left off ſpeaking to him; and ſcarce anſwer'd, when ſpoke to. He obſerved my Diſcontent, without gueſſing the Cauſe; and, having a real Friendſhip for me, he was for clearing up Matters, and making me eaſy. Accordingly one Day, as I was haſtening to the Marchioneſs's Apartment, through a Room where he was walking deep in Thought, without ſeeming to take Notice of him, he came up to me; and, ſtopping me, made me ſit down by him. He ſpoke with ſuch Grace, and ſo feelingly; ſo well repaired the Want of Confidence, which had offended me; ſeemed ſo concerned at my Uneaſineſs; ſo pleaſed with the Cauſe of it, that I never liked him better, nor was ever more eaſy under the Aſcendant he had gained over me. He was indeed ſuch, that his Soul ſeemed to govern mine. No Sentiment affected him, but the like was in me. His Chearfulneſs, his Melancholy, his Tranquility, his Diſquietude, all his different Diſpoſitions became mine; not from any Care in me to conform to them, but by a ſecret aſſimilating Operation.

THIS Affair, the Myſtery of which had thrown me into ſuch Uneaſineſs, obliged the Marquis *De Silly* to go to Court ſooner than he intended, or perhaps wiſhed: For though he had there a Miſtreſs, and every other Appertenance of a Man of Gallantry, he was not tired of being at home. Here he ſaw, what is ſeldom ſeen in the World, artleſs Sentiments, the Truth of which was the more known to him, from the great Care in concealing them. Here he alſo enjoyed ſolid Converſations, which offer'd new

Subjects

Subjects of Science to his Mind, and enabled him to perceive his Readineſs in comprehending them, of what Nature ſoever they were. His Ideas were clear and lively, his Expreſſions ſimple and noble. Nothing affected, nothing forced, ever appeared in his Talk or Behaviour. He had too much Wit to think of ſhowing it. War was his Paſſion; this fixed his Attention on whatever related to it: And, I believe, if I may be permitted to judge on this Head, that he was poſſeſſed of all the Talents by which military Diſtinction is acquired; and that he had no leſs the Capacity, than the Air of Command. Ambition was the main Spring of the Motions of his Soul, and poſſibly had infected its Virtues. It cauſed his Errors, and theſe his Misfortunes. In him indeed, it ſeemed not ſo much an Eagerneſs after Promotion, as only an Endeavour to obtain the Place which belonged to him.

His Departure, tho' it was not to be without a Return, gave me a very ſenſible Grief; which, however, I pretty well diſguiſed: But when he was gone, I ſeemed as if I had ceaſed to live. My Eyes, no longer ſeeing their favourite Object, looked at nothing. As he did not hear me, I could ſcarce bring myſelf to ſpeak. I don't know whether I ſo much as thought. However, I underſtood that every Inſtant carried him at a greater Diſtance from me, and my Torture encreaſed proportionately.

Some Days before Monſieur *De Silly* left us, I had received the following Letter from the Abbé *De Vertot*, who had got himſelf invited to come and ſee him, though known in the Houſe only by the Reputation of his Works.

" MADEMOISELLE,

" I HAVE been waiting for Monſieur *Brunel*'s " Return, that I might the better anſwer the " Honour of your Letter, and the obliging Offers " in it, as in that of the Marquis *De Silly*. But " the Inchantment probably ſtill laſts; and I do " not expect him 'till the Beginning of next Week. " If he is as impatient as myſelf to be at *Silly*, " we ſhan't exceed the End of the Week: And it " muſt be a very long Journey indeed which I " would grudge, for the Honour of ſeeing you, of " paying my Reſpects to Mademoiſelle *De Silly*, " and for the Hopes of obtaining the Friendſhip " of the young Marquis *De Silly* her Brother. " The tranquile Enjoyment of his Converſation will " be an abundant Recompence for this Jaunt. We " wretched Chroniclers ſhould be very happy, " could we tranſplant into our Works the Delicacy " of his Thoughts, the neat, ſtrong, exalted Turn " of his Expreſſions; or, in a Word, could we " write as he ſpeaks. This among Friends. But " I frankly own to you, that I never ſaw any Perſon " deliver himſelf with that Wit and Dignity. Such " a Genius over-whelms Study and laborious " Reflection, with Mortification.

" VERY long may you enjoy ſuch a ſweet Si- " tuation. The Aſſemblage of Graces, ſaid to con- " centre in Mademoiſelle *De Silly*'s Perſon, will " complete the Inchantment without my interfering: " And I don't know whether to draw you from " ſo charming a Place; the moſt powerful Incan- " tations

" tations muſt not be called in. The Hopes of " being an Eye-Witneſs of your Felicity will make " me diveſt myſelf of a certain philoſophick Ti- " midity, and the decent Shame of coming to a " Houſe where I am not known. Your Merit, " and that of my Fellow-Traveller, muſt be my " Paſs-Port: And that of both is too reſplendent " for an Umbra of yours to be taken Notice of. " I have twice had the Honour of ſeeing Mademoi- " ſelle *De Grieu*. She told me, that ſhe was " continually lamenting your Abſence. I might " well believe her; for I perceived that my Con- " verſation was no farther agreeable to her, than " for the Pleaſure of mentioning your Name to " me, and bringing it into every Thing we talked " of. I am, very reſpectfully, Mademoiſelle,

" *Yours*, &c."

A LETTER ſo ſuitable to my Ideas pleaſed me. But the Arrival of the Abbè with Monſieur *Brunel*, after the Departure of the Marquis *De Silly*, as much diſpleaſed me. It ſeemed to me unſeaſonable, and no more than a Fetch, of which I feared the Motive would not long be hid. They ſtay'd a Week at *Silly*; and it was a long Time after they were gone, before the Marquis came home. The Joy which his Return muſt have given me, and the Circumſtances of it, have long ſince ſliped out of my Memory, which has ſo faithfully retain'd a Crowd of *Minutiæ*, which it might very well ſpare. I have even but confuſed Ideas of any Thing that paſſed after this. I only remember,

that he was more penſive and gloomy than before. Some Moments of Trouble and Agitation ſtrongly denoted that new Sentiments had taken Poſſeſſion of his Heart. I had ſome Thoughts, that I was not out of the Queſtion; but the Developement proved to my Confuſion. I brought him to own that he loved; and I found it was not me: However, he did not perceive the Shock this gave me. His Siſter now was in his entire Confidence. He ſpent the Days with her, ſo that I very ſeldom ſaw them.

THE Seat of *Silly*, where I had received a new Being, for ſo I call the Alteration produced in us by new Sentiments; this Seat, I ſay, became uneaſy to me. I had ſpent there a Part of the Year in a Kind of Inchantment, the breaking of which threw me into a deep Melancholy. I thought that the Change of Place, and the Variety of Ideas conſequent to that, would tend to abate the Hurry of my Mind. Winter was now at hand, and Mademoiſelle *De G*------, our Neighbour, was returning to *Rouen*, and I went with her. This Departure, which I look'd upon as a Relief, probably did not cauſe in me a Grief like that when Monſieur *De Silly* left us, as I have not retained the ſame Remembrance of it: Indeed our Concern is uſually leſs when we go away, than when others go from us.

SOON after my return to my Convent, I received a Letter from Monſieur *De Silly*. Joy and Amazement, at receiving a Mark of his Regard, made ſuch an Impreſſion on me, that the Superſcription and Form of the Letter remain'd ſo clearly impreſſed on my Imagination, that looking for it, on Account of what I am now writing, I immediately diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed it from a thouſand others. I cannot forbear inſerting it here, wondring how I could be ſo much moved with what has ſo little moving in it.

LETTER.

"I WAS willing to give you Time to diſcharge "the Multitude of Commiſſions with which "you was loaded, before I would ſend you mine. "The Principal, and that on which you will be "pleaſed to beſtow Part of your Attention, is to "return ſoon; without Prejudice however to the "Pleaſures, Amuſements, or Affairs, with which "you may be taken up where you are. Accept "of my Compliments on all your late Conqueſts; "though your Modeſty reſtrains you from ſending us "Word, yet they have reach'd our Ears. Adieu, "Mademoiſelle; if our Concern for you could have "ſaved you from Fatigue, you would have arrived "at *Rouen* in Health and good Spirits."

I WISH I had my Anſwer to this Letter. It did not ſay more, though I think it contained more; and that there was, as it were, ſomething in the Lines, not expreſſed by any Words. He writ to me again about more Commiſſions, and theſe little Connections gave me infinite Pleaſure, 'till I ſhould ſee his Perſon. This, I flatter'd myſelf, would be next Summer. He was to be at home, and I had promiſed to return.

IN the mean Time, to give ſome Range to the Sentiments which then took up my Mind, I fell to writing Tales and Romances, introducing ſeveral Pictures

Pictures of the ſame Original; ſome in profile, and others full-faced. I alſo drew the Perſons concerned in my Adventures, and did not omit myſelf, as to Temper, Qualities, and Sentiments. Theſe idle Compoſures ſerved inſtead of Confidents, the Uſe of whom has always appeared to me both abject and dangerous. Theſe have been faithful Depoſitaries of my Secrets, having never ſeen the Light; of which, indeed, they were not worthy.

WHAT did not relate to the predominant Idea of my Mind, has left no Trace in my Memory. I know nothing of all I did, 'till the following Summer, when I depended on returning to *Silly*. But the Face of Affairs changed. The old Marquis, whom I had left in a bad Way, died; and by Reaſon of the Diſcuſſions of Affairs, and Family Altercations, which will not admit of Witneſſes, I was not reminded of my Promiſe. This provoked me; and, to divert myſelf, I cloſed with the Offer of Mademoiſelle *De la Ferté*, Niece to a Preſident of the Parliament of *Rouen*, to go to her Father's Seat, at about three or four Leagues from *Silly*. I thought that being there, the Marquis and his Mother could not avoid ſending me an Invitation, but I did not acquaint them of my Journey.

NOTHING could be more delightful. The firſt Part of it was on the River, and our Boat was followed by another with a Band of Muſick. Monſieur *De la Ferté*, though in Years, was ſociable and gay; and beſides Wit, knew a great many Things, and ſuch as are heard with Pleaſure. A Brother of his, an Abbè, a very agreeable Perſon; his Daughter, young, pretty, with Senſe and good Temper; and his Son, ugly and ſoft, made up our Party.

THE

THE River beginning to wind off from our Road, we got into Coaches which attended on us, and the next Day brought us to *Roeux*, the Monſieur *De la Ferté*'s Houſe; an old Seat of an odd Figure, like a *Gothick* R, as many of the ancient Seats in *Normandy* are built in the Shape of the firſt Letter of their Name. The Neighbourhood was a perfect Paradiſe. The ſoft Murmur of falling Waters, which has ſo ſoothing an Effect on agitated Minds, was continually heard. Nature, at one View, diſplayed a variegated Scene of its moſt ſightly Beauties. Meadows, interſected by ſeveral Brooks, terminated in riſing Grounds, cover'd with Woods, opening, as it were, to exhibit a View of the Sea. Never have I ſeen, not even in Painting, ſo fine a Landſcape, as that which every Side of this Houſe commanded.

HOWEVER ſad the Situation of my Mind was at my coming, I took a Delight in being here, which was encreaſed by that of the whole Family, in having me with them; and eſpecially the ſingular Eſteem ſhewn me by its worthy Owner, and his daily Cares to make my Stay agreeable. The Company who viſited there was of the beſt, and all the Amuſements of the Country we had to Satiety: Yet never loſing Sight of the Object which had drawn me hither, I writ to the Marquis *De Silly*, on I know not what Pretence; giving him to underſtand, by the Date of my Letter, where I was. In his Anſwer he expreſſed himſelf amazed, yet ſtill no Invitation. I had ſuch a Longing to ſee him, that even this did not diſcourage me. I writ back, and, in Monſieur and Mademoiſelle *De la Ferté*'s Name, acquainted him, that they intended a Viſit to him

and

and the Marchioneſs. He ſent me Word that, at any other Time, he ſhould have been very glad of their Company; but that now, amidſt ſuch a Multitude of embarraſſing Affairs, a Viſit would be extremely inconvenient to him. The Excuſe was the more favourably interpreted, as it was at my Inſtigation the Offer had been made; for I needed but intimate any Thing, and I was gratify'd. However, the Marchioneſs *De Silly* ſent me a Meſſage, that, if I would come alone, it would be a Pleaſure to them; and that her Son's Poſt-Chaiſe ſhould take me up at a Place, whither I might go in the *Caen* Stage, which paſſed by the End of *Roeux* Avenue. I immediately let her know the exact Time of my Departure, that I might be ſure of finding the Carriage at the Place appointed; but my Eagerneſs for the Journey had made me ſo very haſty, that I was to be gone, before I could have any Anſwer. I was up very early, though I could not ſet out 'till the Afternoon; and hurried every Thing, but the Stage did not come the ſooner. I went to the End of the Avenue to wait for it, and Mademoiſelle *De la Ferté* with me. I could not conceive what made it ſtay ſo. At length it appeared, and, to be ſure, at its uſual Hour; but if I was over-joyed, my dear Acquaintance was as full of Grief. In I got, not queſtioning but that a League further I ſhould leave it for the Chaiſe, which was to carry me to *Silly*.

WE had gone about a Quarter of a League, when the People in the Coach, talking of one Thing and another, ſaid, they had met the Marquis *De Silly* going Poſt to *Verſailles*. If the Sky had fallen I could not have been more ſtunned. I was on the

the Road to ſee one whom I ſhould not find, and who had not thought it worth while to trouble himſelf about adviſing me of it, or what would become of me; for his Chaiſe, on which I depended, was the only Vehicle I could have to carry me to the End of a difficult Road I had to go through: Yet I flatter'd myſelf that, ſome Way or other, the Want of the Chaiſe had been made up; but, on coming to the Place, neither Horſe nor Man was there, nor any News of any Thing. This raiſed in me violent Emotions. I was in a Coach, which, if I ſtopped, I muſt have alighted and remained in the Highway, or gone on in the Road which did not lead to *Silly*. Whilſt I was caſting about what to do, the Coach went on; and at ſuch a Rate, that I found myſelf at St. *Pierre ſur Dive*, where the Coach lay that Night, and ſo was I obliged to do. Here was I in an Inn, without Acquaintance or Relations; only a Footboy, who had been lent me. The Frightfulneſs of the Place, with the Uneaſineſs of being next kin to alone, threw me into a Trouble, beyond more conſiderable Incidents of my Life, becauſe when they happen'd they were leſs diſproportionate to my Degree of Strength. Though at that Time far from a Child, I was uſed to nothing. Courage is of very ſlow Growth, in a conventual Education.

When I was a little come to myſelf, I asked how far it was to *Silly* Houſe? They told me, I had paſſed it only by a League, but that, from the Place where I was, no Carriage could go thither; and I muſt either take a Horſe, or go to *Caen*, which was ſtill four Leagues further. Had I been told that I muſt get upon a Dromedary, I could not have been

been more frightened: Yet this there was a Neceſſity for; and, in the mean Time, I was to take up with the filthieſt Bed my Eyes had ever beheld. The Back of it was againſt a thin Partition, which ſeparated my Room from another, where I had ſeen ſome Soldiers and Waggoners go in. The Unavoidableneſs of hearing their Ribaldry, was what did not the leaſt diſcompoſe me; and moſt agreeably was I ſurprized to hear them diſpute about the Antipodes, and the Figure of the Earth. Though the Indelicacy of my Apartment would not allow me a Wink of Sleep, I waited with tolerable Serenity for Day-break, when I began to think of proceeding to *Silly* Houſe. I was put on Horſe-back, but more like a Bundle than a living Creature; the Footboy, who had followed me, leading the Beaſt by the Bridle: But the worſt was, the Guide loſt his Way. Thus were we obliged to leave the Horſe at a Brook, which I croſſed over a Board; and the reſt of the Way I footed it, without knowing where we were, amidſt a heavy Rain, and in the *Païs d'Auge*, ſo famous for dirty Roads. At length I reached *Silly* Houſe; but all over Mud, and ſuch a Figure, that it was ſome Satisfaction to be in no Danger of meeting the Marquis *De Silly*; ſo extremely does a Woman dread making a diſagreeable Impreſſion.

A THOUSAND Excuſes were made, for not ſending me Word of the Diſappointment; but Monſieur *De Silly*'s Departure was ſo precipitate, as not to admit of a Moment's Delay. I feigned myſelf pleaſed, with little Cauſe for it; and, after no burthenſome Stay, I returned to *Roeux*, but how I no longer know: And thence to *Rouen*, where I found every

every Thing as I had left it, except the ſudden Death of Monſieur *De Rey*. This I had heard at *Roeux*; and though I had never loved him, and his Love of me had been at an End, it gave me a very ſenſible Concern.

The Remainder of the Year I ſpent in my Convent pretty quietly; where I, from Time to Time, received Letters from Monſieur *De Silly*, but always about his own Concerns, without one Word for me. This I could not digeſt, but what irritates Paſſions does not extinguiſh them. Soon after my Return, Meſdemoiſelles *De Neuville* came to board at St. *Lewis*. The eldeſt was extremely pretty, and her Behaviour not amiſs. A ſhort Time produced betwixt us a more than ſuperficial Acquaintance; and as our Sex are never ſo much in a Hurry about any Thing, as to diſcloſe their Secrets, ſhe told me that a Match had been on foot betwixt the old Count *De Novion*'s Son and her; that the Father, after oppoſing it, had fallen in Love with her, and was himſelf for contracting that Marriage, which he had ſo exclaimed againſt in his Son. She proteſted to me that if ſhe was ſo lucky, her Houſe ſhould always be open to me. She even ſhowed me the Letters which the Count uſed to write to her, and communicated to me her Schemes for putting the finiſhing Hand to her Project, unknown to a Family which, ſhe might think, would have oppoſed it in every Manner poſſible. The Count had ſeen Sixty, and ſhe was about Eighteen; with no Fortune, and ſmall Expectations. To me her Hopes ſeem'd viſionary; yet by ſome very bold Strokes, contrary to all Prudence, ſhe ſucceeded.

THUS I lived whileing away my Time, and little dreaming of the terrible Tempeſt which impended over me. My dear Abbeſs fell ſo dangerouſly ill, that I ſaw ſhe was not for this World. Never was Grief greater, or more juſt. Of her I held every Thing, and now became deſtitute. Being a Religious, it was out of her Power to do any Thing for me. During her Illneſs, which laſted only a Fortnight, my Thoughts were fixed on her; but when ſhe ceaſed to live, then I ſaw the Abyſs into which I was fallen. Her Nuns lamented her now dead, as much as they had perſecuted her when alive; and indeed well worthy was ſhe of all their Grief. I never ſaw in any Perſon ſuch a Fund of real Goodneſs; ſo much Sweetneſs, ſo much Concern for others, and Neglect of herſelf; nor more Punctuality and Attention in all her Duties. Madame *De Grieu*, her Siſter, who had lived with her from their Childhood, was in a Diſconſolateneſs which heightened my Sorrows. The Abbey by Right was hers, but now the former Cabals were again in Motion; and, by their Machinations, procured it for a Nun, who had been at the Head of the Malecontents. St. *Lewis* was now no Place for us; beſides, we muſt have paid for our Board, and Madame *De Grieu*'s Annuity would not ſuffice for her and me, who had nothing. Whither to turn, we knew not. She indeed might have removed to the Abbey of *Jouarre*, as being a Nun; but ſhe could not think of forſaking me, and likewiſe a young Niece, who was almoſt equally dear to her. The beſt Way, ſhe thought, would be to take us along with her to a Convent at *Paris*, where ſomething might offer.

IN

In theſe perplexing Circumſtances, Father *Maillard*, to whom I was very well known, and who formerly had been a Partizan of Father * *La Chaiſe*, but then baniſhed to *Rouen* for eclipſing his Maſter, came to acquaint me, that he had received a Bill for paying a Quarter's Board for me at the Convent; and that, if I was for ſtaying, it ſhould be punctually continued, and without giving myſelf any Concern about the Matter. He told me that the Letter had no Name, nor could he alſo conceive from whom it ſhould be. The more Fortune oppreſſed me, the more determined was I to be my own Support, that I declined this ſuſpicious Reſource. Afterwards I found out that this generous Stranger, was no other than the Marquis *De Silly*.

The Abbè *De Vertot*, then at *Paris*, whom I had informed of my great Loſs, and that the Air I breathed was now all my Subſtance, ſent me immediately a Fifty Piſtole Bill, which the very next Day I ſent back to him. Monſieur *Brunel* alſo made me an Offer of whatever Money I might have

* A Jeſuit. *Lewis* XIV. choſe him for his Confeſſor in 1675; and, amidſt all the Viciſſitudes of a Court, he retained that Office 'till his Death in 1709, aged 85.

The following Particulars may let us into his Character. He gave an Abbey to one of his Brothers, to whom a Pack of Hounds would have been a fitter Gift. He accumulated Benefices for one of his Nephews, who was a Diſgrace to the Family. He placed at the Head of the richeſt Convents in *France* three of his Nieces, and one of a moſt infamous Life. He drove in a glittering Coach, drawn by ſix mettleſome Horſes. He had a ſplendid Seat near *Paris*, where Luxury and Magnificence reigned. All incompatible with the auſtere Vows of a Jeſuit.

Occaſion for. I refuſed every Thing; it being my firm Purpoſe to accept of nothing, whilſt it was uncertain whether I ſhould ever be able to make Returns. I was now in the moſt critical Moment of my Life. I found the Neceſſity of ſtrengthening myſelf with ſteady Principles, ſuch as ſhould ſecure my whole Conduct. Rather than diſgrace my Character, I determined to bear Penury or ſeek a Service; for, certainly, it is only by our perſonal Behaviour that we are debaſed. Without this Trial I ſhould not know myſelf. It has taught me, that we ſink under Want, not ſo much from its Weight, as from our own Weakneſs: Yet, not to be extreme in my Firmneſs, I accepted of Ten Piſtoles from a Friend of my own Sex, who was willing to run the Hazard of lending me them. This was the Lady who had ſpent ſome Time with me at *Silly*, and was now come to live at St. *Lewis*.

MADAME *De Grieu* was invited by a Brother of hers, who had an Eſtate in *Normandy*, to come to his Houſe in her Way to *Paris*, her Niece being Daughter to this Brother. No Mention was made of bringing me, which gave her a very ſenſible Concern; but Mademoiſelle *Du Tot*, an old Acquaintance and a Lady of uncommon Merit, made me an Offer of her Uncle Monſieur *Du Rolet*'s Houſe, with whom ſhe lived. Here I began to feel the Change of my Condition. Hitherto I had always lived where I was the capital Object, and where every Trifle, if it concerned me, made an Event; now I muſt put up with plain Civilities.

ONE Day I had the Head-Ach. This heretofore would have ſet the whole Houſe in a Buſtle, Abbeſs, Siſters, and Maids. Here only once

or

or twice a Meſſage came, to know if I did not want any Thing. I ſhall never forget my ſilly Surprize at ſeeing ſo little Account made of what before I had ſeen treated with ſuch Concern and Aſſiduity. Six Weeks I ſpent here, 'till Madame *De Grieu* ſet out for *Paris*; and muſt own that, in every Reſpect, I was very kindly entertain'd.

MADEMOISELLE *Du Tot*, beſides a great deal of Wit, was unexceptionable in all her Behaviour, that it was ſomething painful to live with her, expoſed to judicious Criticiſms which could not be retorted. Her Uncle, was Son to Madame *De la Croiſette*, once Maid of Honour to the Dutcheſs *De Longueville*, had ſeen the World; and, at a very advanced Age, retained all its Manners. His receiving me into his Houſe called for the more ſenſible Acknowledgments from me, as ſome Time before I had affronted him in a Song, which I impertinently made at an Entertainment given by himſelf. This broke off all Acquaintance; but now, in regard of my Misfortunes, he generouſly over-looked my Petulancy.

WHILST I was waiting the Time of going to *Paris* Mademoiſelle *De Neuville* perceiving, by the Letters of the aged Count her Suiter, that he was beginning to cool, took a Reſolution of going to him at *Paris*, with her Siſter and a Kind of Governeſs, and to take a furniſhed *Hôtel*; and this was about the Time that Madame *De Grieu* and I were to be there. Meſdemoiſelles *De Neuville*, who had ſhewn a great deal of Sympathy with my Misfortunes, offer'd to take me with them. I frankly gave them to underſtand, that I did not approve of their Journey, but go they would, and I would

not let the Opportunity ſlip. We alighted at the leſſer *Hôtel de Chatillon*, where they contrived a Lodging for me.

THUS I was now at *Paris*, but what would become of me I knew not. I waited on ſeveral Perſons, to whom I had Letters of Recommendation. My higheſt Hopes were to be Governeſs to a Child in ſome Houſe of Diſtinction. Fortunately it was an Office I liked; and liking, I conceived, implied a Talent. This was a ſtrange Abaſement for one who had lived like me, to go begging from Door to Door the Favour of People, to whom I was unknown; to ſtand their Examinations, and faſtidious Coldneſs. Nothing coming of theſe painful Walks, I gave them over.

SOON after my Arrival at *Paris*, Monſieur *Brunel* took a Journey thither, and called upon me; bringing with him Monſieur *De Fontenelle* *. They were intimate Friends from their Youth, which they had paſſed at *Rouen*, of which City they both were Natives. The Conformity of their Genius and Temper had perfectly united them. Monſieur *Brunel* came from Time to Time to *Paris*, purely to viſit him, and had often mentioned me to him. I was acquainted with him by his Works, but eſpecially by the *Hiſtory of the Royal Academy of Sciences*, which he annually ſent to his Friend, who never failed giving me the peruſal of it. And Thanks to the Light which Monſieur *De Fontenelle* throws on every Thing he treats of, I underſtood a great Part

* A Man of admirable Learning, Wit and Morality. Was perpetual Secretary to the under-mentioned Academy. Died about three Years ago. Was above Ninety, yet with ſcarce any Decay of his Faculties.

Part of it, though far above my Years. Thus I had previouſly the high Opinion due to him, and was over-joyed to know him, and to be known by ſuch a celebrated Perſon; at leaſt, as he could on Occaſion favour me with his good Word, which muſt always be of great Weight.

I WAS ſtill in my furniſhed *Hôtel*, where I had not been above four or five Days, when I received a Letter from the Marquis *De Silly*. He had two Months before writ me a very dry Compliment, on my afflictive Loſs: But this was of another Kind.

" MADEMOISELLE,

" I AM told you are at *Paris*; and, from my ſin-
" cere Concern for every Thing which relates to
" you, I am very glad of your Choice.

" You will perhaps be ſurprized at a Letter from
" me, ſtuffed with Admonitions. It is not much
" my Way to give any, and leſs to commit them
" to Paper; but you are one of my Friends, and
" I thought it my Duty to ſpeak to you as ſuch.

" CONSIDERING your Views, the ſhorter
" Stay you make in a furniſhed Houſe, the better.
" That is not the Place, where I would have you
" make your firſt Acquaintance.

" MY Morality will appear to you rigid; but
" methinks, in your Situation, I would lay aſide
" all Ornaments. Your Age may hurt you; and it
" concerns you to obſcure it. For the ſame Reaſon,
" let me recommend Circumſpection to you in the
" Choice of your Friends of both Sexes. I would
" have you more intent on the Reputation of your
" Senſe, than of your Wit. By all Means make

" uſe

" uſe of the moſt ſimple Expreſſions; and eſpecially " avoid ſuch as are ſcientifical, though more ſigni- " ficant. Let me beg of you not to be carried " away with the Temptation of diſplaying your " Erudition. In fine, I would have you at firſt " taken up only with the Care of raiſing a ſolid Repu- " tation, without any Study to pleaſe by Charms " and Graces. But I apprehend that my laſt Maxim " claſhes with Nature. The Deſire of Pleaſing " may poſſibly be natural to your Sex. Without " inverting the Order of Things, ſeek to pleaſe only " by Simplicity. Let there be nothing of Affecta- " tion in your Manners.

" ENOUGH for this Time, and perhaps too much. " Adieu, Mademoiſelle; I deſire you to be perſuaded " that you may at all Times depend on me."

THIS Letter perfectly ſhewed the Sentiments which Monſieur *De Silly* had for me. I was very much moved at the great Friendſhip and real Concern for my Conduct which it expreſſed: But I was offended, that he ſhould ſuſpect me of Fondneſs for Pleaſing; and that he ſhould miſtake, for a general Taſte, what I only had with regard to him. I did not conceal this Reſentment in my Anſwer. He thought that his Advice had diſpleaſed me, as plainly appears from the Letter which I received from him two Days after; and it was this.

" MADEMOISELLE,

" MY Letter has produced in you the Effect " which I imagined; and I could not forbear " laughing, at the ſecond reading of it. The

" firſt

" firſt Motion of Perſons of Wit, and conſequently " of Vanity, is, I believe, to reluct againſt Advice, " as intimating a Superiority.

" I AM little ſurprized that you were ſo diſ- " pleaſed at the Surmiſe I had, that you could aim " at Pleaſing; and there, indeed, your Complaint " is well grounded.

" AFTER this, though with your Leave, I can " eaſily bring myſelf to think, that Women have " ſome Diſpoſitions towards it. To ſpeak ſeriouſly; " I did not mean as you took it. The Charms and " Graces were thoſe of your Mind. I am certain " that your Diſcourſe will always be adapted to " your Company. But when thoſe with whom " one has been uſed to live are Perſons of Wit " and Learning, one eaſily contracts a Cuſtom of " uſing certain Terms. After all, I am thoroughly " perſuaded, that you do not ſtand in Need of Ad- " vice. Adieu, Mademoiſelle; and I beg you " would rely on me, above any Body."

MADAME *De Grieu* arrived at *Paris* with her Niece ſome Days after me. On the Road, they met the Marchioneſs *De Silly*, who was coming to ſettle there, and enter herſelf in the Siſterhood of *Miramion*. I was with Madame *De Grieu* at a Brother's of hers. He had not imbibed the Prejudices of the others againſt me, and we ſtay'd very chearfully at his Houſe in the *Marais*, 'till a Convent offer'd.

I HAD a Siſter, who was with the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*. She came to ſee me. Some Years before ſhe had taken a Journey to *Rouen*, purely to be acquainted with me; for before we had never ſeen

each

each other. At that Time ſhe was vexed at the Difference of our Situations; the Reſpect ſhewn to me by the Siſters, and the extreme Indulgence of the Abbeſs, with the Regard paid to every little Command of mine, diſpleaſed her: And the Civility ſhewn to herſelf, being only Arguments of the Sway I bore, encreaſed her Vexation. She had a natural Kind of Wit, a free Carriage, and a tolerable Perſon. The Light in which ſhe viewed me, could not but awaken her Indignation; but when ſhe ſaw me fallen from my Glory, Nature returned. She expreſſed a great deal of Affection, and gave me ſome Cloaths and Linnen, of which I now began to be a little bare.

AT laſt we met with a Convent. This was *La Preſentation* *, where Mademoiſelle *De Grieu* and myſelf were to be received at a low Rate. I had juſt enough remaining to pay a Quarter, at the End of which I ſaw no further Reſource. A little before its Period I was taken ſo ill, that I had ſome Hopes of dying; but I was diſappointed. One never dies in the right Time.

WHEN I was on the Recovery, and almoſt in Deſpair, my Siſter came to ſee me; and, with great Tranſports of Joy, congratulated with me on the Fortune which ſhe imagined was now before me. She told me, that going to *Verſailles* with her Dutcheſs, ſhe had informed her that ſhe had a younger Siſter, brought up remarkably well in a Country-Convent. She ſaid, that I knew all that could

* An Order of Nuns erected in *France* in 1627, in Honour of the Virgin *Mary's Preſentation*, or being brought to the Prieſt to be initiated into the Sheepfold of God.

could be known; and enumerated to her Grace the Sciences, which ſhe pretended I was Miſtreſs of, but murthering the Names of them. My Siſter, as knowing nothing, readily believed that I knew a vaſt deal. The Dutcheſs, who was no wiſer than herſelf, believed every Word, and thought me a Prodigy. In the whole World there was not a Perſon more ardent in her Fancies. She arrived at *Verſailles* with her Mind full of this ſuppoſed Prodigy, which ſhe cried up in all Companies; and eſpecially at Madame *De Ventadour*'s *, her Siſter, where the Cardinal *De Rohan* then was. Her Imagination became inflamed by the Warmth of her Elocution, and ſhe ſaid a hundred Times more than had been told her. Such an extraordinary Treaſure was to be ſecured. The Dauphine was ſtill living, and thought to be pregnant; and if ſhe brought a Daughter into the World, it was imagined I could aſſiſt in her Education. In the mean time I was to be ſent to *Jouarre*, to be about Meſdemoiſelles *De Rohan*, who were all three there, in order to make ſo many Maſter-pieces of them.

My Siſter, after this Narrative, told me that I muſt by all Means wait upon her Lady and thank her: That ſhe was to return to *Verſailles* that very Day; and, after paying my Duty, I ſhould immediately return. I was not Miſtreſs of a Gown fit to make my Appearance in, that I borrow'd one for a few Hours of a Boarder in the Convent; and, after paſſing through my Siſter's nice Hands, I went with her. We got to the Dutcheſs's juſt at her awakening. She was highly delighted at the Sight of me; ſaid a thouſand Things in my Praiſe; as, in

* Then Governeſs to *Lewis* XV.

in the Height of her Prepoſſeſſion, how could ſhe judge otherwiſe? After a few Queſtions on her Side, and ſome very plain and poſſibly inſipid Anſwers on mine; "Bleſs me," ſaid ſhe, "never "Creature talked ſo finely! She comes juſt in the "Nick of Time to write a Letter for me to Mon- "ſieur *Deſmarets*, which I muſt ſend him imme- "diately. Come, Mademoiſelle, ſome Paper ſhall "be brought to you; and you need only write." "But what muſt I write, Madam?" anſwer'd I; much out of Countenance. "You may give it "what Turn you pleaſe; it muſt be right. I "inſiſt on his complying with what I ask." "But "Madam," replied I, "ſtill I ſhould know what "you would ſay to him." "No, no, you under- "ſtand me." What could I gather from ſuch vague Sallies? But it was in vain to inſiſt on any further Explanation. At laſt, connecting the broken Sentences which came from her, I pretty nearly gueſs'd the Matter in Hand. This was but one Part of my Task; for I was quite unacquainted with the Cuſtoms and Ceremonials of the great World, and I very well perceived that ſhe would not diſtin- guiſh a Fault of Ignorance, from the Want of good Senſe. However, the Paper I took; and, while ſhe was getting up, fell to writing, merely by Con- jecture. At length I finiſhed the Letter; and, with a palpitating Heart for the Succeſs of it, went and delivered it to her. "Well," cry'd ſhe, "this is "juſt the Whole of what I was for ſaying to him. "'Tis really ſtrange that ſhe ſhould hit my "Thoughts ſo well. *Hetty*, your Siſter is a ſur- "prizing Girl. Oh! ſince ſhe has ſuch a Knack "at Writing, I muſt have another Letter to my "Steward;

" Steward; that may be diſpatch'd while I dreſs " There was no asking a ſecond Time what ſhe intended to ſay. A Torrent of Words iſſued from her Mouth with a Rapidity, which all my Attention could not keep pace with; and I was ſtill more embarraſſed with this ſecond Eſſay. She had named her Counſellor and her Attorney, who conſtituted a great Part of this Letter. They were both utterly unknown to me, and unfortunately I took the Name of the one for that of the other. " The Buſineſs is " well couched," ſaid ſhe, after reading my Letter; " but how could a Girl of your Wit, call my Coun- " ſellor by my Attorney's Name?" By this ſhe diſcover'd the Limits of my Genius: Yet, by good Fortune, it did not entirely loſe me in her Eſteem.

By the Time I had finiſhed theſe Diſpatches, ſhe was dreſſed, and now in a Hurry to be at *Verſailles*. I follow'd her to her Coach; and, when ſhe had ſeated herſelf, and my Siſter, whom ſhe took with her, had got in, juſt as the Door was ſhutting, and I began to breathe a little; " Suppoſe," ſaid ſhe to my Siſter, " I ſhould take her with us? Come, " in, in, Mademoiſelle: I'll ſhew you to Madame " *De Ventadour*." This Order was a Thunder-clap to me; and what eſpecially went to my Heart, was the Cloaths borrowed only for two Hours, but in which now I feared I was to be carried all over the World; and 'twas pretty nearly ſo. But under all my Perturbation, there was no going back. The Time for having a Will of my own, and oppoſing that of others, was now over. So in I got with a heavy Heart, yet did ſhe not perceive it, and her Tongue was not a Moment ſtill all the Way. She ſaid at once a hundred Things, which had no

Manner of Relation; yet there was ſo much Nature, Vivacity and Grace in her Expreſſion, that one could not but be in ſome Meaſure delighted. After a long String of Queſtions, without giving me Time to anſwer, "To be ſure," ſaid ſhe, "as you know "ſo many Things, you underſtand caſting a Nati-"vity. There's nothing, in my Mind, comes up "to that." I told her that I had not the leaſt Idea of that Science; "And why," anſwer'd ſhe, "learn ſo many, which are of no Uſe?" I plainly aſſured her, that I had never learned any; but, without minding me, ſhe now was running on in Praiſe of Geomancy, Chiromancy, &c. related to me ſeveral Predictions concerning her, but of which the Accompliſhment was to come. Theſe were followed by a thouſand memorable Stories on this Head; concluding with her laſt Night's Dream, and ſome others equally ſtriking, all which were certainly to come to paſs. I liſtened to the Whole with great Submiſſion, but little Faith. At length the Coach ſtopped. My Siſter and I were ordered to go to her Apartment, and we ſhould find her at Madame *De Ventadour*'s, whither ſhe went down. Her Lodgings were in the upper Story of the Palace, that I muſt have remained by the Way, had not a robuſt Servant of the Dutcheſs's, among ſome others who followed us, fairly carried me up in his Arms. This Fatigue of Body and Mind threw me into a Depreſſion, under which one perceives little, and thinks leſs. I had not clearly underſtood what the Dutcheſs ſaid about preſenting me to Madame *De Ventadour*; and my Siſter being equally in the Dark, I thought all I had to do, was to ſtay 'till ſhe ſent for me. Thus we continued in her Apartment 'till Evening,

Evening, when ſhe came quite in a Rage that her Orders had not been complied with. They had not been clearly expreſſed, but this was not a Repreſentation to be made to her. She had meant that we ſhould come to her, and this we had not done. I, in a reſpectful Silence, heard her Complaints, Reproaches, and all the Exploſions of an unreſtrained Impetuoſity. At length ſhe became appeaſed, and thought only of the next Day; ſaying, ſhe would herſelf carry me to her Siſter's. Here I ſaw a quite different Perſon. The Serenity and Sweetneſs of her Countenance, ſpoke the Compoſure and Equality of her Mind. She received me with all imaginable Condeſcenſion; talked to me about my Mother, who had been Governeſs to her Daughter: The Eſteem ſhe had for her; the very good Character ſhe had heard of me; and of her Intention to find me a ſuitable Place. I was afterwards admitted to ſee the Duke *De Bretagne*, who was then living; and his preſent Majeſty, then but juſt born. I muſt alſo ſee the principal Ornaments of *Verſailles*; ſo was dragged about every where, that I thought I ſhould have dropped down with Wearineſs.

The Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* had already made ſuch a Stir about me, that I was become an Object of Curioſity; a thouſand People flocking about me, to have a Sight of me, examine me, and ask me Queſtions. To finiſh the Day's Ramble, it was her Pleaſure I ſhould be at the King's Supper; and, ſingling me out among the Croud, ſhe cauſed me to be taken notice of by the Duke of *Burgundy*, and, during a good Part of the Supper, talked to him about my ſuppoſed Talents and Literature. This was not all; the Day following, being gone to the

Dutcheſs *De Noailles*, ſhe ſent for me thither. "Here, Madam, is the Perſon I was ſpeaking to "you of, who has ſo much Wit, and knows ſo "many Things. Come, Mademoiſelle, ſpeak. You'll "ſee, Madam, how ſhe talks." She perceived me in a Heſitation about anſwering, and thought of helping me, as the Beginning of a Song is ſometimes hummed over to a Singer. "Let us have a Word "or two about Religion," ſaid ſhe; "then you "ſhall talk of ſomething elſe." There is no expreſſing the Confuſion I laboured under, that I don't ſo much as remember how I acquitted myſelf.

THIS ridiculous Scene was repeated in other Houſes, whither I was carried; ſo that I ſaw I was to be walk'd about like a Monkey, or ſome other Creature, which ſhows Tricks at a Fair. I had rather have been ſwallow'd up in the Earth alive, than continue to act ſuch a Part. Poſſibly there is ſome Reaſon for reproaching myſelf with my exceſſive Concern, to be thus expoſed; as it, in a great Meaſure, ſtiffled any Senſe of what I owed to the Motive of ſo many fantaſtical Proceedings, which was no other than a precipitate Deſire of doing me Good.

I HAD now paſt three or four Days under theſe ſhocking Perambulations, when the Dutcheſs came home one Evening, thundering againſt Madame *De Ventadour* and the Cardinal *De Rohan*, that they did not come to any Concluſion concerning me. As to placing me at *Jouarre*, an Allowance was neceſſary, and no Body would pay it. "Well," ſays ſhe to my Siſter, "ſince they are as they are, they "muſt e'en be left to their own Humours. I am "Lady enough to make her Fortune, without apply-

"ing

" ing to them. She ſhall be in my Houſe, and " that will be better for her than any other." This was the only Thing I dreaded. Accordingly I remained ſilent and motionleſs. In her extreme Agitation, ſhe took no Notice of my Immobility; but my Siſter, when we were alone, very rationally reproached me for it. I owned to her, that my Averſion againſt ſuch a Situation, and the Fear of ſaying any Thing which might bind me, had ſuſpended my Power of Speech.

THE Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* was ſo provok'd at her Siſter, that ſhe determin'd to ſet out the next Day; and now I hop'd that I ſhould ſoon be in my quiet Convent again, having never ſo much longed to ſee myſelf there: But my Travels were not yet over. The Dutcheſs told me ſhe was going to *Seaux*, and that ſhe intended to carry me thither to ſhew me to Monſieur *De Maleſieu*; than whom there could not be a better Judge of my Merit. Here was freſh Occaſion of Anguiſh, that I was again to be exhibited, and on a new Stage.

BEFORE ſhe ſet out, the Abbè *De Vertot*, her Relation and intimate Acquaintance, who happen'd to be at *Verſailles*, paid her a Viſit. She order'd an Eaſy-Chair to be ſet for him, and left me to ſtand, as ſhe ſeem'd to take a Pleaſure in doing, when there was Company. To put on the Looks of demure Submiſſion, before one who had always paid me the loweſt Homage was more than I could bear, that I abruptly withdrew into a Cloſet, where my Abjection drew ſome Tears from me.

IN the Afternoon we went to *Seaux*, and the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, ſtill full of her Object, did not fail talking of me with Exceſs: But the Dutcheſs

Du Maine, who beſides being acquainted with her Exaggerations, ſeldom lends an Ear to what does not concern herſelf, ſcarce minded what ſhe ſaid; yet ſhow me to her ſhe would, and the other in Complaiſance at length conſented, but beſtowed very little of her invaluable Time in taking Notice of me. Madame *De la Ferté*, ſeeing nothing came of this Trial, deſired Monſieur *De Maleſieu* to come and ſee me at her Houſe, and diſcourſe me. He was a long Time with me, and introduced a Variety of rational Subjects; in all which, it ſeems, he found me tolerably well verſed. A Deſire to oblige the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, a like Propenſity he had to Exaggeration, and perhaps a Willingneſs to do me ſome good Office, led him to confirm all the Wonders which ſhe was every where relating about me. This Teſtimony advantageouſly diſtinguiſhed me at a Court, where Monſieur *De Maleſieu*'s Deciſions commanded the like implicit Deference, as thoſe of *Pythagoras* among his Diſciples. The hotteſt Diſputes were huſhed at once, by his *Ipſe Dixit*. He ſaid I was an extraordinary Perſon: It was believed. Viſits more than enough. No Word of mine fell to the Ground. Many could not ſufficiently admire me. *Baron*, the famous Actor, who had left the *Paris* Stage near thirty Years, had then a Company at *Sceaux*. As he ſet up for Wit, he came to pry into mine; and, in one of his Viſits, told me with a Sneer, that the next Night they ſhould play *Les Femmes Sçavantes*; or, *The Learned Women* *: And

* A Comedy of *Moliere*'s, and thought to be written in Ridicule of Madame *Dacier*, who had compoſed a Diſſertation, to ſhow the Superiority of *Plautus*'s *Amphytrion* above that of *Moliere*'s.

And that he made no Doubt but I ſhould be there. I anſwer'd him ſo, as to give him to underſtand he would not play me.

THOUGH I was treated at *Seaux* with a Civility above my Rank, and not a Day paſſed without Plays and Diverſions; yet, being in Body and Mind unuſed to ſuch a Way of Living, it was quite inſupportable to me. The Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, ſo far from perceiving it, was continually praiſing me, that I could ſo ſoon adapt myſelf to the Ways of the World, and ſet up late; join in whatever was propoſed, and never be out of Order. But very far was I from being what I ſtrove to appear. I was naturally of a weak Conſtitution, which was not mended by the over Care taken to indulge it. It was, to be ſure, an Overſight in my beſt Friends, to bring me up in a Manner ſo very unſuitable to my Lot, and it is this which gave an Edge to the ſubſequent Alterations, and has proved the moſt real Unhappineſs of my Life.

AT laſt the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* returned to *Paris*; and, to my great Joy, brought me again to my Convent. At parting, ſhe was very laviſh of her Careſſes; and aſſur'd me, that if my Affair was not brought to a ſpeedy Concluſion, ſhe would take other Meaſures: But that, whatever was the Event, I ſhould not be long without ſeeing her. I was over-joy'd at finding myſelf again with Madame *De Grieu* and her Niece, whom I entertained with a Recital of my Adventures. Mademoiſelle *De Grieu* now became qualified for Friendſhip. I look'd upon her as my Daughter; for, when taken from Nurſe, ſhe had been put in the Convent as my particular Pupil, to humour the powerful Taſte

I had,

I had, even in my Childhood, for Preceptorſhip: But in this I have not been more fortunate than *Plato*, who could not ſo much as find a Village to eſtabliſh his Laws in. No Body would liſten to my Precepts; not even the young Niece, who imbibed the Jealouſy of her Family againſt me; and never forgave me the Friendſhip of her Aunt, 'till ſhe grew able to know that I was not unworthy of it. Afterwards we became more intimately united, than ever I have been with any Perſon.

My Convent was not far from *Miramion*, whither I ſometimes went to viſit the Marchioneſs *De Silly*. One Day I found there her Son, who had only taken *Paris* in his Way. This unexpected Meeting gave me a moſt ſenſible Joy: All the Agitations which my Mind had undergone ſince my laſt Sight of him, had not diſpoſſeſſed him of it. That ſupreme Idea had ever maintain'd its Place, and the Power of affecting me beyond any other; and this Superiority has been my Safeguard from any Seducements, during the Time of my Life, which was moſt ſuſceptible of them. The Interview was ſhort, and the only one we had; the Mother alſo was preſent. What we ſaid is quite forgot.

A FEW Days after my Return, the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, whoſe Mind ſtill run on me, ſent me ſome Songs of Monſieur *De Maleſieu*'s; and directed me to give her a Letter on this Subject, which ſhe would deliver to him. I writ; but what, I now no longer remember. Probably an Effuſion of Praiſes; for it procured me the following pompous Anſwer.

" MADE-

" MADEMOISELLE,

" THE Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*'s Departure " this Morning, without my being acquainted " with it, has deprived me of the Opportunity of " ſending you the Thanks I owe you, for the excel- " lent Letter with which you have honour'd me. " I certainly ſtood in Need of her Mediation to re- " commend my Acknowledgements; whereas what " ſhe deliver'd me from you, being in itſelf infinitely " valuable, would have been welcome from any " Hands. That her Grace had ſent you my Songs " was a Secret to me, but your Commendations " give me *infinite* Pleaſure; and I am not ſo much " my own Enemy, as to oppoſe a Judgement ſo ſure " and deciſive.

" HAVING ſo far convinced me of the Preciſion " and Infallibility of your Judgement, that I cannot " diſſent from it; ſo, from the Knowledge you " muſt have of yourſelf, let me know what I am to " think of your Merit: As ſuperior Geniuſes, like " yours, cannot be miſtaken in themſelves, and owe " to themſelves that Juſtice which they, with ſo " much Pleaſure, do to others, nothing is more " open to them than their own Penetration; and " the greateſt Effort of their Modeſty ſhould only " be, to thank the firſt Cauſe, the eternal Creator of " Spirits, for his Bounty to them. There is not " that Perſon living, Mademoiſelle, who is more " obliged to him than yourſelf; and, for my Part, I " am infinitely obliged to the Dutcheſs *De la* " *Ferté*, for diſcovering to me ſuch a rich Treaſure.

" Happy

" Happy ſhall I think myſelf in being permitted " ſometimes to approach it; and, once in my Life, " to prove, by my Services, the Eſteem and Reſpect " with which

" *Seaux*, *May* 30, " *I am*, &c."
" 1710."

THE Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, highly pleaſed with the Succeſs of my Letter, ſoon after came to carry me to ſee ſome fine Entertainment at *Seaux*. As ſhe had ſent me no Word, ſhe thought fit to ſtay at the Convent-Gate whilſt I was dreſſing; and, though far from being the moſt patient of Women, without any Complaint of my Tedioufneſs. Such was the Force of her Affection for me! She expreſſed a great deal of Pleaſure at ſeeing me again. I was ſenſible ſhe had a real Kindneſs for me, and I could have wiſhed to have been able to attach myſelf to her; but her Way of Living was too oppoſite to my Way of Thinking: Then there were other Inconveniences, for which her's ſhould have been the laſt Houſe I would have choſen. *Louiſon*, an elderly Body, formerly her Chamber-Maid, now Regent of the whole Houſe, would not have brooked the Diſtinctions intended me; and even my Siſter would not long ſee them, without an envious Eye: And herein there ſeemed to me ſuch a Source of endleſs Bickerings, ſo contrary to my Temper, that I could rather have put up with any Thing; ſo I made a firm Reſolution, whatever might be the Conſequence, to avoid that Rock, and in all my Expreſſions of Gratitude

Gratitude not to drop a Word which looked that Way.

In the mean time, as I was not without Hopes that ſomething would be done, I thought of borrowing a little Money, to continue paying for my Board in the Convent. This I had of Monſieur *Brunel*, my oldeſt Friend.

The ſo-much-admired Entertainments and Diverſions of *Seaux*, were little to my Taſte. The Dutcheſs ſeldom went thither without me, and I always ſaw there Monſieur *Maleſieux*, whoſe Behaviour was perfectly anſwerable to the Expreſſions of his Letter.

The Dutcheſs always brought me back to *La Preſentation*, though ſometimes at unſeaſonable Hours for the Convent. The Abbeſs, Madame *De Riberolles*, in her exceeding Goodneſs, would herſelf come to open the Door, to ſave any Diſcontent among the Siſters.

All the brilliant Views, from the Dutcheſs *De Ventadour*, began to be overcaſt. The Cardinal *De Rohan*, as an Evaſion, ſaid, that my Principles were a capital Point, and ought to be examined into. Being known to have converſed with Monſieur *De Fontenelle*, Enquiry was made of him concerning my Opinions. He anſwer'd, that all he knew was, that I had been brought up in a Convent belonging to the Jeſuits. This Teſtimony not being thought ſufficient, the Abbé *De Treſſan*, ſince Archbiſhop of *Rouen*, was commiſſioned to queſtion me; and the Dutcheſs *De la Ferte*'s Houſe at *Paris* was the Scene of this Solemnity, at which all Parties aſſiſted. This was making a very ſerious Buſineſs of it: However, the Examination was intermixed with ſuch Pleaſantry,

Pleaſantry, as gained me the good Will of my Examiner, and he made a Report greatly in my Favour; but nothing came of it.

THE Dutcheſs grew more and more inclined to take me into her Family; yet durſt not, for fear of diſpleaſing Mrs. *Louiſon*, to whom ſhe had not hitherto made known her Intention. I lay there one Night, I don't know upon what Occaſion; but the more I ſaw of the Caſt and Oeconomy of the Houſe, the more I dreaded to make one in it; and the more pleaſed was I with the certain Obſtacle againſt my Admittance.

THE Abbè *De Vertot* was then at *Paris*, and ſometimes came to ſee me at my Convent. One Day, as we were at a Parlour which had ſeveral ſeparate Grates, I ſaw him bow to a Gentleman at another of thoſe Grates; and, asking him who it was, he ſaid, "It is Monſieur *Du Verney*, the famous Anatomiſt." I had read his Works, and ſignified to the Abbè how much I eſteemed him. Upon that the Abbè beckon'd to him to come up, and brought us acquainted. *Du Verney*, than whom no Man ever had more Vivacity, raviſhed at the Eſteem for him with which he found me prepoſſeſſed, took a mighty Fancy to me. Being intimate with Madame *Du Vauvray*, who lodged joining to the Royal Phyſick-Garden where he lived, he was not long in acquainting her with the Diſcovery he had made in her Neighbourhood; and adviſed her to make uſe of it. This ſhe the more readily embraced, as in ſuch a Bye-part of the Town ſhe was at a Loſs for Company. He came to me, in her Name, with an Invitation to Dinner; and that the next Day ſhe would ſend her Coach to fetch me. I knew very well that to make one's firſt Appearance in this Man-

ner

ner was ſomething out of Cuſtom: But, on the other Hand, I was not in a Situation to ſtand upon Punctilios. Acquaintance I wanted; and even Friends, if ſuch were to be procured. I was beſides in a Haſte, which would not admit of the Retardments of petty Formalities.

THUS I went to dine with Madame *De Vauvray*, and was very well entertain'd. Her Viſage had ſomething odd in it, but it wrong'd her admirable Mind. She lived in a handſome Houſe built by herſelf, had a great Number of Servants, a Table delicately ſerv'd, and every Thing ſuitable: And beſides the beautiful Walks in her own Garden, ſhe had a Key into the King's, which communicated with hers. All pleaſed me ſo, as to be glad that ſhe would often ſend for me, and now and then to make ſome Stay there: And it was not long before I had a ſecond Invitation, when ſhe kept me ſeveral Days. My Dutcheſs was, I believe, at *Fountainbleau*, and I free. Madame *De Vauvray*, by reaſon of the Remoteneſs of her Houſe, ſaw little Company; but it was of the beſt. *Ferrau*, her Nephew, a Man of a very entertaining Wit, was often there; alſo *Du Verney*, when Buſineſs would permit him. In fine, I was exceedingly delighted there, and tolerably well liked. Monſieur *De Vauvray* himſelf, tho' wanting in Complaiſance to his Wife, aſſured me, that the oftener I came the more welcome I ſhould be. However, one Day, when he had invited a great deal of Company to dine, among others the Dukes *De la Feuillade* and *Rohan*, and the Abbè *De Buſſy*; Madame *De Vauvray*, apprehenſive whether it was proper to bring a Stranger into ſuch Company, ſaid to her Husband, that as I obſerved the Cloiſter Diet, I ſhould dine in her

Room, and ſhe ſtay with me. This was ſoftening the Mortification as far as poſſible, and I received it without taking Notice. I begg'd of her to dine with the Company, and aſſured her that I could eat very contentedly by myſelf. Stay with me ſhe would: But on ſitting down to Table, ſhe was enquired after. Monſieur *De Vauvray* ſaid, that ſhe had with her a Perſon, who not being yet ſufficiently uſed to the World, ſhe was to dine with her. Word came, that her Company and mine were deſired. There was a general Chearfulneſs at Table, and the Converſation perfectly agreeable. I ſaid ſome Things that drew the Attention of the whole Company upon me. I did not neglect it; and this little Triumph gave me the more Pleaſure, as it juſtified the introducing me, and revenged me of the contrary Intention. Afterwards there was no further Heſitation about me; and I was, I ſuppoſe, good Company at that Time: Tho' I can no longer ſee any Veſtiges of it in me, I conceive that ſuch a Thing may have been. Thirty Years at leaſt had gone over my Head; and my Wit, tho' ever middling, was put in Action, and animated by the moſt urgent Motives; as the Deſire of Regard, and even of a Subſiſtence.

I WAS indebted to Madame *De Vauvray* for a pretty large Acquaintance, both among the Faſhionable and the Literary. She carried me along with her to ſeveral Houſes, which many others poſſibly would not have ventured on, for one ſo deſtitute as I was of every Thing which recommends a Perſon to the World: And the Manner of her introducing me, procured me every where the greateſt Civility and Kindneſs. One Day as the Abbè *De St. Pierre* and Monſieur *De Fontenelle* dined with her, and I was there,

there, the Diſcourſe fell on my Situation, and of the Means to place me in a creditable Settlement. This Abbé, the Friend and Delight of Mankind, moved for propoſing me to the Princeſs, to be about Mademoiſelle *De Clermont*, whom ſhe had taken with her; and to whom ſhe ſeemed to intend a better Education, than is generally given to Princeſſes. He ſaid, that the Abbé *Couture* was already appointed for teaching her Hiſtory, and ſeveral Things ſuitable to her Sex and Rank; and that I might be propoſed, as capable of aſſiſting ſuch Views, and forwarding her in the Sciences, which ſhe was to learn: That I muſt apply to Monſieur *Maleſieu*, whom I uſed often to ſee at *Seaux*, and deſire him to make the Overture to her Royal Highneſs, with a good Character of me.

AMIDST all my ſhort Excurſions to Madame *De Vauvray*'s, I took Care to have ſuch Intelligence of the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*'s Motions, as to be always at home in my Convent, when ſhe came for me. Had ſhe known that I went abroad for any other but herſelf, I don't know what the Conſequence might have been.

SOON after the good Abbé's Scheme for my Settlement, ſhe carried me to *Seaux*: And Monſieur *De Maleſieu* came, as uſual, to ſee me. I then let him know the Need I ſtood in of a Place, ſomething ſuitable to my former Life; and intimated my View, with regard to Mademoiſelle *De Clermont*. He entirely approved of it; and promiſed to do his utmoſt to ſerve me, and with all Diſpatch poſſible.

IT was not above an Hour before I ſaw him again, when he told me, with an eager Joy, that in going about my Affair he had concluded another, which he thought better; that it was in his Mind to procure

me the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s * Recommendation to the Princeſs; and that when he asked it, ſhe ſaid to him: "But, Sir, if this young Woman be of ſuch "extraordinary Merit, why diſpoſe of her to my "Niece? would it not be better to keep her for "myſelf?" That he made anſwer, ſhe could never ſute herſelf better; that I was fit for any Thing; and that I ſhould be of great Uſe to Madame *De Maleſieu*, his Wife, Governeſs to Mademoiſelle *Du Maine*, as an Aſſiſtant in the Cares ſhe took of her Education. That her Grace replied, "The Duke *Du* "*Maine* muſt be brought to allow of this additional "Expence."

THIS Propoſal, of all Things, ſuited my Views, that I was over-joyed at it, and gave Monſieur *Maleſieu* a thouſand Thanks. What you have now to do, ſaid he, is to acquaint the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* of it; adding, that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would herſelf make the Affair known to her, and that all would ſoon be ſettled. She did ſo, but the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* flew into a Flame; ſaying, That a Perſon whom ſhe had pitched upon for herſelf, to be the Solace of her Life, ſhould not thus be ſeduced from her. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* anſwer'd, That by what was told her, ſhe had concluded that a Place was wanted for me; and conſequently, that ſhe had no Thoughts of keeping me. The Dutcheſs *De*

* Born Counteſs *De Charolois*, as Daughter of that Prince of *Condé*, commonly and deſervedly call'd, *The Great Condé*. His Countenance is ſaid to have had ſome Reſemblance to that of an Eagle, and thus was expreſſive of his Ardour and Intrepidity. He was alſo poſſeſs'd of an infinite deal of Wit, and very amiable in private Life. Died about 1694.

De la Ferté, after giving full Vent to her Complaints, concluded with ſaying, That ſhe would not have me againſt her Will, but that I ſhould be made to ſpeak my Mind.

THIS was what Monſieur *De Maleſieu* came for the third Time the ſame Day to inform me of, and I was thunder-ſtruck at it. "This Evening," ſaid he, "you are to explain yourſelf; ſo conſider what you "will ſay." "Do you, Sir, dictate that," anſwer'd I: "As you have been ſo kind as to conduct this "Point, which is of ſo great Concern to me, by "you only will I be guided in it." His Advice was, That I ſhould ſay to the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, that I owed every Thing to her, and put myſelf into her Hands, to diſpoſe of me as ſhe thought fit. Much better had it been to have owned my Reaſons againſt being under her Roof, and requeſted her Permiſſion to accept of the preſent happy Offer. This, beſides ſaving the great Inconveniences drawn upon me by ſuch a Duplicity, had been more candid, and more agreeable to my Inclination.

IN the Evening Madame *De la Ferté* came to her Apartment, where I was waiting for her full of Fear, foreſeeing the Storm which I was to paſs thro'; and moſt uneaſy at being charged with Miſ-behaviour towards a Perſon, who had ſhewn me ſo much Friendſhip. She came into her Chamber, not in one of thoſe Burſts of Paſſion which were common with her, but with a ſtately Coldneſs. Having quietly ſeated herſelf, ſhe ſaid to me: "It is with "Surprize, Mademoiſelle, I have heard, that you "are about placing yourſelf. I imagined you had "relied on me. If you did prefer being with a "Princeſs, I ought to have been made acquainted

with it: But I muſt know your Thoughts from your own Mouth, and what you intend to do." I anſwer'd, "Whatever your Grace pleaſes. I am "in your Hands. I owe you every Thing, and you "may diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe." "Well, Made-"moiſelle," reply'd ſhe, "ſince it is left to me, I "will part with you to no Body: And depend on "my Care, that you ſhall be no Loſer in being with "me." She afterwards told me, that ſhe was going to have a pretty Apartment fitted up for me in her Houſe; that I ſhould be there no leſs Miſtreſs than herſelf; that, when ſhe was at home, I ſhould be her Companion; and that, when at Court, ſhe would leave me an Equipage, to go and come as I pleaſed.

THIS Plan of Life would not have diſpleaſed me, had I not withal conſider'd the Counter-part; if I had not known that my Siſter, at firſt taken in as a Favourite, was degraded to a Chamber-Maid; if I had not judged, that the more violent the Dutcheſs's Liking of me was, the leſs durable would it be, and the more Jealouſy would it excite among the Flock of Women which her Houſe was full of: For beſides *Louiſon* the Head of them, my Siſter, and ſubordinately other Chamber-Maids, ſhe had a Girl, to whom ſhe had given the Name of *Sylvina*, a moſt beautiful Creature, picked up at *La Loupe*, an Eſtate of hers. This Nymph ſhe idoliz'd, and ſpared no Coſt for dreſſing her, and improving her Talents; and, among others, her Syren Voice: Yet, after all this profuſe Affection, this reſplendent Star ſet in Servitude; a Fate, it ſeems, as inevitable, as that of *Circe*'s Lovers. What ſhould I have done in ſuch a Place? But then, by what Means could I diſengage myſelf?

myſelf? I waited on Monſieur *De Malesieu*. He told me, there was no Help for it; that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would not break with the Dutcheſs *De La Ferté* on my Account; and that, unleſs I could get clear of myſelf, there was no farther Hopes.

With this View, I formed the ſtrange Reſolution of contriving how to diſpleaſe this Lady, who was taken with me to Infatuation, and whom I alſo loved; for my Heart could not continue inſenſible to her many kind Actions. With all her Faults, ſhe appeared to me very amiable; and the Inconveniences of her Service, I was far from charging as any perſonal Defect in her.

To conceive the Torture which it coſts a good Heart, to thwart itſelf in doing amiſs, it muſt have been felt; and this is an Experience not very common.

An Opportunity offered of puting this odd Project in Execution, as I was going with her to *La Ferté*. Nothing which could heighten the Pleaſure of this Journey to me was omitted. As ſhe knew my extreme Fondneſs for Mademoiſelle *De Grieu*, this Lady muſt alſo be of the Party. I grew out of Order on the Road, and now no longer diſſembled, as I had uſed. I gave Way to all my Humours; which, as they were quite new to her, muſt have ſeemed more impertinent. Whatever I did not like, I oppoſed; and ſpoke my Mind without any Deference to hers: In fine, I uſed every Freedom, but with a greater Struggle than if I had been under Reſtraint. It gave her Offence, but not that Diſguſt which my Forwardneſs aimed to excite; and this Undertaking was the more difficult to be ſupported, as I had never ſeen her more amiable, nor be ſuch

pleaſant

pleaſant Company. In the Country ſhe quite laid aſide her Court and Town Loftineſs: Every one lived eaſily with her; and her Familiarity was ſuch, that ſometimes ſhe would get together, not only her Servants but Trades-Folks, place them round a large Table, and play at a Sort of Lanſquenet with them. Here ſhe whiſpered to me, "I cheat them, but 'tis "becauſe they rob me."

WE made a Fortnight's Stay at *La Ferté*: A very fine delightful Seat indeed; and lived well, in the common Senſe of that Expreſſion, though the Dutcheſs had not brought her Cook; being out of Humour with him, for asking for Larding-Pins. "Thus it is," ſays ſhe, "that the Quality are "ruined; continually Larding-Pins. It has coſt the "Marſhal *De la Ferté* Twelve Hundred Thouſand "Livres for Larding-Pins. I had rather my Houſe-"keeper ſhould order the dreſſing of my Victuals." At our Return from this Jaunt, ſhe ſaid to me; "Your Lodging at my Houſe is not yet ready. I "ſhall ſet People about it, and 'till then you cannot "be better than in your Convent: I'll ſatisfy for "your Board." With great Joy did I go thither, and likewiſe with Hopes that ſo many Delays might at length end well. In effect, from a Fear of diſobliging *Louiſon*, and a troubleſome Affair in which ſhe was then embarraſſed, my Reception, which I imagined would be towards the Cloſe of the Year, was put off. In the mean time ſhe writ to me, to ſend her Minutes of Letters, complimenting the King and Queen of *Spain*, the Duke *De Vendome*, and Madame *Des Urſins*, on a Victory. At the End of her Letter, ſhe bad me pay my Abbeſs for the Month of *January*; that ſhe muſt be deprived of me ſo much

longer;

longer; but that her Love was ſtill the ſame. The Entrance of the Year gave me an Opportunity of writing to Monſieur *De Maleſieu* *, whom I had not ſeen ſince the Miſcarriage of my Buſineſs, the Dutcheſs never after taking me to *Seaux*. My Letter was little more than the Compliments of the Seaſon, to which he returned this friendly Anſwer.

" *Verſailles, January* 16, 1711.

" MADEMOISELLE,

" DUCE take the Poſt that has with-held from " me above a Fortnight this precious Teſti- " mony of your Remembrance, for it is but this Mi- " nute that I receive your Favour of the Firſt; " but what vexes me ſtill more, is to find that you " are again at your Convent. By that I ſhould have " concluded the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* to be gone on " ſome long Journey, had I not ſeen her Grace in " the Beginning of the Month. I know not what " to think of the Continuance of your *Clauſure*. " The Dutcheſs talked to me at *Seaux* with ſo much " Eſteem of you, and ſuch a Deſire of fixing you " with her; and, on the Propoſal I made to her from " the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, expreſſed herſelf &c. " very

* Was Preceptor to the Duke *Du Maine*, and a Member of the Academy of Sciences, and of the *French* Academy, *i. e.* for the Improvement of the *French* Language. He died of an Apoplexy in 1727, aged 77. Beſides his *Elements of Geometry*, which are very much eſteemed, he publiſhed ſeveral Pieces in Proſe and Verſe.

" very obligingly, how much ſhe thought you ne-
" ceſſary to the Management of her Affairs and her
" own perſonal Quiet; that I own, Mademoiſelle,
" I adviſed her to follow her Inclination, and to
" keep for herſelf a Perſon, of whoſe rare Qualities
" ſhe had ſo juſt a Senſe: Thus I could little ima-
" gine that you were not yet ſettled with that Lady,
" who, certainly is a very good Judge of Merit,
" and who ſeemed ſo prepoſſeſſed in Favour of yours.
" The next Time I ſee her, I will endeavour to have
" this Myſtery cleared up. I have the Honour of
" being very reſpectfully, *&c.*"

On Receipt of this Letter I writ back to Monſieur *Maleſieu*, that I had Reaſon to believe that the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* had no longer any Thoughts of taking me into her Service; that I might look upon myſelf as free, and accept of the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Kindneſs, if it might ſtill be hoped for. This Letter Monſieur *De Maleſieu* ſhows to the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*; whom it ſo incenſed, that ſhe inſtantly ſent me Word by my Siſter, that ſhe had done with me. I was pierced to the very Heart that he had let her ſee it, and thus drawn upon me all the Vehemence of her Indignation, as indeed I had deſerved it. This I look upon to be the moſt exceptionable Part of my Life; for though my Siſter, who probably was not fond of my being there, had ſet forth the Dutcheſs's Fickleneſs, and intimated that ſhe might keep me in Suſpence for ever, I ought not to have taken her Word ſo far, as to inform Monſieur *Maleſieu* of it in the poſitive Manner I did: However, I acquainted him with this total Rupture, and his Anſwer was the following.

" *Verſailles*,

" *Verſailles, January* 24, 1711.

" THE laſt Letter with which you honoured
" me, I have read to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*.
" It was not with little Surprize, her Serene High-
" neſs heard of the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*'s Meſ-
" ſage ſent to you by your Siſter. I am order'd by
" her, Mademoiſelle, to acquaint you, that next
" Spring, that is, about the Time of her removing
" to *Seaux*, ſhe will execute her former Intention.
" In the mean Time ſhe will talk the Affair over
" with the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, from whoſe Mouth
" you cannot but ſee it is fit ſhe ſhould hear, that
" you are at Liberty to look out for another Settle-
" ment. This is a Decency which the Dutcheſs *Du*
" *Maine* holds to be incumbent on her. I ſhall be
" heartily glad, Mademoiſelle, when all is finiſhed to
" your Wiſh; as a Retardment of two or three Months
" does not imply a Miſcarriage. I am, beyond all
" Expreſſion, Mademoiſelle, *&c.*"

THIS Letter aſſured me of my Lot, which I did not then foreſee to be ſuch as it proved. Eight Months I remained at *La Preſentation*, ſeldom or never ſtiring out, leſt any Meſſage ſhould come and not find me at Home, or my Conduct fall under Suſpicion. It was four or five Months before I heard a Word of any Thing.

How all that wide Interval was filled up, I have but a confuſed Remembrance; all I clearly know is, that Monſieur *De Silly*, whom his Mother had informed of what concerned me, wrote me the following Letter.

" Camp

" Camp at *Folleu*, *Auguſt* 17.

" I THOUGHT you knew me better. " How came you to conceive that my Eſteem " and Friendſhip are influenced by Situations? " I am not to know that Fortune depends more on " Accident and Junctures than Merit. I am very " glad that you have ſuch Hopes; but much more " ſo ſhall I be, when you are ſettled as I could deſire. " Eſteem is a Step to every Thing; endeavour, I in- " treat you, to make a ſpeedy Uſe of it. In a Time " when gained by ſo few, Envy cloſely follows it. I " alſo deſire you will ſtudy to pleaſe, be complaiſant, " and ſhew no more of your Wit than ſuits thoſe to " whom you are ſpeaking: Eſpecially, be not ſuſ- " pected of Ambition or Imperiouſneſs. Be contented " to ſhew a diſcreet Turn of Mind with agreeable " Talents. This is much better liked than Wit; " the former pleaſes, and the latter is dreaded. What " I now write I make no Queſtion has often occured " to your own Thoughts; and, if I repeat it, it is " only that you may ſee we think alike.

" BE more particular in the Account of your " Affairs, as to one who is not indifferent to any " Thing in which you are concerned. Adieu, " Mademoiſelle."

I WAS growing uneaſy that I heard no farther; when my Siſter brought me a Letter from the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, and this from Monſieur *Maleſieu*.

" *Seaux*,

" *Seaux, September* 11, 1711.

" AT laſt, Mademoiſelle, the Time is come. I " am ordered, by the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, to " acquaint you from her, that you may come in three " or four Days. The Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* lately " gave her ſuch a high Character of you, that ſhe " will put your off no longer. It is an extreme Plea- " ſure to me, Mademoiſelle, that it will ſoon be in " my Way to do you ſome little good Offices, and " ſhow to you in Reality that I am, beyond all Ex- " preſſion, *&c.*"

THOUGH I have it ſtill by me, I here ſuppreſs the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*'s thundering Letter, as unworthy both of her and myſelf. She directed me to be the next Morning at *Seaux*, that ſhe might herſelf preſent me to their moſt ſerene Highneſſes. My Siſter, after giving me theſe two Letters, informed me, that a Chamber-Maid of the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was retir'd to a Convent; that this Place had been judged good enough for me, as my Bloom was paſt; that the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* had promoted the Verdict, as an Opportunity of Revenge, and delighted herſelf with the Thoughts of introducing me into ſuch a mortifying Station.

IN this Turn I ſaw myſelf ruined, and I was ſenſible that the indelible Character of an *Abigail* cut off my Fortune from any future Reſources; yet was there no declining it. I could not deny the Steps I had taken for getting into the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Service; and it was not for ſuch a one as I to ſtand

on Conditions with a Perſon of her Rank. I was now hated by the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, as much as I had been loved; had neither Intereſt or Support, that there was a Neceſſity of bowing to the Yoke.

I WENT to *Seaux*, purſuant to the Dutcheſs's Orders. She led me as it were in Triumph to the Princeſs, who ſcarce caſt a Look at me; and continu'd dragging me about, as a Captive faſten'd behind her Carr, to all the ſeveral Perſons to whom I was to be ſhewn: And, I am ſure, I follow'd her with the Countenance of an inſulted Captive. At the Concluſion of this Ceremonial, ſhe ſaid to me, "Now "you have no more Occaſion for me; and for the "future, I will have no Concern with you." The Loſs of her Friendſhip gave me ſtill more Pain than the Effects of her Reſentment.

THIS firſt Day I paſſed under ſuch a Diſtraction of Mind, which has left me no clear Remembrance of it. All I know is, that I was ſtrangely ſurprized at ſeeing the Manſion appointed for me. This was an *Entreſol*, ſo low that I could not ſtand upright in it; and withal ſo dark, that I was forced to feel my Way. There was no breathing, for want of Air; nor any warming one's ſelf, for want of a Fire-Place. This Lodging ſeem'd to me ſo unſupportable, that I was for making my Grievance known to Monſieur *De Maleſieu*. Not a Word would he hear. To all the Eſteem which he had expreſſed for me, to all the Offers he had made, now ſucceeded the Contempt uſually entertain'd of menial Servants. I took care not to expoſe myſelf to it again. Every Body in the Houſe, who before had been ſo forward to make Acquaintance with me, ſeeing how low I was rated, turned their Backs on me.

I ENTER'D

I ENTER'D on Duty. The Part aſſigned to me was what in the Terms of Art is called, *Les Chemiſes à Bâtir*. Here I was at my Wit's End; having only been uſed to the little Works made by Way of Amuſement in Convents, I was wholly to ſeek in any other. I ſpent the whole Day in taking Meaſures, and executing this important Office; but when Madame, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, had put on her Shift, ſhe found what ſhould have been at the Elbow was in the Arm. "Whoſe fine Handy-Work is this?" ſaid ſhe. The ready Anſwer was, that it was I that made it. She reply'd, without any Paſſion, that I did not underſtand Work, and that it muſt be put into other Hands. The Conſequences of my Aukwardneſs comforted me under it; yet I muſt ſay that my Intentions were good, and I had done the very beſt I could. But with all my Willingneſs, I diſcharged my Office very ill, that I have a Hundred Times wonder'd at the Compoſure with which this Princeſs, otherwiſe ſo impatient, bore with my Blunders. The firſt Time of bringing her Drink, I pour'd Half the Water upon her, inſtead of filling the Glaſs. What with my Short-ſightedneſs, and the Confuſion which ſeized me when I waited on her, I ſeem'd void of any Comprehenſion, even of the plaineſt Things. She one Day bid me bring her ſome Carmine in a little Cup, which ſtood on her Toilet. I went into her Chamber where I ſtood agaſt, without knowing which Way to turn. The Princeſs *De Guiſe* happen'd to paſs through it, and, ſurprized at ſeeing me thus bewilder'd; "What are you doing here?" ſaid ſhe. "Alas! Madam," anſwer'd I, "ſome Carmine---- "a Cup------a Toilet------I ſee no ſuch Thing." Moved at my Uneaſineſs, ſhe put into my Hands

what without her Help I ſhould never have found. I ſhall mention ſome others of my Miſtakes; ſo odd, that they ſeem'd to ſavour of Imbecillity. The Dutcheſs, being at her Toilet, ask'd for Powder. I took up the Box by the Lid; of Courſe down fell the Box, and all the Powder about the Toilet; yet the Dutcheſs only ſaid, "When you take hold "of any Thing, it ſhould be by the Bottom." This Inſtruction I ſo well remember'd, that ſome Days after, asking for her Purſe, I took it up by the Bottom; and was ſurprized to find the Louis pour out of it, and overſpread the Floor. Now, I was at a Loſs how to lay hold of any Thing.

WITH a like Handineſs I let drop a Parcel of Jewels which I took up. One may judge with what Contempt and Pleaſure my diſciplined Fellow-Servants ſaw my Silline ſs.

I ENDEAVOURED to gain their good Will. Decency inclined me to converſe with them, and Neceſſity forced me; for Winter now begun to be felt, and there was but one common Room for us to warm ourſelves in; ſo that Part of the Day I ſpent in their Converſation, to which I modelled mine. I ſaid what I thought ſuited them; but, whether I was out in my Gueſs, or did not naturally enough come into their Ways, I drew upon me their Averſion. It was what I had not againſt them, but a little Diſtaſte; and I choſe to bear the Cold, rather than the Vexations of their Humours, and the Tediouſneſs of their Talk: So I uſed to ſhut myſelf up in my Cave, where I found an effectual Conſolation in Reading and Reflection.

BUT even this Hole I had not entirely to myſelf. The firſt Chamber-Woman, who lay every Night at the

the Dutchess *Du Maine's*, shared it with me in the Day-time. She had her sleeping Hours; also Times for her Husband's Company. During these I used to take up my Abode in a Grove; and, in rainy or cold Weather, all my Shelter was the Galleries. At *Versailles*, where we used to spend the Winter, my Dwelling was still less supportable. No Ray of Light had ever visited it; and my Companion, worse than she at *Sceaux*, scarce ever stirred out of it Day or Night. The Scantiness of it obliged me to be continually disputing the Ground, 'till the Smoak forced me to quit it.

The two Chamber-Women with whom I alternately lay were at Variance, that to be Friends with one, was making the other my Enemy. To avoid intestine Broils, I used to expose myself to a foreign War, and changed my Treaties with a regular Inconstancy, according to the Season. I would have brought about an Accommodation, but that was past the Skill of the most able Politician. Something may be done with Persons of ordinary Passions, whose Views are upright and their Concerns known; but it is otherwise with them whose Ideas are sinister, their Movements prepostrous, and their grovelling Interests hid in the Dust.

In the mean time, my Sister, fretting that I was not entirely liked by the Sisterhood of Chamber-Maids, informed me, that they thought me cold, sly, and formal; that it was taken for Pride and Contempt; and that it behoved me to give no Room for such detrimental Reports. I was now become so docile, that I said to her; "Well, what must I "do?" "You must," answer'd she, "now and "then visit the Women of other Ladies who are

" in the Houſe, and ſay a great many obliging " Things to them." " Be it ſo," reply'd I, " when- " ever you pleaſe." The good-natured Girl, over-joyed to find in me ſuch happy Diſpoſitions, imme-diately carried me into a very numerous Aſſembly of theſe Perſons. Some were playing, others looked on. Having ſeated myſelf among the Idle, and choſe her who happen'd to ſit next me as the Subject of my Elocution, I poured myſelf out in Compliments, En-comiums and affectionate Airs; in fine, I addreſſed to her, if not all that was in me, what was very far fetched. Here again unlucky! this Perſon whom I had choſen to practiſe upon, was of the very loweſt Claſs of this Order of Beings. My Want of Diſcern-ment, as it was called, expoſed me to further Mockery, though to me all their Phyſiognomies ſeemed to be as much alike as thoſe of a Flock of Sheep. Next my Siſter hurried me to *Verſailles*, among the Dutcheſs of *Anjou*'s Women; who, I thought, muſt be ſomething more elevated. They asked me, if I had a great many Waild and Prequi-ſites? how this turned out? what I made of that? Things which I knew nothing of, that I to them alſo appeared ſtupid. But ſo much for my Vocation, and indeed too much.

I HAD not been a Fortnight in my Place, when the Marquis *De Silly*; who, it ſeems, had other Thoughts of it, writ me the following Letter.

" MADEMOISELLE,

" THOUGH it is a long Time ſince I have " heard any Thing of you, my Concern for " you is ſtill the ſame. It gives me a great deal

" of

" of Satisfaction that you are ſettled for Life with " the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. I begged for you the " Place which you are entering upon, on the firſt " Notice of its being talked of. I am only ſorry " to think that it will no longer ſuit you to give " us your Company for ſome Days, being now fre- " quently at *Silly*. I have not forgot the Pleaſure " of being with you; and I know, by Experience, " that it is very hard to find——But I perceive I am " praiſing you too much, and will not ſpoil you. " This Precaution, however, may not be needleſs, " now your Worth is known. Adieu, Mademoiſelle; " I very much deſire to ſee you."

THIS Token of a Remembrance ſtill equally dear to me, gave me all the Pleaſure which my Soul, at that Time, was capable of feeling. An Life of ſuch Hardſhip and Diſguſt, ſo different from that I had been uſed to, threw me into a Melancholy which had imprinted itſelf on my Face, and that alone could betray me; for I ſpoke to no Soul. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* complained of it, and Monſieur *De Malheſieu* told *Du Verney* to ſpeak to me about it. He came ſometimes to *Sceaux*; and I had cried me up there in a very extraordinary Manner. His Paſſion for Anatomy had wrought in him a Fancy that there was no ſolid Merit without it; and, to advance mine, he pronounced me to be the Woman who, in all *France*, had the beſt Knowledge of the Human Body. The Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, no leſs watchful to expoſe me than ſhe had been active in recommending me, laid hold of this Elogy. *Du Verney*, to fulfil his Miſſion, exhorted me to bear the preſent Evil, in Hopes of future Advantages. He predicted to me,

that

that I ſhould come to be known, eſteemed and preferred; that the Princeſs would take me into her Confidence; and that her Favours would pour in upon me. I minded him juſt as much as an Almanack. I was not in the Way for any Thing, not ſo much as for ſpeaking a Word. The Dutcheſs never opened her Mouth to me, as if ſhe concluded I could neither hear or anſwer. A Humour, which I hazarded, ſhewed me indeed how very much unknown I was.

THIS Princeſs, ſome Years after purchaſing *Sceaux*, inſtituted an Order of the *Bee*. It had its Laws, Inſtitutes, and a certain Number of Knights of both Sexes, who were elected in a Chapter with great Ceremony. On a Vacancy the higheſt Perſons of her Court made Intereſt to fill it; and ſuch an Incident fell out a few Months after I had been in her Houſe. Many were the Candidates; and, among others, the Counteſſes *De Braſſac* and *D'Uzes*, and the Preſident *De Romanet*. The latter carried it againſt the Ladies, until to their equal Indignation; they alſo complained, that the Election had been illegal. This put them upon driving up, in their Name, a formal Proteſt, and in a Law Hand. This, without interfering any one with the Secret, by an unknown Conveyance ſent to the Preſident. It amuſed my Melancholy to ſee the Buſtle for finding out the Source of this Piece. At firſt it was fathered on Monſieur *De Malleſieu*, or the Abbe *Genet*; next on the Parties concerned. But they were well known to have no Hand in it. In fine, the Suſpicion went down to the very ſilleſt Creatures of the Family, without coming ſo far as me, who quietly enjoyed the general Perplexity, and had

the

the Diverſion to hear nothing elſe talked of, during a Fortnight that this fruitleſs Enquiry ſubſiſted.

THE Meanneſs of my Condition communicated its Tinge to the very Praiſes beſtowed on me. Such was that from Monſieur *De Laſſay*, and it ſtung me to the very Heart. As the Dutcheſs was undreſſing, ſome Louis dropped out of her Pocket. I gathered them up, and laid them on the Toilet. "The "Women about your Highneſs," ſaid he, looking at me, "are very honeſt." I caſt my Eyes downwards with ſome Confuſion, ſaying within myſelf; "Is it thus I am to be praiſed? Can this pleaſe?" Theſe were only ſlender Mortifications, the Appanages of my Station; and which, as it were, grew under my Feet, wherever I went. But now a Misfortune of a very different Kind, the Loſs of a moſt valuable Friend, called for my Grief. I received the following Letter from the Abbè *Verſot*, at a Time I leaſt expected ſuch melancholy News.

"*December* 1.

"MADEMOISELLE,

"I AM very ſorry to acquaint you of our being "deprived of the late worthy Monſieur *Brunel*. "You are the greateſt Loſer, for there is not in the "World a Perſon whom he ſo much eſteemed. "Could reſpectful Sentiments repair your Loſs of "ſuch eminent Merit, I would take the Liberty to "make you a Tender of an inviolable Attachment. "Monſieur *De Fontenelle* is inconſolable. Nature "and Humanity bear down his Philoſophy. He

"is

" is indeed to be pitied, and you no leſs. I wiſh " that auſtere Reaſon, of which I ſometimes com- " plain, may not forſake you on this melancholy " Occaſion. I have the Honour of being, *&c.*----- " Monſieur *Brunel* died at *Rouen*, of a Pleuriſy."

MY Grief was not beneath the Juſtneſs of it. I now loſt an old Friend, of a reſpectable Merit, and whoſe Sentiments intitled him to my cordial Eſteem; but it had been my Misfortune to offend his Friendſhip, by a Coldneſs he had obſerved in mine. The glittering Viſions which poſſeſſed me, the Diſtraction cauſed by ſuch a Variety of new Objects had greatly altered my Mind. He perceived it, in a Journey he made to *Paris* ſoon after my being there, and conceived a juſt Diſdain of my Levity. As I obſerved nothing of it, I took no Meaſures for making my Peace with him: But a Letter which he writ to me a little before his Death, gave me to ſee how very much I had been in the Wrong, and encreaſed my Grief for the Loſs of him; which was the greater, as he was on ſettling at *Paris*, and with the Return of my Reaſon I ſhould certainly have reaſſum'd my former Sentiments.

HE had lent me Money without a Note, at a Time when I thought myſelf ſure of returning it; and ſince I was Miſtreſs of any Thing, the Diſcharge of this Duty had never been out of my Mind. Having this ſmall Sum by me, I waited on Monſieur *Fontenelle*, to deſire him to remit it to the Executors. He was under an Affliction which pleaſed me, as it did Honour to our Friend. He told me, a long Time after, that it was a Loſs he had never repaired; and I likewiſe

likewiſe have never met with a Perſon of ſuch complete Merit.

THE painful Life I now led continually employ'd my Mind on the Means of freeing myſelf. Day and Night this was what my Mind dwelt on. The worthy Few, who retain'd any Concern for me, were likewiſe looking out, for ſome Iſſue. I was offered to be Governeſs in the Family of a *German* Princeſs, and on ſuch honourable and advantageous Terms, that I was extremely tempted to accept of it: However, not to truſt myſelf, I writ about it to the Abbè *Vertot*, my only remaining Friend. His wiſe Anſwer, the Uncertainty of Promiſes, and the Inconveniences which he pointed out, induced me to decline the Propoſal. A little while after I had one of a ſingular Nature. A worthy Gentlewoman, with whom I was pretty well acquainted, coming to ſee me at *Seaux*, ſaid to me; "I know that no-"thing was farther from your Views, than your "preſent Situation; that it gives you infinite Un-"eaſineſs, and that all your Thoughts turn on ſome "Means of getting rid of it. I now come to offer "you another. There is in the World a Perſon "ready to purchaſe for you an irrevocable An-"nuity, which will enable you to have a pretty "Houſe at *Paris*, to live decently and keep a Ser-"vant or two. All that is asked of you is, that "you will allow a Door to be made in your Houſe "for communicating with another; and to admit "a Lady, who will be a Friend to you, and often "viſit you." I was under no Need this Time of conſulting for an Anſwer: It was, as may be eaſily imagined, totally negative. My Friend urged my Acceptance. I put no Queſtions to her, not caring

to

to ſearch further into the Myſtery. All I could conclude was, that the Offer came from Perſons who did not value Expence, for concealing their Intercourſes.

A THIRD Offer was made me by one of the greateſt Noblemen of the Kingdom; even the Princeſs his Spouſe, who, like himſelf, was very great at our Court, mentioned to me his Inclination to ſee me, and deſired me to receive his Viſits. There was no denying what came through ſuch a Channel. He came, pitied my Situation, offer'd me the Education of his Children; and nothing ſhould be wanting to make it delightful and advantageous to me. Here was another Temptation; and I again conſulted my Abbé. His Anſwer was in the ſame ſenſible Strain as the firſt, and intimated a Refuſal. Indeed the Warmth which I perceived in his Highneſs's Offers, raiſed a Suſpicion; which, with the Abbé's Advice, determined me to wait ſome other Deliverance.

THESE Overtures for my Retreat, always obſtructed by the Barriers which I had fixed round me, only ſerved to ſhew me the Impoſſibility of eſcaping from my Misfortunes. I was viſited with one of a new Kind, and of the moſt ſenſible. There was at *Sceaux* one Madame *De M*——, who uſed to be employed to act the Part of Confidents in Plays. She had, from the Beginning, made me an Offer of her Room, inſtead of the Woods, which were my uſual Receſs; but now the Cold had driven me from them, as Hunger does the Wolves. I the more willingly accepted of her Offer, as I was to go to her Apartment only in her Abſence; yet this had the Appearance of an Intimacy. She had been very handſome;

handſome; and her Husband, who thought her ſtill ſo, continued to be extremely jealous of her. Being afraid of living with him, ſhe had requeſted of the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, that when ſhe went to *Verſailles* ſhe would take her along with her, and give her a Room in her *Hôtel*. The whole Day ſhe ſpent at home, and deſired that I would allow her to make uſe of my Habitation, when ſhe had any Thing to do. There was no denying her that Hoſpitality at *Verſailles*, which ſhe had voluntarily ſhewn me at *Seaux*. One Day ſhe came to me in the Dutcheſs's Apartment, and asked me for the Key of the *Entreſol*. Soon after I had Occaſion to go up; where, to my Surprize, I found her over a Pot of Coffee with a *Swiſs* Officer, one of our Courtiers. I only bantered her a little, for I ſuſpected no Harm, and I really believe none was intended: However, the jealous Husband coming to fetch her, was told of her being with me. He came up; and, finding *Dieſbach*, he hauled his Wife away in a Rage, though my Companion and I were both preſent. He uſed her ſo ill, as ſhe ſaid, that ſhe threw herſelf into a Convent; and, unfortunately for me, choſe that which I had lately left. To gain Admittance, ſhe wrote a Letter to the Prime Miniſter, charging her Husband, formerly a Proteſtant, with endangering her Faith. Not a Word did I know of all this. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* being gone to ſpend a few Days at the Arſenal, where ſhe never carry'd me, I went to Madame *De Vauvray*. We were at Dinner when a Footman of our Family comes haſtily in, with Orders from her Highneſs to come to her at the Chief Preſident's, Monſieur *De Meſmes*. I came there, without knowing what was in Agitation, but I ſaw a ſupercilious

cilious Gravity in every Face. A Letter of Monſieur *M*------ was read; in which he accuſed me of having, for a long Time, carry'd on an Intrigue between his Wife and Monſieur *Diesbach*: And to corroborate the Indictment, he ſaid, that having been brought up by the Marechale *De la Ferté*, (I had never ſeen her) it was not ſtrange that I ſhould be fit for ſuch an Office.

I INGENUOUSLY related the Fact as it was; and affirmed, as I ſafely could, that it was the only Time theſe two Perſons had ever met in my Room; that I did not in the leaſt know or ſuſpect that they had been acquainted; that beſides, all my Education had been in a Convent, where I had continued from my Birth 'till my Entrance into her moſt ſerene Highneſs's Service. My Apology was not much attended to; and I heard the Company ſaying to one another, one would not have thought it of her. I leſs thought of ever falling under ſuch an Accuſation.

AFTER this Interrogatory I was diſmiſſed, to return to Madame *Vauvray*; where the next Day I met with another Mortification, though not of ſuch Importance. She would have me ſtand God-mother, along with her Son, to the Child of one of the Domeſticks. I appeared ſo ſtupid to the Prieſt who officiated, that he asked me if I could ſign my Name? Indeed I had not been able to tell him my Pariſh, or give an Anſwer to any Thing he asked me.

WE returned to *Verſailles*, where the Affair of Madame *De M*-------- made a great Noiſe. Her Husband had been impriſoned on the Letter written by her againſt him; and I moſt unfortunately was implicated in this Affair, which gave me the more

Vexation,

Vexation, as I was but little known in the World, and this was a bad Setting-out. My Affliction was aggravated, by the Contumely of the Aſs's Kick; the Chamber-Maids, one and all, having a Flirt at me. My Innocence and Truth, in the Want of other Protection, ſupported me; and effaced the Impreſſions which had been fomented againſt me. I was forbid ever ſeeing Madame *De M*-------. This I heartily conſented to. And indeed, the firſt Time I met with *Diesbach*, the Remembrance of the Trouble he had drawn on me, put me in an extreme Ferment. Such a Succeſſion of Evils, numberleſs Inconveniences, the Meanneſs of my Condition, with a Load of Diſguſts ſuperadded to it, equally unſupportable to a weak Body and delicate Mind, together with a chimerical Paſſion, if I muſt call it ſo, pregnant only with painful Sentiments, made me weary of Life. The Deſire of a Releaſe weaken'd every oppoſite Reaſon. Opinion generally models itſelf to what favours the Sentiments; and one ſeldom ſees but what one would ſee. Thus I came to think, that I ought to rid myſelf of a Life which I ſeemed no longer able to endure. The Sentiment which lodged in the Bottom of my Heart would make itſelf known before its Extinction, though it might be no more than a Fetch, and prompted me to acquaint of my Deſign him, who partly was the Cauſe of it. I writ him a Letter. When Frenzy had hurried me thus far, Reaſon returned; and I reſolved to live. Inſtead of ſending the Letter, I kept it as a Witneſs againſt myſelf of the Deviations of my Mind, and the dreadful Exceſſes into which one may fall by giving Way to one's Paſſions. It was this.

"SIR,

"IT is now five Years ſince I ſaw you. You "treated me with an Indifference bordering on "Contempt. Provoked at this, I ſought out your "Faults; but the Conſequence was, that I found in "you all that is amiable. I was for hating you, and "I became in Love with you. All my Care now "was, to conceal from you Sentiments which I did "not ſuppoſe would meet with a ſuitable Return. "I could not bear that your Inſenſibility ſhould "hinder you from perceiving it. The leaſt Civilities "from you affected me beyond Expreſſion; and I "was ſo deſirous of being obliged to you, that your "Coldneſſes had a Place in my Acknowledgements. "I looked on them as ariſing from a generous Care "in you, to root out of my Heart any fruitleſs and "dangerous Expectations. Had you proceeded to "Harſhneſs and Contempt, it would only have "encreaſed the Eſteem I had for you: An Eſteem ſo "perfect and reſpectful, that it even blamed the "Deſign of pleaſing you, without abating the Deſire. "Neither a long Abſence, nor the Viciſſitudes of "Fortune, nor the Aids of an exerciſed Reaſon, "have been able to divert me from it. I have gone "further: I was for ſeeing, and I have ſeen, Per-"ſons of celebrated Charms and Accompliſhments. "How different were they from you? No Body is "like you, and nothing is like what is felt for you. "I cannot bear with thoſe who love each other. "It is paſt my Conception, that they who do not "love you can love any one. But what are your

"preſent

" preſent Thoughts of the Declaration I now make to
" you? For my Part, I am not aſhamed of it.
" Sentiments like mine are in ſome Meaſure re-
" ſpectable. To move you is not my Aim; I only
" inform you of what I am towards you, and that I
" am come to a Reſolution of putting an End to my
" Troubles. I am too ſenſible that I belong to you,
" and muſt not diſpoſe of myſelf, unknown to you.
" I expect a Line from you; and that is all I wait for,
" to bid you an irrecoverable Adieu."

It was ſome Years ſince I had ſeen Monſieur *De Silly*, or ſo much as heard his Name; when ſomebody accidentally mentioning him, it made ſuch an Impreſſion on me, that ſoon after, on going to move from the Place where I was, my Strength failed me, and I was near falling. I have wondered in myſelf that a Paſſion, totally deprived of any Kind of Nutriment, ſhould have retained ſuch a Force.

An Incident, which did not in the leaſt concern me, moſt unexpectedly drew me out of the deep Obſcurity in which I was living. A young Woman, by Name Mademoiſelle *Tetar*, excited the Curioſity of the Publick by a ſuppoſed Prodigy, of which her Houſe was the Scene. Every Body went to ſee it; and, among the reſt Monſieur *De Fontenelle*, at the Deſire of the Duke *D'Orleans*. It was ſaid, that he had not view'd it with the Perſpicacity of a Philoſopher; and this raiſed a Medley of Invectives and Railleries againſt him. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, who ſeldom honoured me with a Word, ſaid to me; " I think you ſhould acquaint Monſieur *De Fonte-
" nelle* of all that is ſaid about him, relating to
" Mademoiſelle *Tetar*." I writ to him, without

any other Thoughts than that poſſibly he might ſend me an Anſwer, by way of Apology for himſelf. He happen'd that ſame Day to be at the Marquis *De Laſſay*'s, where the Company were for bantering him on that Head. It ſeems he thought their Jeſts wanted Poignancy. "I have ſomething much "better than all this in my Pocket," ſays he, and produced my Letter. It pleaſed; it became the Chapter of the Day. Copies were taken of it, and *Paris* was full of it. This I little thought of; and was much amazed, ſome Days afterwards, when a great deal of Company coming to *Seaux* to ſee a Play, every one ſpoke to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* about this Letter. She remembering nothing of what ſhe bid me do, did not know what it was about. She asked me, if it was I that writ it? I anſwer'd in the affirmative. On this the whole Company came to me, and many were the Praiſes I received. They then returned to her Highneſs and complimented her, on having a Perſon who could be of ſuch Uſe and Entertainment to her. This was more than ever had come into her Head 'till now. She asked me for the Letter. I had kept a Copy of it, but all the Company immediately pulled one out of their Pockets. She read it, approved of it; and now was ſenſible ſhe could make a farther Uſe of me, than ſhe had. This is it, and it ſerves to ſhew that the Merit of Things is not ſo much eſtimated by the Importance, as the *A-Propos* or Seaſonableneſs.

LETTER.

LETTER.

From Mademoiſelle *De L*---------, to Monſieur *De Fontenelle*.

"SIR,

"THE Adventure of Mademoiſelle *Tetar* makes "leſs Noiſe than your Verdict concerning "it; the Diverſity of Judgements on which, obliges "me to acquaint you of them. It is thought "ſtrange, and perhaps not without Reaſon, that the "Deſtroyer of the Oracles *, that he who has "thrown down the *Tripos* of the Sibyls, ſhould "have kneel'd at Mademoiſelle *Tetar*'s Bed. "What ſignifies ſaying, that he was induced to it by "the Charms, and not the *Charm* of the Lady? "Neither are of any Weight with a Philoſopher. "Accordingly, it is the Talk in all Companies: "*How*, ſay the Criticks, *this Man who has ſo "clearly expoſed Preſtiges, carried on a thouſand "Leagues off, and two thouſand Years ago, cou'dn't "he ſee into an Impoſture practis'd under his very "Eyes?* The Partizans of Antiquity, animated by "a Reſentment of a long ſtanding, ſecond the At-"tack. *You'll ſee*, ſay they, *that he'll be again "crying up Modern Prodigies beyond the "Ancient.* In fine, the ſhrewder Sort pretend that, "like a ſtaunch *Pyrrhoniſt*, finding every Thing "uncertain, you believe every Thing poſſible. On "the

* Alluding to a Book of his on the Oracles, &c. of the Pagans. There is an *Engliſh* Tranſlation of it.

" the other Hand, the Devout are extremely pleaſed
" with the Homage you have paid to the D-----l,
" and hope it won't ſtop there. The Women alſo
" hold themſelves much obliged to you, for the
" little Miſtruſt you have ſhewn of the Artifices of
" the Sex. For my Part, Sir, I ſuſpend my Judge-
" ment 'till I am better informed. I only obſerve,
" that the ſingular Attention which your moſt mi-
" nute Actions attract, is a manifeſt Proof of the
" Eſteem in which you ſtand with the Publick;
" and its Cenſure appears to me to carry ſomething
" ſo flattering in it, that I do not in the leaſt appre-
" hend I am committing an Indiſcretion, in ſending
" you an Account of it. If you are pleaſed to re-
" ward my Confidence with yours, I promiſe you
" I ſhall make no ill Uſe of it. I have the Honour
" of being

" *Yours*, &c."

I OWN I felt a very ſweet Satisfaction in acquiring, by a Thing done without any Deſign, and which had not taken me up Half an Hour, what poſſibly I ſhould never have compaſſed by any formal Labour. The Applauſe was not tranſitory. The Curioſity of knowing me, procured me Friends of Diſtinction; and the moſt ſenſible Pleaſure of all was this Letter which I received from Monſieur *De Silly*.

" *Fribourg, Dec.* 20, 1713.

" YOUR Letter to Monſieur *De Fontenelle*
" makes no leſs Noiſe than the Adventure
" of Mademoiſelle *Tetar*. 'Tis a Monument which

" will

" will perpetuate its Remembrance, and al-
" ready conveys the Knowledge of it among the
" moſt barbarous Nations. All the *Germans* here
" make a Buſtle for having Copies of it. But, let
" me tell you, 'tis not very well done, that I am
" informed by the Publick of a Thing that concerns
" you, and gains you the Approbation of all, by
" whom one would deſire to be approved. Hence-
" forward ſhew me more Confidence, and let me not
" hear from others what will give me a Concern.
" This ſhould engage you to it, as now the Deciſion
" of the Publick confirms what I have often told you.
" Adieu, Mademoiſelle. Remember I am here."

THIS Succeſs of mine having confirmed his former good Opinion, he renewed his Correſpondence with me; and, being in a City of *Germany* where he commanded, and continued three Years, he was curious of knowing, from ſeveral Hands, what was doing in *France*. He deſired that I would regularly ſend him all the News I could gather. I became inquiſitive; and writ to him with equal Aſſiduity and Circumſpection, not neglecting however ſome agreeable Digreſſions or Remarks. His Letters, in a little Time, came to be juſt ſuch as one would write to an Agent. " I have received yours of ſuch a
" Date----Write me Word what is doing----You
" omitted acquainting me with ſuch a Thing"-----
Nothing more. Yet the Hand and the Seal tranſported me. It was with Impatience I waited for the Day and Hour of receiving them: And I remember a Clamour I had at *Verſailles* with the Poſt-Man who brought me one of his Letters, and would not give it me, nor take my Money, as neither he nor I had

had any Change. I told him, I did not care whether he returned me any Thing or not. He was for going away; and coldly ſaid, "I'll call again preſently." This was in the Morning. "Good God," ſays my Companion, awaken'd at the Noiſe we made, "is "not a Letter as good at one Hour as another?" However, ſhe generouſly pulled out ſome Pence to ſilence us, that ſhe might go to ſleep again.

THIS ſudden Reputation, as I have ſaid, drew the Curious about me. Among others, the Abbè *De Chaulieu* *, who ſometimes came to *Verſailles*, and never would have thought of beſtowing a Word on me, entered into a formal Converſation with me; and the ſame good Fortune to which I owed my unexpected Deliverance, carried me through the Examination. Whether through Prepoſſeſſion in others, or a ſtrong Deſire in myſelf of preſerving what Chance had procured to me, I did not, according to Appearances, lower myſelf with any one. On the ſame Occaſion I gained a ſolid Friend, whoſe Behaviour to me has always been uniform. This was Monſieur *De Valincourt*, attached to the Count *De Toulouſe*; and known by his Wit, his Merit, and Intimacy with the celebrated Perſonages of the laſt Century. He was deſirous of my Acquaintance, and enquired after me at *Fontainebleau*, whither we had gone; but, I ſuppoſe, he little thought of finding me under a Stair-Caſe. At laſt, coming one Day to *Seaux*, he happened to ſeat himſelf next to me at the Play; and we had ſome Talk, which ſeemed to pleaſe him. He came again to the Play,

* Of a noble Family: Makes a very good Figure among the *French* Poets. Died in the Year 1720, aged 84.

Play, and I took care to keep the ſame Place for him. This Regard affected him; and ſometime after, when I was at *Verſailles*, he writ to me, deſiring Leave to come and ſee me. My Anſwer was ſuitable to the Honour of ſuch a Letter.

At the ſame Time, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* prevailed with the Cardinal *De Polignac* *, her diſtinguiſhed eccleſiaſtical Favourite, to explain to her his *Anti-Lucretius* (a fine *Latin* Poem, of twelve thouſand Lines, in Defence of Religion and Virtue;) and every Evening a Set of ſelect Perſons met in her Cloſet, to hear him. Of this Learned Aſſembly Monſieur *De Valincourt* was one, and he uſed to wait in my unworthy Receptacle 'till the Time of Meeting. The Reaſon for admitting me, as yet, had not preponderated againſt thoſe by which I ſtood excluded. I had ſometime before at *Sceaux* deſired to be preſent at the Reading of the firſt Book, tranſlated by the Duke *Du Maine* † himſelf; and I had the Mortification to be allowed, *on Condition I ſhould not be ſeen.* After this I took care to be more diſcreet in my Deſires. The Eſteem of thoſe who now began to know me, compenſated for that unſurmountable Diſdain the Great have towards thoſe of a Condition ſo very far beneath them. But this Contempt,

* He was one of the *French* Plenipotentiaries at the Treaty of *Utrecht*; at the Concluſion of which, it muſt be owned, he ſhewed a very delicate Gratitude: For owing his Purple to the Pretender's Intereſt, he obtained Leave to quit *Holland* before the final Signature of a Peace, which ſeemed utterly to quaſh that Perſon's Expectations. The Account of this Cardinal in the *Lives of the* French *Writers* deſerves reading.

† A natural Son of *Lewis* XIV.

Contempt, which falls only on the Lot of others, ſometimes becomes reflected on their Perſons; and all the Glitter, Power, and State with which they are environed, prove no Safeguard. This Obſervation is far from being levelled at the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. She had a Regard, an Affection for Merit, ſeldom ſeen in Perſons of her exalted Rank.

THIS little Epocha which I have noted, was to me the Beginning of a Life, in every Reſpect, more agreeable. Her moſt ſerene Highneſs condeſcended to ſpeak to me, and uſed herſelf to it. She liked my Anſwers, and judged from my Suffrages. I perceived that ſhe even ſought it; and that often, in ſpeaking, her Eyes would be towards me, to obſerve my Attention. She had it entirely and freely; for no Perſon ever ſpoke with more Clearneſs and Fluency, more Spirit and Purity: All is full of a natural Dignity. She makes uſe neither of Turn, Figure, or any of thoſe Ornaments which are called Invention. As ſhe is ſtrongly impreſſed by Objects, ſhe expreſſes them, as they are reflected by an unblemiſhed Mirror, without Addition, Omiſſion, or any Alteration whatever, that her Talk gave me infinite Pleaſure; and when ſhe came to perceive it, I was not the leſs in her Favour.

THE Exaltation of her Family was then at the higheſt Point of which it was ſuſceptible. Since her Marriage with the Duke *Du Maine*, by her active Sollicitude for procuring to him and his Children a Rank equal to her own, they gradually had attained to all the Honours of Princes of the Blood; and ſhe availed herſelf of ſome favourable Occurrences to obtain that famous Edict, which intitled them and their Deſcendants to the Succeſſion. The precipitate Loſs

of

of ſo many Princes of the Blood, had produced and facilitated that Scheme which was then executed without any Contradiction, and afterwards occaſioned ſuch Animoſities. But this preſent Proſperity, blinding the Cataſtrophe it led to, made her court a brilliant Scene of Joy and Feſtivity.

THE Princeſs's Taſte for Pleaſure was now on the Wing. Not a Day paſſed without a Play or Rehearſal. The Nights alſo were improved to Diverſions ſuitable to them. Theſe were called the *Great Nights*. The Commencement of them, as of all Things, was very plain and ſimple. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, who loved to ſet up late, uſed often to ſpend the whole Night in ſeveral Parties of Play. The Abbè *De Vaubrun*, than whom none of her Courtiers more ſtudied her Humour, ſtruck out a Project, that on one of the *Great Nights* ſome Perſon ſhould make her Appearance ſhrouded in Crape, as the Figure of Night, and thank the Princeſs for preferring her to the Day. The Goddeſs was to have an Attendant, who ſhould ſing ſome Lines on the ſame Subject. The Abbè communicated the Secret to me; and, of all the World, I muſt be his nocturnal Deity, and both compoſe and pronounce the Speech. The whole Merit of this little Entertainment lay in the Whim, and being quite unexpected: At leaſt I acquitted myſelf but badly; and, being ſeized with a Timidity at ſpeaking in Publick, I forgot one Half of what I was to ſay. The Contrivance however was applauded, and occaſioned the ſplendid nightly Entertainments which ſeveral Perſons gave to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. For ſome of them I compoſed bad Verſes, others were of my planning; there was not one in which I had not ſome Hand. I appeared, I ſung

in them; but my Timidity uſed to ſpoil all, that I ſ on came to be employed no further than the ſ heming Part, and my Succeſs herein prov'd a freſh Recommendation to me.

THE laſt of theſe Entertainments was wholly mine, and exhibited in my Name, though the Expence muſt be thought to have been another's. It was called, *Taſte withdrawn to* Seaux, *and preſiding over all the Princeſs's ſeveral Occupations.* He firſt led in the Graces, who in a Dance ſpread a Toilet; whilſt others ſung Airs, the Words of which were adapted to the Subject: This made the firſt Scene. The ſecond was the Games perſonified, bringi g Card-Tables, and all the other Implements for Playing, which they arranged amidſt Dances and Songs, by the beſt Performers of the Opera. In fine, the laſt Interlude were the Laughs; who erected a Stage for a Comedy of one Act, the compoſing of which fell on me, all the Poets (for it was abſolutely to be in Verſe) declining the Subject. It was the Diſcovery of the magic Circle, which the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had for ſome Time been labouring after with incredible Ardour. The *Dramatis Perſonæ* were the very Perſons characteriſed; which, under all the Jejuneneſs of the Subject, cauſed it to be extreamly liked: And I ſhould have been no Loſer by it, had not ſome ſiniſter Events put a ſudden Period to the Entertainments, and obliterated even the very Remembrance of them.

IN the mean time, my Emerſion to Favour and Reputation produced ſome Return of the Dutcheſs *De la Ferte*'s Countenance. My firſt Succeſſes vexed her; but at laſt the publick Approbation reconciled her's, and, in that, it gave me the greater Pleaſure; for

for I was ſo troubled at her Reſentment againſt me, that whilſt it laſted, I frequently dreamed either of ſome Increaſe of Diſpleaſure, or that it had ſubſided into Reconciliation. Her Affection indeed I never recovered; but ſhe allowed me to wait on her at Times, and always treated me with Affability and Freedom. It was ſince the Return of her Favour that ſhe one Day ſaid to me; "Mind, Child; I ſee "no Body but myſelf who is always in the Right." This Saying has, beyond any Precept, taught me a Miſtruſt of myſelf; and whenever I am tempted to think myſelf in the Right, it always occurs to me. I now alſo could more eaſily ſee my Siſter, whoſe Company was pretty agreeable to me, though with ſome Mixture of Uneaſineſs in her. In fine, every Thing was mended with me; when, behold! the famous Epocha, which brought on a total Change in our Way of Living.

LEWIS XIV. had, for ſome Time, been declining; but this was a cloſe Secret, and thoſe about him affected to believe nothing of it: However, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, in the Midſt of all the Pleaſures and Diverſions in which ſhe ſeemed entirely immerſed, ever vigilant for the Aggrandiſement of the Houſe of *Maine*, and the Stability of its Greatneſs, ſaw of what Moment it was, in the preſent Criſis, to know what Diſpoſitions the King had made. She urged the Duke to move Madame *De Maintenon* *, who retained for the legitimat-

K 2 ed

* An *American* by Birth. Was firſt married to *Scarron*, of facetious Memory; afterwards, for ſome Time, Miſtreſs to the Grand Monarch *Lewis* XIV. who was ſo charmed with her Qualities, that he privately married her,

ed * Princes all the Affection of a Governeſs, that ſhe would prevail with the King to inform them of his Will, that they might in Conſequence take proper Meaſures; and perhaps induce him, whilſt he was ſtill living, to make ſuch Arrangements as would beſt ſecure the Permanency of their Elevation. Madame *De Maintenon* eluded ſuch a Step, apprehending it might diſpleaſe; however, overcome by the Intreaties of the Duke *Du Maine*, ſhe brought the King to allow that this Prince and his Brother ſhould ſee the Will, but on Condition not to make known one Article of it to any Perſon whoſoever. Under this ſtrict Secreſy they judged that their Knowledge would be of no uſe to them, and refuſed any further Information. This was a capital Error, and the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* ſaw the whole Amplitude of it. In order to retrieve it, the chief Preſidents *De Meſmes*, Meſſieurs *De Maleſieu* and *De Valincourt* were ſummoned to a Council, held in Preſence of the Duke and Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, and the Count *De Toulouſe*. The Reſolution was, that as there was no retrieving what had been refuſed, at leaſt the Knowledge of ſome important Article ſhould be ask'd. Here the Opinions varied; but it was carried for that which the Count *De Toulouſe* declared for, to know whether His Majeſty had re-eſtabliſh'd the King of *Spain* in the Succeſſion.

THEY

her, though in this the Conſcience of the King, then growing in Years, had alſo ſome Share. She died in the Year 1719, turned of 70. Her laſt Words were, "Adieu!——a few Moments more—and what a Scene "ſhall I behold!" Nothing is more entertaining than her Memoirs, of which we have an elegant Tranſlation in *Engliſh*.

* *Lewis* XIV's natural Sons legitimated by a ſolemn Edict.

They were inform'd that he had not, which infallibly ſecur'd the ſupreme Power to the Duke *D'Orleans*; and it was probably, by Way of Recommendation to his Favour, that he was let into the Knowledge of it. A worſe Over-ſight than the former; it was no leſs than imprudently playing all the Advantage of this Diſcovery into the Hands of him, who could not but turn it to the Detriment of thoſe Princes.

The Neceſſity of a Connexion with the Duke *D'Orleans* was evident, and the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* repreſented it; but they would not hear of it, alledging it would give Offence to the King. The Duke *D'Orleans*, then unacquainted with the future Diſpoſitions, and little ſure of annulling them with the Eaſe he afterwards did, courted the Duke *Du Maine*. He even had Thoughts of marrying his Daughter, Mademoiſelle *De Valois*, to the Prince *De Dombes*. The Duke *De Brancas*, one of his Favourites, ſpoke to me long before the Cataſtrophe, and ſaid I would do well to intimate the Matter to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. I fail'd not to acquaint her with what had been told me; ſhe ſeem'd to take but little Notice of it. Some ſecret Reaſons render'd her cold to this Propoſal; which had, beſides, been more explicitely made both to her and the Duke *Du Maine*. Neither of them ſufficiently ſeeing the abſolute Authority which the Duke *D'Orleans* could not fail of acquiring; and more impreſſed by minute Inconveniencies, than the great Advantages which this Alliance offer'd, they neglected it; or, at leaſt, did not ſufficiently exert themſelves to give a Turn to the King's Averſion from it.

THE Duke *D'Orleans* thus rejected, and now better inform'd, turn'd his Views to another Quarter; the gaining of the leading Men. Laviſh of Promiſes, void of all Sincerity, whatever they could deſire ſhould certainly be done, when the Power came into his Hands. Such alſo were his Practices with the Parliament; he put a thouſand Intrigues in Play to procure himſelf Creatures and Tools, who all took care to deſerve their Hire. The chief Preſident was apparently devoted to the Houſe of *Maine*, but of little Uſe to it. He had much of the Courtier but little of the Man, except being an agreeable Companion. He was eaſy, timorous, pliant, and full of thoſe Defects with which a Man will certainly pleaſe, but can never be ſerviceable.

THE King's Langour at length degenerated into a menacing Illneſs. His Demiſe foreboded ſo many Misfortunes to the Duke *Du Maine* and his Family, that nothing elſe was thought of. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, full of Alarms for the grand Concern which now lay at Stake, flew to *Verſailles*, was with Madame *De Maintenon*, and conjur'd her to clear up what it was now of ſo great Moment to know. She would declare nothing, and flatly turn'd the deaf Ear to all the Expedients propos'd to be ſuggeſted to the King, for corroborating what he had regulated in Favour of the legitimated Princes. A Tenderneſs for his Repoſe, and the Dread of loſing him, diverted the Favourite's Attention from every other Concern. During his Illneſs, he, of himſelf, conferred on the Duke *Du Maine* a Diſtinction, which the Duke *D'Orleans* did not digeſt. He had appointed a Day for the Review of the Houſhold Troops; and, as he could not be preſent at it, he nominated the

the Duke *Du Maine* to repreſent him. This ſignal Honour ſeem'd to preſage his Ruin, and perhaps haſten'd it.

THIS Prince at length was informed by the King himſelf, ſome Days before his Deceaſe, of the Diſpoſitions in his Will; but it was now too late to make any Uſe of this Knowledge. All the Duke *Du Maine* could do, was to repreſent to the King the Inconveniencies of what he waa doing for him, and the Diſcontent it would give to the Duke *D'Orleans*, already too powerful to be offended with Safety. The King perſiſted in leaving Matters as regulated by the Will. It erected a Council of Regency, ſpecifying the Members, and nominating the Duke *D'Orleans* Preſident. Every Thing was to be decided by the Majority of Votes. To this Council was committed the Tutelage of the young King; and the Superintendence of his Education, the Safety of his Perſon, and the Command of his Houſhold Troops to the Duke *Du Maine:* An Authority, which would have enabled him to ſtand his Ground, had he retain'd it. But the Power of Kings, however deſpotic, does not reach beyond the Grave. Laws without Support, and ſtrongly ſhaken by the Intereſts of a new Maſter, ſoon fall to the Ground.

LEWIS XIV. dying on the Firſt of *September*, the Aſſembly of the Parliament, in which the Regency was to be ſettled, was held early the next Day. Notwithſtanding the Royal Diſpoſitions to the contrary, it was given to the Duke *D'Orleans*, aſſiſted by a Council, without which he was to do nothing. Pleaſed that he had ſecured the main Point, and flatter'd with this unexpected Succeſs, he bewildered himſelf ſo in his Speech, as to transfer

the

the whole Power to the Council; 'till one of his Creatures, of a better Head than himſelf, aware of the Blunders he was ſtumbling into, found Means to convey a Note to him; ſignifying, that unleſs he adjourned the Seſſion, there was an End of him. Accordingly, on ſome ſudden Pretence, it was broke up 'till the Afternoon. The Duke *D'Orleans* improved this Interval for concerting Meaſures with his Friends. A Speech was drawn up for him, ſhewing the Inconveniences of a divided Authority, and the Neceſſity of concentring it wholly in his Perſon: Withal giving his Conſent not to determine any State-Affair, but with the Deliberation of the Council of Regency; of which however he was to have the modelling, beſides the abſolute Diſtribution of Favours.

ALL this was agreed to: And it was on this Occaſion he declared, That nothing gave him a higher Pleaſure than that his Hands were tied up from doing Evil, and at full Liberty for doing Good.

IN the ſame Seſſion it was ordered, that the Duke *Du Maine* ſhould have the Superintendency of the King's Education; but on a freſh Remonſtrance from the Duke *D'Orleans*, the Command of the Houſhold Troops was taken from him.

IT was urged by ſome Members of the Parliament, that he who had the Care of the King's Education, muſt neceſſarily be inveſted with the Command of the Houſhold Troops, the Guard of the King's Perſon, otherwiſe he could not be anſwerable for it; but, after a ſhort Debate, this alſo was carried againſt the Duke *Du Maine*: Hereupon he deſired that, in the Act which placed him near the King, he might be diſcharged from being anſwerable for his Perſon. This at firſt was admitted, but on a

Repreſentation

Repreſentation of the Indecency of ſuch a Diſcharge from the Parliament, he acquieſced. Being ſtripped of all Power, this ineſtimable Truſt, with which alſo he did not long remain inveſted, became of no Advantage to him. Some Days after the young King, on his Bed of Juſtice, confirmed all the Proceedings of the Parliament.

In this important Juncture the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would be at *Paris*, though without any Dwelling there; and the only one ſhe had 'till then, was the Apartment of the Maſter of the Ordnance at the Arſenal, which had been lately pulled down, in order to be rebuilt. She borrowed the *Hôtel De Meſmes* of the Firſt Preſident; and, as it did not afford Room for all her Retinue, I was left at *Verſailles*. A Friend, at my Requeſt, made known to her my Concern at not being with her in the preſent Agitations; and that I begged, if ſhe thought fit, that in order to be near her I might look out for a Lodging in the Neighbourhood. She was pleaſed with my Zeal, and I addreſſed myſelf without Heſitation to my conventual Companion, who had brought me to *Paris* with an Aſſurance that, on the Concluſion of her Marriage, her Houſe ſhould be mine. It had been concluded, and now ſhe refuſed me a Shelter only of a few Days. Being but a Novice in the Ways of the World, I was perfectly aſtoniſhed at ſuch a Denial; but I have ſince had Occaſion throughly to learn, not to be ſo eaſily ſurprized. A Brother of Madame *De Grieu*, who lived in that Part of the Town with a Niece of his, made me an Offer of a Room. This was more than I expected from him. Thus, though I was miſtaken in both, one made amends for the other. I did not ſtay there many Days,

Days, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* having found at the *Hôtel De Meſmes* a Kind of Cave, into which I was thruſt.

THE preſent Events had thrown her into ſuch Diſquietudes, as deprived her of Reſt. The Woman who uſed to tell her Stories 'till ſhe fell aſleep, not being able to hold out, ſhe propoſed to me to read to her. With great Joy did I undertake this Function; looking on it as an Inlet to her Confidence, and a Means of gaining greater Regard, and raiſing me above the Flirts of Chamber-Maids. I was not indeed miſtaken in this; but I found my Conſtitution very unequal to this honourable Exerciſe, which was conſtantly renewed every Night.

THE Princeſs found that I read well, and had no bad Utterance. She uſed to talk to me; and her whole Mind being taken up with the Affairs of her Family, theſe were the Subject of her nocturnal Converſations. Procedures, Schemes, Complaints, Reſentments; every Thing was laid open. This full Confidence, though I had Reaſon to believe that it was leſs from an Abundance of the Heart than a Crowd of tumultuous Ideas, ſenſibly affected me. The bare Appearances of Eſteem and Friendſhip, eſpecially from the Great, ſeldom fail of charming. I conceived a real Attachment to my Princeſs; and devoted myſelf with the leſs Conſtraint to the Care of pleaſing her, as ſhe required nothing of me which was not perfectly conſiſtent with the Eſteem I had ſo much at Heart.

WE did not ſtay long at the *Hôtel De Meſmes*. The King immediately went to *Vincennes*, and ſoon after the Court took up its ſettled Reſidence at *Paris*. The Care of his Majeſty's Education, which remain'd

main'd to the Duke *Du Maine*, intitled him to an Apartment in the *Thuilleries*. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had alſo hers there, to which we removed: But for her Servants there were only two large Rooms, now thrown into ſeveral Partitions for her Women. To me, as uſual, was aſſigned a ſmall Hutch, without any Fire or Day-Light, but that in the common Anti-Chamber: However, I was at *Paris*, the Place where I had always wiſhed to live; and amidſt all the Inconveniences of my Habitation, very good Company came to ſee me: Since I have been in a Situation to receive my Friends more conveniently, no Body comes near me. I was then young; and that's beyond any Thing which may be acquir'd, after the Loſs of that pre-eminent Advantage.

THE Abbè *De Chaulieu* *, who had for me as lively a Paſſion as fourſcore Years is capable of, taxed me with a little Coquetry. I aſſured him, that it was entirely owing to the Neceſſity I was under of pleaſing, to make the Rigours of my Quarters in ſome Meaſure ſupportable; and that had not I ſeaſon'd my Manners with a little of it, I ſhould have been left to myſelf. I gave him my Word, and I have kept it, that when I ſhould be Miſtreſs of a Window and a Chimney, I would lay aſide all Thoughts of rendering myſelf agreeable.

THIS poor Abbè, who was blind, attributed to me in his Imagination thoſe Graces which were moſt apt to charm him: And as any of his own were now out of the Queſtion, he endeavour'd to recommend himſelf

* A moſt polite and witty Poet; of a good Family, and in high Favour with the Nobility. No great Matter ſaid of his Piety. Died in 1720, aged 84.

himſelf by Complaiſance, and an Attention to anticipate whatever I could deſire. I omit his Verſes on me, though they ſhow'd that, at ſuch an advanced Age, his Wit retain'd all the Sprightlineſs of Youth. To this Incenſe, which with ſome has ſo intoxicating a Fragrancy, the Abbè alſo propoſed to add Preſents; and one Day, ruffled with his importunate Inſtances that I ſhould accept of a Thouſand Piſtoles, I ſaid to him; "I adviſe you, in Return for your generous "Offers, not to make the like to many Women. "You would find one to take you at your Word." "Oh!" ſays he, "I know who I am ſpeaking "to." This ingenuous Anſwer ſet me a laughing. He often uſed to be perſuading me to dreſs, and endeavour'd to make me aſhamed of my Appearance. "Abbé," ſaid I to him, "what I am without is "my Ornament." Having no other Reſource than his Complaiſances, he repeated them inceſſantly. He every Morning uſed to write a Letter to me, and came to ſee me every Day, unleſs I directed otherwiſe. His Letters were to know my Pleaſure; and, when I preferred his Coach to his Company, he ſent it me without repining, and I diſpoſed of it as I pleaſed. I was abſolute over all his Houſe; but Authority is infatuating. I, among other Occaſions, exerciſed mine in Behalf of a little Boy, who uſed to bring me his Letters. He came one Day to acquaint me, that his Maſter had turned him away. I ſaid to him, without any Queſtions about Right or Wrong, "Go back and tell him, it is my Pleaſure you ſhould "ſtay with him." His Maſter took him again; but the young Rogue did my Protection little Honour, behaving worſe and worſe, and not a Word was ſaid to him.

WHENEVER

WHENEVER I agreed to ſup at the *Temple* with him, or at the Grand Prior's, he took care to have the moſt agreeable Company, and eſpecially thoſe he knew I ſhould like. In fine, his Thoughts were entirely taken up in filling my Life with all the Amuſements it was capable of; and from him I learned, that there is no greater Happineſs than to be beloved by one who is paſt any Confidence in himſelf, and expects nothing from you.

FEW Days paſſed without a Viſit from Monſ. *De Valincourt*, whoſe ſolid Regard for me diſdained any Affectation of Gallantry. It would have been an Injury to my great and juſt Eſteem for him, had I not ſhewn him a diſtinguiſhing Preference. This ſome others ſtomached, and interpreted it according to their Humours, which I did not think were to be my Rule of Conduct. One of theſe was *R*------; who, after going round the World, had come ſo low as to me, with all the Symptoms, whether true or falſe, of a ſtrong Paſſion; as Raptures, Diſquietudes, Jealouſies, Reproaches; nothing was wanting; and the whole well acted, that the Scene became intereſting. His Converſation, and eſpecially his Letters, which exceeded any Thing of the Kind I had ever ſeen, gave me great Entertainment. I will own, that we are pleaſed in being loved with Perſeverance by thoſe whom we do not love, and alſo do not deceive.

I HAD, beſides other agreeable Viſitants, Monſieur *De Fontenelle*, who never went out of his Quarter for Company, came very often to ſee me. The Duke *De Brancas*, ſo famous for the inimitable Sallies of a pindaric Imagination, paid me ſome Homage. I had ſoftened the Ferocity of *Toureil*, that he ſoon left off all his Roughneſſes, at leaſt to

me. Several others, whom I cannot now recollect, alſo crowded about me. The Converſation and Civilities of ſo many Perſons of Wit and different Tempers imparted a Delight and Variety to my Life, without the leaſt Mixture of Diſquietude: But theſe Enjoyments were greatly imbittered by the Fatigues of my Watchings, and the Flirts of my envious Fellow-Servants; who, not ſatisfied with depriving me of what little Intervàls of Reſt I could lay hold of by Day or Night, by their Cenſures made me ſucceſſively diſmiſs moſt of my Viſitants. It was urged to me, that by breaking off Connections I brought a Suſpicion on them, and countenanced the Slander: However, I knew that ſuch as ſhould be renounced, are not renounced; and that, of all Marks of Indifference, this is the leaſt manifeſt.

PREVIOUSLY to Things of more Importance, a Word or two of Monſieur *De Silly*. He was returned from *Germany*, without giving me the leaſt Intimation about that or any Thing elſe. Before the Death of the King, I met at *Verſailles* one of his People whom I knew. I aſked him, where his Maſter was, that I had not heard from him? The Man anſwer'd, he had been returned ſome Months. I ſaw he treated me like an old News Paper, now of no further Uſe. The Indignation which roſe in me at this lowered him in my Heart; and, amidſt the ſubſequent Convulſions, he was not conſtantly preſent to my Mind. In fine, the Eſteem, which, on the Teſtimony of the beſt of Judges, I now allowed to myſelf, alienated me from valuing ſo highly one, who valued me ſo little: Yet the imperiſhable Sentiments I had for him only changed their Form, and from their Aſhes ſprung that tender

and

and perfect Friendſhip which I always retained for him, preferably to any other Perſon. He had taken a Houſe at *Paris*, and the Marchioneſs *De Silly* had left her Community to live with him. I paid her a Viſit, but whether invited or not I have forgot, and I ſaw him. He alſo came to ſee me at the *Thuilleries*, but ſeldom; for, being in the Intereſt of the Regent, he would not be thought to have any Concern with our Houſe. The Abbé *De Chaulieu*, whom nothing eſcaped, finding him one Day with me, was not long in diſcovering how my Heart ſtood affected towards him: Such was his Sagacity in Sentiments, that he perceived mine, under all the Change of them. This Knowledge put him upon a new Way of pleaſing me, by making Parties, in which Monſieur *De Silly* was always included. I remember, among others, a Dinner he gave us and Mademoiſelle *De Vauvray*, in the Houſe of the Grand Prior, at *Clichy*; and I think, in all my Life, I was never better pleaſed: For now my Senſibility being abated, I could reliſh natural Pleaſures, ſuch as ariſe from a fine Day, a pleaſant Place, and excellent Company.

My Princeſs's Favour for me increaſed by the Troubles which came on her. The Duke *D'Orleans*, whilſt he feared every Thing, had promiſed every Thing. He engaged to the Duke of *Bourbon*, who was offended at the Rank and Prerogatives of the legitimated Princes, to aboliſh the Acts on which they were founded; but as he would not allow this Affair to be brought before the Parliament nor the Bed of Juſtice, which was to ſettle the Regency, leſt any Difficulties ſhould be ſtarted detrimental to his Intereſt, he ſignified to the Duke

of *Bourbon*, that the only Thing then to be thought of, was to ſettle his Authority; which, when confirmed, would enable him to execute all he had promiſed. The Duke conſented to this Delay: But no ſooner was the Regency lodged in the Hands of the Duke *D'Orleans*, than he claim'd his Promiſe; and was for preſenting a Petition, requeſting of the King, that he would be pleaſed to hold a Bed of Juſtice for repealing the Edict, which, in Default of the legitimate Princes, entitled the legitimated Princes to the Succeſſion: And likewiſe the Declaration, which had conferred on them the Title, Rank, and Honours of the Princes of the Blood.

THE Regent, who ſtill carried a fair Face to the Duke *Du Maine*, both from political Views, and his Regard for Madame *D'Orleans*, informed her of the Duke of *Bourbon*'s Deſign, aſſuring her that he would not come into it. The Princeſs gave Notice of it to the Princes her Brothers.

THE Count *D'Eu* being now in his ſixteenth Year, when, according to the Prerogative of the Princes of the Blood, he is to take his Seat in the Parliament; the Duke *D'Orleans*, fearing that this new Inſtance of a Privilege which the Duke of *Bourbon* was now undermining, would make this Prince break out before Matters were ripe, deſired the Duke *Du Maine* to defer this Step, with a Promiſe that no Detriment ſhould be incurred; that the Count *D'Eu* ſhould be treated no otherwiſe than his Brother: And aſſured him, that he ſhould take it as an Obligation on himſelf. Though the Duke *Du Maine* ſaw all the Danger, he yielded; as one always yields to him who is Maſter.

BESIDES

BESIDES the great Suit concerning the Succeſſion of the Prince of *Condé*, which the Duke of *Bourbon* had lately loſt againſt the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* and her Siſters, and the Animoſities which it had kindled, there remained very great Diſcuſſions, for ſettling betwixt him and his Aunts the Partition of the Patrimony of the *Condé* Family. In the Courſe of this Affair, the Duke of *Bourbon* and the Duke *Du Maine* were jointly to ſubſcribe an Inſtrument; and the latter having, as he always uſed, taken the Title of Prince of the Blood, the Duke of *Bourbon* refuſed ſigning, without a Proteſt, that he did not thereby allow of any ſuch Title. This was the firſt Signal of the War betwixt the legitimate and the legitimated Princes.

To put a Stop to it in the Beginning, the Duke *Du Maine* thought that the Duke of *Bourbon*'s Requiſitions concerning their poſſeſſional Diſputes ſhould be complied with, and urged the Princeſs his Spouſe to come into the diſadvantageous Propoſals, relating to her Shares. Though wronged of above Half her Fortune, ſhe readily conſented, in order to facilitate an Agreement then on Foot with the Duke *Du Maine* about the other Points.

THE Duke of *Bourbon* agreed to withdraw his Proteſt; allowed that the legitimated Princes ſhould take the Title of Princes of the Blood, except in Inſtruments which they were to ſign jointly; promiſed not to moleſt them, without the Regent's Leave; and not to inſtigate the Dukes, or any other, to ſuch Proceedings. This Plan was ſhewn to the Duke *D'Orleans*, who, knowing what Promiſe the Duke of *Bourbon* had already obtained from him to the Prejudice of the legitimated Princes,

gave the Duke *Du Maine* to underſtand that the Agreement was not to be truſted, and much leſs ſhould he ſacrifice any Thing conſiderable for it: Yet this Prince, unwilling to ſuſpect that the Duke of *Bourbon* would be guilty of the Breach of a ſolemn Promiſe, proceeded. The Act of Surrender, relating to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Shares, was ſigned, the Duke of *Bourbon*'s Proteſt withdrawn, and he bound himſelf to the Performance of the Articles previouſly agreed on.

THIS Peace did not laſt any Time. A Sentence of ſome ſtanding happening to be produced, in which the Title of Prince of the Blood was taken by the Duke *Du Maine*, though the Duke of *Bourbon* was alſo a Party, rekindled the Quarrel, that being the Point in View. The Duke of *Bourbon* inſiſted that this Sentence ſhould be ſuppreſſed; and declared, that 'till then, the Edict of 1714, and the Declaration of 1715, in Favour of the legitimated Princes, ſhould not ſubſiſt. "If they ſleep," ſaid the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, "we will ſleep; if they wake, "we will wake." The Dutcheſs of *Bourbon*, apprehenſive that the Inſtrument of Surrender might be ſtruck at, got it confirmed by the Parliament.

THE Duke of *Bourbon*, ſeeing that the legitimated Princes would not of themſelves renounce the Advantages which they enjoyed, in Purſuance of his firſt Intention, preſented a Petition to the King, the Count *De Charolois* and the Prince *De Conti* joining in it. The legitimated Princes, on their Side, preſented another; praying, that the Affair might be referred 'till the King came of Age; in Expectation, by this Retardment, to ſettle themſelves in the Poſſeſſion of their Privileges, and likewiſe that then they

they ſhould find a more favourable Tribunal. At firſt the Regent ſeemed to approve of this Expedient; but, ſuch was his Inſtability, that he never kept to his firſt Thoughts, though always the beſt. He iſſued a Commiſſion for deciding this great Proceſs; ſaying, That a Conteſt big with ſo many Inconveniencies, and even Dangers, was not to be left any longer in Suſpence.

THE Preſs was wholly taken up with the Multitude of Pamphlets, corroborating or refuting the Reaſons on both Sides, though in them the Subject was little more than rough-hewed. The complete Piece was, *The Memorial of the legitimated Princes*; drawn up, under the Inſpection of the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, by the Cardinal *De Polignac*, Monſieur *Maleſieu*, and Counſellor *Daviſart*, of the Parliament of *Toulouſe*, who had been lately recommended to the Duke *Du Maine*, for his Wit and very extraordinary Talents in Buſineſs.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine* herſelf contributed not a little to this Work, by her own Knowledge and happy Intellects, and likewiſe by very laborious Reſearches. The greateſt Part of the Night was ſpent in them. The mountainous Heaps of bulky Volumes on her Bed, ſhe ſaid, made her, allowing for Proportions, look like *Enceladus*, cruſhed under Mount *Etna*. I alſo aſſiſted in the important Toil, and uſed to turn over old Chronicles, Civilians antient and modern, 'till exceſſive Fatigue inclined the Princeſs to take ſome Reſt, and then I had to read her aſleep.

As this Memorial was to want nothing which could add to its Weight; Precedents, Examples and Authorities were collected from all Parts. A thouſand

thouſand obſcure People offered themſelves for theſe Perquiſitions, and brought their flimſy Diſcoveries; moſt of them were referred to me, or at leaſt were told that they muſt apply to me. Among others, one famous for his vaſt Erudition (this was the elder *Boivin*, more a *Hebrew* than a *Frenchman*, better acquainted with the Works of the *Chaldeans* than with thoſe of his Country; and a Stranger to all Courts, but that of *Semiramis*) ſollicited to be introduced to ours, with his Accumulations of Antiquity; Treaſures of no Manner of Conſequence to the great Point in Queſtion. What ſignified Inſtances drawn from the Family of *Nimrod* to that of *Lewis* XIV? However a Day was appointed, and he was to come to me. When he came, I was at her Highneſs's Toilet; and, Word being brought me, ſhe ſaid to me, "Don't go away; bid him "come in. I'll ſee him." In he came; imagining, from the Appointment, that he was going to the Lodgings of one of her Chamber-Maids. The gilded Cieling, the Magnificence of her Toilet, the Number of People waiting on her; nothing could awaken him from his firſt Thoughts. In his pedantic Speech, he always called her *Mademoiſelle*; and went away without thinking in the leaſt that he had ſpoke to any other but myſelf.

THIS Trading in Erudition brought me into Dealings with People of all Kinds. Among the moſt tenacious was one Abbè *Le Camus*, introduced by a nominal Counteſs, but actually living on Charity. Both acted a Part in our grand Exhibition, though their Silline's render'd them unworthy of appearing in it. Among theſe Pretenders to Learning, a Gentleman, once a Monk, was preſented with

with his Papers in his Hands by the above-mentioned Counteſs. She put it into his Head, that to get them accepted, he ſhould invite me to a Supper at his Houſe. There was no avoiding it; and thither I went with our famiſhed Counteſs, who could not contain herſelf for Joy at the Thoughts of a Supper. In this Houſe I found myſelf in a Company belonging rather to the other World than to this. The Viſage of the Founder, who was rich and covetous, ſtrongly expreſſed his Grief for the Expence of the Entertainment. Mine was not leſs. At length, for want of ſomething elſe, I began to mend what little Fire we had; and, with a weighty Pair of Tongs, took off ſomething, which my treacherous Sight miſtook for a Piece of Wood out of its Place, and I haſtily dropped it behind a Billet half lighted. What was it, but a very black Chocolate Pot, full of Chocolate? I little dream'd of ſuch a Treat, which was no leſs out of Place than the ſuppoſed Brand. The Liquor at once extinguiſhed the Fire and the Joy of our Gueſts, and threw our Landlord into the utmoſt Conſternation. To comfort him, I ſaid, that after Supper one might very eaſily diſpenſe with Chocolate. This, I believe, was the laſt Time he ever made any in his whole Life, that ſo he might not expoſe himſelf a ſecond Time to ſuch a grievous Accident.

The Counteſs and Abbé drew me into a Party ſtill more diſagreeable. They brought to me another Female Intriguer, who, as they pretended, was poſſeſſed of moſt important Secrets. She was intimate with one Abbè *De Verac*, who had writ either for or againſt the Duke of *Bourbon*, and from whom they were ſure very conſiderable Lights might

might be drawn. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, like thoſe ſick Perſons who beſides conſulting regular Phyſicians, alſo lend an Ear to Quacks, on receiving ſuch Intelligences uſed to ſend me on further Diſcoveries. From Mrs. *Du Puy*, for that was her Name, I drew no more than a full Perſuaſion of her Inſignificancy.

THE Abbè and his Counteſs were at me again, urging, that at a well furniſhed Table, ſhe would ſpeak like the *Pythian* Prieſteſs on her Tripod. All their Drift was to have a Junket at free Coſt. Thus was I condemn'd to ſup with this Gang of Villains. They led me to a decay'd Tennis-Court, the Place for the Entertainment. I went through dark Windings, and over looſe broken Floors. Theſe difficult Paſſages naturally alarmed me. Are they carrying me, thought I, to a Meeting of Witches or Robbers? It looks ill. The Company, upon my joining them, did not at all remove my Fears. They ſeemed to be Perſons fit for the moſt execrable Practices. The Songs, intermixed with the Banquet, were of a Piece. What Wine Mrs. *Du Puy* drank did not draw from her any of her ſuppoſed Myſteries. She afterwards kept perſtering us with her ambiguous Speeches, which never were cleared up. She was perhaps a Spy. However, her Artifice took no Effect, and I only mention her, becauſe ſhe was named in the authentick Pieces of this grand Controverſy.

THE Memorial of the legitimated Princes came, at length, to be finiſhed. It was a Maſter-piece in Matter and Manner, but the Succeſs did not anſwer the Pains it had coſt. The Trial came on, and went againſt them; and the Edict, entitling them

to

to the Succeſſion to the Crown, together with the Declaration which gave them the Style of Princes of the Blood, were repealed; and all they had left them was the Rank and Honours which they had previouſly enjoyed, by Virtue of their firſt Patents. The ſlender Prerogative of paſſing through the Parliament Bar was continued to the Duke *Du Maine* and Count *De Toulouſe*, during their Lives: Alſo by this Arret of 1717, the antient Declaration, by which they and their Deſcendants were entitled to an intermediate Rank in Parliament was left in Force; but the Prince *De Dombes* was deprived of the Rank he had held in it, probably in order to make good the Promiſe made by the Regent, of putting the two Brothers on an equal Footing.

WHAT a heart-felt Grief to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, to ſee the Abaſement of her Family, the Fall of that Structure which ſhe had all her Life laboured to raiſe, and the Triumph of thoſe who had overthrown it! In ſuch an Agony it is ſcarce poſſible to bring one's ſelf to a State of Inaction. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, on this iniquitous Contumely in *France*, thought of making the King of *Spain* her Friend; and the Devotion of this Prince being under the Direction of a Jeſuit, put her upon making ſome Advances to the Director. With this View, ſhe propoſed to me to ſound Father *Tournemine* *, whom I had formerly ſeen in the Country, and who ſometimes came to our Court. To make Remonſtrances being beyond my Verge, as an implicite Obedience was all the Share allowed me in the Conduct

* Father *Tournemine*, a celebrated Jeſuit: Beſides his many other famous Writings, had a great Hand in the *Journal de* Trevoux. Died in 1739, aged 78.

Conduct of Affairs. I obeyed, and went to the reverend Father. I laid before him my Commiſſion. He came into it with great Vivacity; and told me, that he had a Friend, a Perſon of Rank, and a Foreigner, whom private Buſineſs called into *Spain*: That he might be entirely confided in, and was capable of the moſt critical Negotiations: That if the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* approved of this Way, he would ſend the Gentleman to me, and I might introduce him to her Highneſs: That he himſelf would give him Letters for *Spain*: And that her moſt ſerene Highneſs might put into his Hands whatever ſhe thought of ſending into that Country.

THIS Converſation I reported to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. She liked the Father's Propoſal, and I returned to acquaint him of her Highneſs's Approbation. This Man was the Baron *De Walef*. He was introduced to the Princeſs as a Man of Genius, who wanted to ſhow her Highneſs ſome Specimens of his Poetry, as indeed he was known to be a Verſifier. She had ſome private Conferences with him, delivered to him his Inſtructions, and expreſly enjoined him not to go beyond them. At that Time all ſhe deſired was, to engage the King of *Spain* in Behalf of the Duke *Du Maine*, and his oppreſſed Family. The Baron was firſt to wait on Cardinal *Alberoni*, the Prime Miniſter, and ſee what was to be hoped for from him, and whether he would induce the King his Maſter to eſpouſe the Affair from the Motives of Conſanguinity, and Reſpect for the laſt Will of the late King his Grandfather, now reverſed with ſuch a bareſaced Iniquity, that was an Inſult to the Memory of that equitable and glorious Monarch.

IT

It was agreed in what Manner the Baron was to tranſmit an Account of his Negotiation. I propoſed that his Letters ſhould be directed to me, that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* might not be involved in it. They were apparently to contain only general News; but he had a white Ink given him, to write the ſecret Affairs betwixt the Lines. I was furniſhed with ſome of the ſame Ink, for writing the Anſwers, which became another Branch of my multifarious Department. He told me, That for the greater Security he would convey his Letters to me by a Woman, who lived at *Paris*, and was entirely at his Devotion.

Measures being thus taken, when we thought he had been gone, he call'd upon me again; and told me, That he was diſappointed of a Sum which he wanted for his Journey, and deſired me to ſell for him ſome Jewels which he had. I acquainted the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* with this, who readily underſtanding that he wanted Money, gave him a Hundred Louis. At laſt he ſet out, but it was for *Italy*, where he pretended to have ſome preliminary Buſineſs, and after was to embark for *Spain*. The Reſult of this hopeful Embaſſy may be ſeen pretty nearly in the Report which I made on this Head. I took care to put nothing in, but what was true; for I am perſuaded, that when one finds one's ſelf under a Neceſſity of deviating from Truth, it muſt nevertheleſs be kept to as near as poſſible. 'Tis both ſafeſt and moſt honeſt. There is a Method of throwing the Shades and Lights on Facts ſo as to change the Appearance, without ſophiſticating the Subſtance; and this I aimed at in my Declaration, which ſhall be inſerted in its Place.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was too much diſturbed in her Mind to confine herſelf to this ſingle Meaſure, the Scope of which was to engage the King of *Spain* to take the Duke *Du Maine*'s Part, by way of Negotiation, and ſupport what the late King had done in his Favour.

SEVERAL of the great Nobility had pretended, that the Affair of the legitimated Princes ought not to be decided without the Intervention of their Body; and a Proteſt being drawn up on this Head, it was ſigned by a great many conſiderable Hands: This inclined the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* to enter into Connexions with ſome of them. She knew beſides, that moſt were diſpleaſed with the Government; uſed to complain of it with Acrimony; and meditated a Commotion.

As the Appearance of any little Light in the Midſt of thick Darkneſs draws our Steps thither, to have a nearer View of it; ſo ſhe ſought theſe Perſons, from a confuſed Judgment that they could be of Service to her. Two of the Principal, the C----- *De L*-----, and Monſieur *De P*------, were brought to her. As they uſed to ſee the Prince *De Cellamare*, Embaſſador of *Spain*, they pretended that by his Means great Things might be attempted, and prevailed on the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* to have a Meeting with him, in a ſmall Houſe of hers at the Arſenal; and thither at Night *L*-----, as Coachman, conducted the Embaſſador. This was repeated a ſecond Time, and not unknown to the Regent, who even then had begun to take Umbrage at theſe clandeſtine Steps. All I have been able to diſcover of the Plan, is, that they were for diſſuading the King of *Spain* from acceding to the Quadruple Alliance,

as

as too favourable to the Duke *D'Orleans*; and putting him upon demanding that an Aſſembly of the States ſhould be held, for limiting the Authority of the Regent, and putting a Stop to the flagrant Abuſes of his Government. The firſt Article was all the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* inſiſted on. She laid before the Prince *De Cellamare* the dangerous Conſequences of the King of *Spain*'s Acceſſion. This was the chief Subject of her Conferences with him. She entruſted this Miniſter with a nervous and elegant Memorial, drawn up by herſelf only; and he took care ſafely to convey it to his Court.

MESSIEURS *De L*---- and *De P*---- alſo drew up ſeveral, as falſe in Facts as in Reaſonings. Whatever came into their Heads, they advanced as certain; promiſing likewiſe the Aſſiſtance of a great Number of Perſons, who were quite ignorant of their Deſigns, and whom, on the lighteſt Conjectures, they thought fit to aſſociate into it. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* could not approve of their Chimeras; and came into them not from any Weakneſs, but from the extreme Perturbation of her Mind, which was under a Neceſſity of being kept in perpetual Action, though without any fixed Object.

THE Prince *De Cellamare* having approved of the Deſign, for engaging his Maſter to require a Meeting of the States of *France*, wanted a Model of the Letters which the King of *Spain* ſhould write on this Head; one to the King, and the other to the Parliament. About theſe the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* ſet to work Monſieur *De Maleſieu*, jointly with the Cardinal *De Polignac*. The original Draught of this Piece, in which were both their Hands, ought unqueſtionably to have been

burnt. The Cardinal, in Haſte to be at the King's Maſs, recommended to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* to burn it immediately after it was copied, and Monſieur *De Maleſieu* laid hold of it with that Deſign; but whether it came into his Mind to keep it, or he afterwards forgot it, he ſoon miſſed it. He was extremely concerned at this, but at that Time ſaid nothing of it, and every Body thought that this important Paper no longer exiſted.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had told me nothing of all this. With a great many Things ſhe entruſted me, and concealed ſeveral others from me. I never courted the Knowledge of theſe burthenſome Secrets, of which I ſo well foreſaw the Conſequences, that ſometimes I endeavoured to draw her Attention to them: But when I uſed to tell her that ſhe would get herſelf impriſoned, ſhe only laughed, followed her Schemes, and all ſhe feared was, the Duke *Du Maine*'s Reluctance againſt them.

THE high Favour in which I ſtood with her, did not ſecure me from a Storm, which was near throwing me out of all. One Evening, being ſomething out of Order, I laid down 'till my watching Time came. Being immediately called to her Undreſſing, I asked whether ſhe wanted me for what belonged to my particular Office, as to write, look out a Book, or any Thing under my Care? I was told, it was for her Toilet. What I did there was ſo very little, that I concluded I might indulge myſelf a little longer. Her moſt ſerene Highneſs ſent for me again, and gave me a very dry Reprimand for the Diſpenſation I had taken on myſelf. She told me, that her Women ſhould wait upon her, and not loiter away their Time in writing Eſ-

ſays.

ſays. This Language, the firſt of the Kind ſhe ever gave me, ſtung me; and I ſaid to her, that Service was what I ſo little underſtood, that ſhe never could have made a worſe Choice. My Anſwer provoked her; and upon her Reply, though now long ſince forgot, I withdrew. She did not ſend for me at Night as uſual, that I employ'd it in preparing for going away, which I was reſolved on. Spent by Fatigues, diſcourag'd by Vexations, my only Support was the ſuperior Conſideration I enjoyed with her: That at an End, every Thing elſe became inſupportable.

I HAD lately taken a Maid to myſelf, and at my own Expence: She, who attended us in common, being a perpetual Source of Debates; whereas mine, whoſe Name was *Rondel*, was as diſcreet and good-natured as could be wiſhed. I communicated to her what had paſſed, bidding her to get every Thing ready for my Removal: Yet, that I might not take ſuch a Step without the Approbation of my Friends, I went at Day-break to Monſieur *De Valincourt*, as his Prudence and good Offices would be a neceſſary Support to me at this Juncture. He was of my Opinion, that I ought not to ſuffer myſelf to be ill-uſed, and approved the Deſign I had form'd of withdrawing into a Convent. Indeed I had not where-withal to ſubſiſt there a long Time; but I promiſed myſelf that he, and my other Friends, would ſoon find out for me a Situation leſs uneaſy than that I was quitting.

IN order to give a decent Form to my Retreat, I was the ſame Morning with Madame *Chambonnas*, Lady of Honour to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. I told her, that in the toilſome Life I led, it was only

the Kindneſs of her moſt ſerene Highneſs which had enabled me to bear it; and, being now deprived of that, the Troubles were more than I could go through: That I requeſted, ſhe would be pleaſed to procure me the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Conſent to leave her, and go into a Convent. My Meaning was, that this ſhould be my laſt Appearance; but the Lady of Honour ſaid to me, This is not the Way of leaving ſuch a Perſon as her Highneſs; that I muſt return to the *Thuilleries* (ſhe did not lodge there;) that ſhe would ſpeak to her moſt ſerene Highneſs, and bring me her Anſwer, that I might act with Preciſion. I, on this, returned to my Manſion; where I thought it would not be amiſs to make known my Reſolution, and the Motives, to the Cardinal *De Polignac*, who had often expreſſed an Eſteem and Friendſhip for me. Having ſent away my Letter, I quietly waited the Reſult. In the Evening Madame *De Chambonnas* ſent me Word, to come to her in her Highneſs's Cloſet. She had been directed to bring me into Temper again, but ſhe took the wrong Way to it: Inſtead of healing, by Marks of Eſteem and Conſideration, a Mind ulcerated by Contempt, ſhe only repreſented to me my Want and Wretchedneſs, to juſtify, as it were, the Inſult I had received. "I ſuppoſe," ſaid ſhe, in order to confound me, "you made yourſelf "ſure of a Penſion; but that's more than you'll have." I anſwered, I made myſelf ſure of nothing. "How "will you live?" reply'd ſhe. "That's my Con- "cern," ſaid I, "Madam. I ſhall be no Burthen to "any Body; but, whatever happens, no longer will "I expoſe myſelf to Diſguſts which I do not deſerve, "and which I am above bearing." After exchang-

ing

ing ſeveral other Sentences, not at all more lenient, ſhe left me, and went to give an Account of the ill Succeſs of her Miſſion.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, being unwilling that I ſhould leave her, whether from a general Reluctancy in her to part with any Perſon belonging to her; or whether, for want of knowing me better, ſhe feared for the Secrets which ſhe had intruſted me with; the Care of reconciling me was committed to a more skilful Hand, than that of Madame *Chambonnas*.

THE Cardinal *De Polignac* had certainly ſhewed her my Letter to him; and convinced her, that if ſhe had a Mind to retain me, it could be only by good Uſage, and by putting me upon another Kind of Footing in her Houſhold. He came to me in my Room, whilſt the Company was at Supper; told me, I muſt immediately go along with him to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, who was alone; that he inſiſted I ſhould make ſome Excuſe to her; that he aſſured me, that I ſhould not only be perfectly well received, but in a little Time ſee myſelf removed from my preſent Station, into one much more agreeable; that it was not proper for her Highneſs to ſeem forced to it, in order to keep me; that this Decency would occaſion ſome ſmall Retardment of the Favours intended for me, and of which he himſelf would be Guarantee. On the Honour of this Treaty, I thought I might re-engage myſelf. I followed the Cardinal, who took me by the Hand, and led me to the Princeſs. I threw myſelf at her Feet; ſhe immediately raiſed me, and embraced me: A Favour ſhe had never done me before, and which I looked upon as one of the Preliminaries ſtipulated by the dexterous Negotiator.

Negotiator. What few Words paſſed on either Side wanted not Affection, and I entered again on Duty.

DISGUSTED with too many ſuch Adventures, and out of Humour with my Condition, I liſten'd to ſome Propoſals of ſettling myſelf. A Woman, who had a Concern for me, informed me that ſhe was particularly acquainted with a Man of Buſineſs, who offered a very advantageous Bargain; and that the Acknowledgement ſhould be left to myſelf. I mentioned the Matter to Monſieur *De Valincourt*, and he appointed a Meeting with this Man; who, with Papers of which he made nothing, was for purchaſing a Place of Receiver-General of the Finances, which would bring him in Twenty Thouſand Livres *per Annum*: Offering, if his Affair ſucceeded, either to marry me, or give me Forty Thouſand Livres. Though it was difficult, yet Monſieur *De Valincourt*, in order to make my Fortune, which he had very much at Heart, undertook it; and, to this End, employed the Intereſts of his Maſter the Count *De Toulouſe*, with the Duke *De Noailles*, than at the Head of the Board of Finances. I alſo ſaw the Perſon in Queſtion, in order to reſolve on the beſt Uſe to be made of his Propoſal. To me he appeared one of the loweſt Claſs of Mortals in every Thing, except Oeconomy. He was a Widower, with one Child. I forget about what it was that he told me, he did not keep *Lent*, his Son's Conſtitution requiring a Fleſh-Diet. This let me into the Licentiouſneſs of his Houſe, which, with the Diſparity in other Reſpects betwixt him and me, determined me, after having examined jointly with Monſieur *De Valincourt* all the Niceties of Conſcience and Honour, to prefer his Money to his Perſon.

THE

THE Duke *De Noailles*, to oblige the Count *De Toulouſe*, readily conſented to it; and writ him a Letter, by which he formally granted his Deſire, in Favour of our Man. Nothing but the Form was wanting, to finiſh the Affair. I looked upon it as already over, when the Chief Preſident ſent to deſire Leave to wait on the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* at Midnight; and this was to acquaint her, with the greateſt Secreſy, that the Duke *De Noailles* was to be removed from the Finances, and ſucceeded by Monſieur *D'Argenſon*, who was likewiſe to have the Seals, already taken from the Chancellor. On her Return, ſhe order'd me to be called, and informed me of the Secret, not knowing the vaſt Conſequence it was of to me; nor did ſhe perceive it: Yet, in that Juncture, nothing could have happen'd worſe. Though I had many Reaſons to acquaint Monſieur *De Valincourt* with it, I faithfully kept the Secret. It ſoon became known by the Event, and greatly to the Amazement of the Publick; and thus my Affair utterly failed: But much worſe had it been, if the Succeſs of it had intoxicated me.

MONSIEUR *De Valincourt*, more concerned even than myſelf to ſee that my Planet had tumbled down two Miniſters at once, and ſhook a third, endeavoured with the new Keeper of the Seals, who was alſo his Friend, to procure for our Chapman a lucrative Employment, by which ſomething might be got from him. He had Hopes given him; but they were totally quaſh'd, by the Events in which I found myſelf gradually entangled. Here is what he had writ to me ſome Time before about it.

LETTER.

LETTER.

"I SEND you the Remainder of *Seneca's Epiſtles*, "and his *Treatiſe on Benefits*, tranſlated by "*Malherbe*. I beg your Acceptance of them, "as an Addition to your Library. If I had not "ſtill Hopes in the Keeper of the Seals, and in "Monſieur *Paris*, to whom I have writ this Morn-"ing, this Preſent would look ſomething like that "of *Maſſiniſſa* to *Sophonisba* *; acquainting her, "at the ſame Time, that ſince he could not releaſe "her from Servitude, he ſent her the only Means "by which ſhe could deliver herſelf."

WHILST Matters ſtill wore a placid Appearance, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, alſo eaſier in herſelf than ſhe had been for a long Time, took a Journey to *Seaux*,

* A *Carthaginian* Princeſs; to whom, being taken Priſoner by the *Romans*, King *Maſſiniſſa*, her Husband, conveyed a Bowl of Poiſon, with this Letter.

MASSINISSA, to his QUEEN.

"THE Gods know with what Pleaſure I would "have kept my Faith to *Sophonisba*, in another Manner: "But this Bowl alone can deliver thee from the *Ro-"mans*. Call to Mind thy Father, thy Country; that "thou haſt been the Wife of two Kings; and act up to "the Dictates of thy heroick Heart. I will not long "ſurvive thee."

She followed the Advice, with the *Stupidity* of an antient Heroine; and *Maſſiniſſa*, as he could do no leſs, kept his Word.

Seaux, whither I was not able to follow her. Indeed Fatigue and Vexation had impaired my Health, that now I was very much indiſpoſed. I ſtay'd at *Paris*, in a Houſe which had been hired for Mademoiſelle *Du Maine* near the *Thuilleries*, ſhe having no Lodging there. Here I had the Comfort of a Chamber, where ſometimes I uſed to go and reſt myſelf after Dinner, out of the Way of my troubleſome Fellow-Servants. As ſoon as ever I was able to ſtir, I went to wait on the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* at *Seaux*, towards the End of her Stay, which was but a Month or ſix Weeks. This Abſence gave me to ſee that the ſtrongeſt Tie with the Great is Habit, and this eaſily breaks, but no leſs eaſily joins again. I was at firſt as a Stranger to her: At length her Favour by ſlow Degrees returned, and I became admitted into the Conduct of the little Intrigues, which I had forfeited by my Abſence.

We returned to the *Thuilleries*; and it was at this Time that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, ſollicited by the Marquis *De Pompadour* to ſee the Abbè *Brigaut*, and hear him read a Piece, entitled, *Reponſe aux Titres* De Fits-Morris; or *Anſwer to* Fitz-Morris's *Claims*, conſented to it. The Abbè ſaid the Work was his. It was a particular Narrative of the Intrigue of a *Franciſcan* Fryar, ſent to *Spain*; in order, as was ſaid, to cauſe a great Revolution there, in Favour of the Duke *D'Orleans*, who very unjuſtly ſuſpected that this Libel came from the Pen of the Cardinal *De Polignac*. The Abbè *Brigaut* was Monſieur *De Pompadour*'s chief Confident. He ſpoke of him to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, as capable of great Affairs, and whoſe Fidelity was Proof againſt every Thing. On this Character ſhe went ſo far as to diſcloſe

diſcloſe to him her Diſpoſitions, and diſcourſed with him of the Views then on Foot. This Man, whether from the Hopes of mending his Circumſtances, then very neceſſitous; whether from Humour, or too much Leiſure, wanted to be in Action. He had already engaged in the Pretender's Affairs; but this new Deſign appearing to him more intereſting, he embarked in it, without ever weighing his Reſolution and Abilities, which failed at the firſt Tryal.

THE Regent was at that Time paſſionately deſirous of conſolidating the Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance, which had been contrived in *England* by the Abbé *Du Bois* *.

THE Duke *Du Maine*, on the firſt Motion in the Council of Regency, oppoſed it with ſome Warmth; that, at the Breaking-up of the Council, the Duke *D'Orleans*, with a Look which ſpoke the Rancour of his Heart, ſaid, "At length Monſieur "*Du Maine* has thrown off the Maſk." Though his Opinion did not prevail, he had brought upon himſelf the Hatred of the Regent, who, being likewiſe informed of the Intercourſe which the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* carried on with ſo many Perſons ſuſpected by him, began greatly to miſtruſt her. Fear of Troubles which might be raiſed againſt him, and his

* An abandoned Wretch. When *Lewis* XIV. beſtowed a little Abbey on him, for ſome ſecret Service, Father *La Chaiſe* repreſented to the King, That *Du Bois* was addicted to Women, Wine, and Play: But the King anſwered, He has no Tye, he is never drunk, and never loſes. The Regent procured him the Purple; but when the Pope came to hear of his Profligacy, it is ſaid to have haſtened the good old Pontiff's Death.

his Malignity againſt the Duke *Du Maine*, whom he believed, or feigned to believe, an Accomplice in the Commotions againſt him, prompted him to a Deſign of getting the King out of his Hands. This was a hazardous Attempt. The late King's Will in this Point had been ratified by that very Act of Parliament, to which he himſelf owed the Regency; and by the Bed of Juſtice, which had confirmed it. To invalidate theſe Acts ſeemed to carry Danger with it: And the Suſpicions current againſt him, ſhould have rendered him ſtill more cautious in making any Alterations in the Meaſures taken for the Guard and Security of the King's Perſon. However, ſtimulated by *D'Argenſon*, whoſe Characteriſtick was Steadineſs, and by the Abbè *Du Bois*, no leſs noted for Vehemence, he overcame all Difficulties.

To give a Sanction to his Scheme, he laid it before the Council of Regency. The only Perſon who oppos'd it was the Marſhal *De Villeroy*. He profeſſed himſelf a Man of Honour, and had pretty well maintained the Dignity of ſuch a Profeſſion. Particularly, to manifeſt that the Degradation of the Duke *Du Maine* was without his Conſent, he immediately after, on ſome Pretence or other, wrote him a Letter, taking care to fill it with all the Titles of which that Prince had immediately before been deprived.

The Duke and Dutcheſs *Du Maine* were apriſed that a great Storm impended over them. The Alarm in our Houſe was ſuitable to the Danger pprehended. We were all on our Guard; at length, eing nothing appear, we became as eaſy as ever. he Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, on Occaſion of the Feſ-

tival of her Name, went to ſup and lie at the Arſenal, the uſual Place of her Parties of Pleaſure. There ſhe was awaken'd with an Account, that every Thing was preparing for a Bed of Juſtice, intended to be held that very Day in the *Thuilleries*. She returned thither in Haſte, and I heard this alarming News and her Return at the ſame Time. There was no ſeeing her in the firſt Moments, theſe being taken up in conferring with the Duke *Du Maine*, and the Count *De Toulouſe* *.

THE Parliament, according to Order, repaired to the *Thuilleries*, which was every where inveſted with Troops. One might indeed ſee Concern in the Viſages of moſt of the Members, but none of them ſhow'd any Vigour or Fortitude. The Regent carried all before him; and as the Duke *Du Maine* and Count *De Toulouſe* had left the Aſſembly, when they ſaw they were the Objects of it, every Thing which had been reſolved on, principally againſt the Duke *Du Maine*, was the more eaſily executed. On very frivolous Pretences he was deprived of the Guard of the King's Perſon and the Care of his Education, which was conferred on the Duke of *Bourbon*, agreeably to his Petition; and on another Petition of the Duke's, all Acts in Favour of the legitimated Princes, and their Iſſue, were annulled: After which the Count *De Toulouſe* alone was

* A natural Son of *Lewis* XIV. He commanded, as Lord High Admiral, the *French* Fleet againſt thoſe of *England* and *Holland*, in the Engagement off *Malaga*; where both Fleets were equal in Number, though in Guns and Men the *French* had a conſiderable Superiority. Not a Ship was taken on either Side, though they both fought well.

was reſtored to his Rank and Honours, on the Terms of the Edict of 1717, in Conſideration of the Services he had done the State, and the Wiſdom and Magnanimity of his Conduct on all Occaſions.

All theſe Things took Place, without the leaſt Oppoſition on any Side; yet the Parliament entered a Proteſt againſt what had paſſed at the Bed of Juſtice, but the Publick never ſaw it. It is ſurprizing that the Duke *Du Maine* made no Stand for maintaining himſelf in a Place, to which he had ſo juſt a Title. The Duke of *Bourbon* immediately took Poſſeſſion of his new Honours, that the very ſame Day the Duke and Dutcheſs *Du Maine* were obliged to quit their Lodgings in the *Thuilleries*. They went and took Shelter at the *Hôtel de Toulouſe*. The Suddenneſs of this Flight, the Tumult of the Removal, and much more the Event which occaſioned it, affected my Mind beyond any Thing I ever felt in my ſevereſt Preſſures. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* ſent me away to *Seaux*, to look over her Papers, and burn whatever might make againſt her, or be judged reprehenſible. In this I was ſo happy, that on being ſeized ſome Time after, they were returned without any Exception. In the Evening I was back at the *Hôtel de Toulouſe*, and I ſpent the whole Night near the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. There is no deſcribing her Condition; it was like a total Privation of Life, or a lethargick Sleep, which is interrupted only by convulſive Motions.

The next Day we all ſet out for *Seaux*, where we ſtay'd in an extreme Dejection. It is ſtrange that whatever concerns thoſe to whom we have abſolutely devoted ourſelves, becomes quite perſonal. Three Days and three Nights was I without cloſing my

Eyes. My own Misfortunes never affected me ſo ſenſibly. Beſides the Evils preſent, we had a thouſand Subjects of Diſquietude. It is by Evil we are taught what Fear is. The Letters which I uſed to receive from our Baron in *Spain* might be intercepted, and private Conſultations come to Light. Every one was in for his Share, but the moſt uneaſy Perſon was Monſieur *De Maleſieu*. The Loſs of the rough Draught of Letters for the King of *Spain*, threw him into an Agitation beyond concealing. He feared, leſt it might have been laid hold of to ſhow to the Regent. He was continually looking after it. He asked me one Day, whether I knew nothing of a Paper, in his and Cardinal *De Polignac*'s Hand and full of Eraſures, which he miſſed? He mentioned nothing of the Contents; and, as I had not been let into the Secret, I knew not what he meant, and aſſured him I had neither ſeen nor heard any Thing of ſuch a Paper as he deſcribed.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, after being ſome Time in that State which ſuſpends every Perception and benumbs all Motion, began to revive, and at laſt was herſelf again. As ſhe could not ſafely ſee the ſuſpected Perſons, and at the ſame Time was impatient to know what they were about, ſhe ſent me privately to *Paris* to talk with the Count *De L*------. We were together three full Hours, which he ſpent in diſplaying to me a Series of the moſt romantick Chimeras, the principal Foundation of their Deſigns being the Northern Alliance, then much talked of, and the ſettling the Pretender in *England*, by which the Duke *D'Orleans* would loſe his ſtrongeſt Support; Schemes ſo extenſive, and at the ſame Time ſo vague, were never heard of, amidſt all the Products

Products of Conceit and Temerity. Our long Conference was closed with mutual Assurances not to make the least Mention of each other's Name, in Case of Imprisonment or Examination. This Prospect was become familiar to us; it made, at least, the Deepnings of the Picture.

In my Return to *Seaux* quite alone, and in a very dark Night, I was overset about half Way, which detained me about two Hours; Part of the Time in a Ditch, and the other in a Mill: A Presage, which, in the Times when they were in Vogue, would not have been over-looked.

I gave her Highness the best Account I could of the Trash he had poured forth to me. This was purely an Effort of Memory, for here Recollection was not facilitated by the Reason and Concatenation of Things: Yet she could discern some Hopes in them, and seized them as sinking Persons do a Straw.

The Dutchess *Du Maine*, after two Months of tedious Inactivity lingered away at *Seaux*, would see *Paris* again. Having now no Dwelling there, the Necessity of looking out for one was the Reason, or the Pretence for taking up her Residence with the Princess, her Daughter; though, without Doubt, her Desire to be more in the Way of Intelligence, was at the Bottom of it.

They whose Interests were connected with her's, still continued to push their Point, without perceiving that it was too much blunted for any Effect. They were drawing up Papers without Number, and only waited an Opportunity of conveying them into *Spain*. Monsieur *De Pompadour*, having composed one which he thought decisive, was impatient to show it

to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*; but ſhe having, at the Duke's Requeſt, promiſed not to ſee any of the Perſons ſuſpected of Cabal, refuſed meeting the Marquis. He inſiſted on the Neceſſity of their being together, and on the Impoſſibility of finding any truſty Hands for delivering to her this triumphant Compoſition. She at laſt conſented that he himſelf ſhould read it to her, both having taken all poſſible Precautions againſt any Diſcovery of this Interview. So far from approving the boaſted Memorial, ſhe thought it pernicious, and earneſtly begged of him not to ſend it. He ſeem'd to agree with her. Sometimes I was ſent with Letters to him, which I always took care to ſee burned before I left him.

MADAME *De Pompadour* was always in a bemoaning Mood. "We had," ſaid ſhe, "in Readi-"neſs Pieces irreſiſtible, that would do the greateſt "Service; but, alas! no Conveyance offers." Her Husband and ſhe ſoon after thought to have found the rareſt Opportunity imaginable, for ſending away to *Spain* the whole Packet. The Abbè *De Portocarrero*, a Youth of about Two-and-twenty, was returning thither. He had a Chaiſe with a double Bottom, into which our Papers were put, as a Place perfectly ſecure. The Count *De L*-------- informed the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* of it in a Billet; and ſhe, who had ſtrongly oppos'd this dangerous Conveyance, inſtantly foreſaw what the Conſequences would be.

THE high Character given to her of the Abbè's Diſcretion, and that his Fidelity was not to be queſtioned, could not quiet her Alarms. Indeed that the Papers under his Care came to be diſcovered, was in no wiſe his Fault. It has ſince been publickly

lickly known that the *Spaniſh* Embaſſador's Secretary, to excuſe his diſappointing a Girl of the Community of *Tillon* at a Rendezvous, told her, That he had been ſo taken up with Diſpatches, on Account of the Abbè *De Portocarrero*'s going for *Spain*, that for his Life he could not keep his Word with her. Of this the Girl informed her Superior, who being a zealous Partizan for the Regent, adviſed him of it as no ſlight Matter.

He immediately diſpatched Orders for ſtopping the Abbè, and ſeizing the Papers he was carrying. The Purſuers came up with him at *Poictiers*; and, after taking what was wanted, left him to jog on. He, without Delay, ſent Advice to the Prince *De Cellamare* of what had happen'd; and his Meſſenger was ſo expeditious, that he came a conſiderable Time before him who was bringing the ſame News to the Regent, and who arrived in the Night. This Prince, having ſpent Part of it at Table in pleaſant Company, was little inclined to paſs the Remainder in ſearching into an Affair not at all a Kin to Hilarity. It is even ſaid that one of the Company, who little minded State-Affairs, diſſuaded him from opening the Packet. However it was, the Embaſſador had ſixteen Hours for taking Meaſures, before he was put under Arreſt, that his Negligence, in not deſtroying the Papers which expoſed the Perſons concerned with him, admits of no Excuſe.

He appriſed the Count *De L*-------- of the Affair; ſent a Hundred Louis to the Abbè *Brigaut*, with Directions to make off ſecretly, and without Delay. This Abbè, having ſome Intimacy with the Chevalier *De Menil*, haſten'd to him; and told

told him, that he was going a Journey which might take up ſome Time, and deſir'd he would take care of a little Box, in which was his Will, together with ſome Family-Papers. The Chevalier, knowing that the Abbè had formerly been a very ſtirring Inſtrument of the Pretender's, thought this might be ſome ſuch Buſineſs, and ask'd him no Queſtions. The Abbè, after this laconic Speech, went away; and the next Morning his Maid brought to the Chevalier a large Packet of Papers, all ſealed up, which ſhe ſaid her Maſter, at his ſetting out, had ordered her to deliver into his Hands. The Chevalier, ſuſpecting no Harm, took them as he had the Box.

IN the Afternoon of the ſame Day, the 9th of *December*, 1718, the Chevalier *De Gavaudun*, one of the firſt Gentlemen of our Houſe, came into my Chamber, where Monſieur *De Valincourt* was with me; "Great News!" ſaid he; "the *Spaniſh* Em-"baſſador's Houſe is ſurrounded, and Soldiers poſted "at all the Avenues. The Occaſion is not yet "known." I was thunder-ſtruck; yet before Monſieur *De Valincourt*, who knew not how deeply we were concerned, I endeavoured to ſhow no more than a Surprize at ſo unuſual a Procedure. *Gavaudun* knew all, and as he meant only to inform me of our Misfortune, withdrew; but Monſieur *De Valincourt* ſtaid a long Time reaſoning on the Affair, which mightily aſtoniſhed him. I don't know how he came not to perceive my Agitation, for it was as much as I could do to ſuppreſs it. Afterwards, amidſt the like torturing Reſtraint, I underwent a Viſit from the Abbè *Chaulieu*. The Arreſt of the Embaſſador, and

and the ſeveral random Conjectures about it, were the Subject alſo of this Converſation.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, on her Part, was not leſs put to it to carry a good Face before the Company, with which ſhe was continually environ'd. Every one who came was full of this News, added ſome Circumſtances, and nothing elſe was talk'd of. She could not withdraw from this troubleſome Crowd, leſt it might give a Handle for diſagreeable Surmiſes: However, ſhe order'd me to be called into her Cloſet for a Minute, and asked me, if I had not heard ſomething amiſs? I told her, that all I knew was the common Report, which extremely troubled me. She was to be ſure no leſs ſurprized than myſelf, though ſhe did not ſee where it would end. I was diſpatched to make ſome Enquiries, but could meet with no ſatisfactory Information.

AT length we received Intelligence that the Papers committed to the Abbè *De Portocarrero* had been ſeized, together with thoſe of the Embaſſador, and that this was the Occaſion of the Ambaſſador's being put under Arreſt. Then it was that we ſaw ourſelves ſunk into an Abyſs, from which there was no Recovery. The next Day News came, that the Marquiſſes *De Pompadour* and *Saint Genies* were clapp'd up in the *Baſtile*. Two Days after the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, playing at *Biribi* *, as uſual, (ſhe

* A Game, the Inſtruments of which are a large painted Cloth with ſeventy Squares, each marked with its *Numero*; and a Bag, in which are ſixty-four little Balls, containing as many Notes, each number'd. Theſe every Player draws by Turns, and if the *Numero* on the Note drawn anſwers to that of the Square on which he puts his Money, the Banker pays him ſixty-four Times his Stake.

(ſhe prudently kept up the ſame Courſe of Life in every Thing) one Monſieur *De Châtillon*, who held the Bank, a dry ſilentious Man, here broke out; "Egad, here's very droll News! One Abbè "*Bri*-----, *Bri*-----" (he could not recollect his Name) "has been ſeized, and lodged in the *Baſtile*, "as a Jobber to the *Spaniſh* Embaſſador:" Adding, "The Cream of the Jeſt is, that he has told all, "and now a good many People muſt ſit on Thorns." Then, for the firſt Time in his Life, he was ſeen to laugh.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, who was not in a laughing Humour, ſaid, "Yes, that's odd enough." "Oh!" ſays he, "'tis enough to make one dye "with laughing. The poor Intriguers, thought "the Affair ſo cloſe; and here's one who declares "more than he is asked, and names every one by "his Name." Theſe laſt Words threw our Princeſs into an Anguiſh the more torturing, as it was unexpected, the Count *De L*------ having ſent her Word that the Abbè was gone off, and ſuch Meaſures taken that there was nothing to fear. She muſt have had a prodigious Command of herſelf, bearing Monſieur *De Châtillon*'s galling Babble, without in the leaſt betraying the various Motions with which ſhe was then agitated. At Night, when I was with her, ſhe related the Whole, and without Concealment of her Terrors; which I own I did not offer to divert, being myſelf too ſtrongly perſuaded of the unhappy Fate which hung over her. Not a Day paſſed but ſome Body was taken up, and we only waited our Turn.

THE Chevalier *De Menil* was alſo committed to the *Baſtile*. The Abbè *Brigaut*, as I have ſaid, had

had left with him his Box and Papers. The Chevalier, at that Time, ſuſpected nothing; but when the Prince *De Cellamare* came to be put under Arreſt for State-Matters, as he knew the Abbè to have ſome Dealings with him, he judged, from his haſty Departure, that he might have been concerned in theſe Practices, and grew very uneaſy at his Depoſitum. He was not ignorant of the Rigour of the Laws, but he choſe rather to expoſe himſelf to them, than be wanting to a Perſon, who, though not his moſt intimate Friend, had confided in him: However, he thought it behoved him to inform himſelf of the Nature of what he had under Charge. He dexterouſly opened the Box; and, as the Abbè had ſaid, found there only his Will, and other Papers of as little Importance. He ſhut it again, that nothing could be perceiv'd, and then proceeded to break open the Scroll of Writings, in which were all the Plans, Memorials, and what ever had been written on the *Spaniſh* Intrigue, which, 'till that Moment, had been to him an entire Secret. He was not at Leiſure for reading ſuch a Multitude of Pieces, but in running them over he ſaw enough to conclude there was nothing in them, either againſt the King or the State: However, obſerving a great many Names of Perſons of Rank, who would be implicated in the Danger, if this Teſtimony againſt them was not made away with, he threw the whole Parcel into the Fire.

THERE were ſeveral Intrigues, diſtinct from ours; and which, without any reciprocal Communication, concentered in *Spain*, and the Managers negotiated ſeparately with the Embaſſador; the Counts *Daydie* and *Magni*, who, at the firſt Report made the beſt

of

of their Way into *Spain*, had their particular C
The Duke of *Richlieu*, who, a long Time
the others, was ſent to the *Baſtile*, had alſo
Likewiſe other eminent Perſonages, were ſuſpect
having formed Parties. The Indications or P
of all theſe Things were in the Abbè *Brig*
Memorial; there being little, if any Thing, w
Prince *Cellamare* had not made him privy to.

THE Day after this generous Conflagration o
Papers, the Abbè *Du Bois*, to whom the Che
was very well known as likewiſe his Acquain
with the Abbè *Brigaut*, ſent for him, and queſti
him about the Plot, as it was called. The
valier *De Menil* aſſured him that he had
opened his Lips to him about it; owning, a
ſame Time, that he had deliver'd to him a
which, as the Abbè told him, contained only
private Papers. The Box was immediately
for, and every Thing found as had been ſaid.

IN the mean Time the Abbè *Brigaut*, w
the Ambaſſador had urged to make off, was
velling on leiſurely on a Hackney-Horſe, and i
Garb of a Gentleman. He was three Da
reaching *Montargis*, where ſome Perſons from
Duke *D'Orleans* laid hold of him, finding
to anſwer the written Deſcription they had of
At firſt he pretended not to be the Perſon
ſought; but ſeveral Letters directed to Abbè
gaut, which he was ſo ſtrangely negligent n
deſtroy, being found on him, were an unanſwe
Conviction. Accordingly he was carried bac
ſame Road to the *Baſtile*, but with much
Diſpatch than he had gone to *Montargis*.

AT his Entrance into the *Baſtile* he was ſtruck with ſuch a Panic, that he ſaid he would truly declare all that was wanted to be known of him.

MESSIEURS *D'Argenſon* and *Le Blanc*, who had been appointed for the Enquiry into our Affair, were ſoon with him, and entered on Buſineſs, by telling him, That his Maid was in the *Baſtile*, and that the Chevalier *De Menil* had deliver'd up to them what he had committed to him. "Well "then," anſwered he, "as you have thoſe Papers, "you know every Thing; the Whole of the Buſineſs "being in them." This Confeſſion, ſo little agreeing with what had been found in the Box, gave them to ſee that the Chevalier had only made a partial Acknowledgement.

MONSIEUR *Le Blanc* ſent for him, and told him of the Abbè *Brigaut*'s Declaration. Monſieur *De Menil* anſwer'd, without any Diſcompoſure, That he had no other Papers of the Abbè, but what he had ſhewn; if his Word was not to be taken, there was his Houſe to be ſearch'd. After thus perſiſting ſome Time in the Negative, ſeeing himſelf alone with Monſieur *Le Blanc*, (his Attendants being withdrawn) "Sir," ſaid he, "I am going to "ſpeak to you, not as a Miniſter of State and my "Judge, but as a Gentleman and a Man of Honour." After this conciſe Preamble, he plainly, without concealing or diſguiſing any Thing, related what he had done, and his Reaſon for it. Monſieur *Le Blanc*, in Regard of his Confidence, told him, That though he could not, without betraying his Office, keep the Secret with which he had intruſted him, yet he would ſet his Candour in the beſt Light, and endeavour to get his Behaviour over-looked.

MONSIEUR *Le Blanc* kept him at his Houſe, and drove away to the Palace, where he did all that could be done to palliate the Chevalier *De Menil*'s Proceedings; and had certainly brought the Duke *D'Orleans* to have excuſed it, but the Abbè *Du Bois*, perſonally nettled that he had been deluded, inſiſted with a boiſterous Fury, on his being ſent to the *Baſtile*; and his Rancour prevailed againſt the good Offices of Monſieur *Le Blanc*, and the earneſt Sollicitations of *Nocé*, a Favourite of the Regent, who offered to keep him in his Houſe.

A MARQUIS *De Menil*, of another Family, made it his Buſineſs to wait on the Duke *D'Orleans*; proteſting to him, that he was neither a Relation nor a Friend of the Chevalier: "So much the "worſe for you, Sir," anſwer'd the Regent; "the "Chevalier *De Menil* is a very fine Gentleman."

I HAD never heard a Word of this Chevalier *De Menil*, 'till his Impriſonment. His generous Proceeding was univerſally extolled, and on this Occaſion I heard ſo many good Things ſaid of him, that I became exceedingly prepoſſeſſed in his Favour.

THE Regent, in order to juſtify his abrupt Conduct, printed two Letters from Prince *Cellamare* to Cardinal *Alberoni*, which had been taken in Abbè *Portocarrero*'s Packet, with other Writings ſent by the Ambaſſador to that ſubtile Miniſter. At the Head of theſe Letters, was the following Preamble:

"THAT the Publick may be informed of the "Grounds on which His Majeſty, on the Ninth "of the preſent Month, came to a Reſolution of ſending "back the Prince *Cellamare*, Embaſſador from the "King of *Spain* accompanied by a Gentleman

"in

" in Ordinary to the Frontiers of *Spain*; he has " order'd the printing and publiſhing of the Copies " of two Letters from this Embaſſador to his Em- " minency Cardinal *Alberoni*, dated the Firſt and " Second of the preſent Month; ſigned by the ſaid " Embaſſador, and written entirely in his own Hand, " and without any Cypher." To theſe two Letters were ſubjoin'd this Advertiſement:

" WHENEVER His Majeſty's Service, and the " Precautions neceſſary for the Safety and Tranquil- " lity of the Kingdom, ſhall admit of publiſhing the " Schemes, Manifeſtoes and Memorials, cited in " thoſe two dangerous Letters, all the Circumſtances " of this deteſtable Conſpiracy, machinated and con- " ducted by the ſaid Embaſſador, for bringing about " a Revolution in the Kingdom, will appear in their " true Light, to the Indignation of all loyal *French-* " *men.*"

THIS magnificent Promiſe was all; nothing being afterwards publiſh'd: But this Induſtry to aggravate the Matter and excite the Hatred of the Nation, and the Severity already exerciſed towards moſt of the ſuppoſed Delinquents, foreboded the Treatment which the principal Accomplices were to expect. There were alſo many other Notices of it. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* received poſitive Advice, from more than one Quarter, that ſhe was to be taken into Cuſtody. She often uſed to talk to me at Night; and would ſay, that whatever Place ſhe was carried to, ſhe would ask that I ſhould go with her. This, if Matters came to that melancholy Paſs, was what I moſt paſſionately wiſhed. Both of us then made no Queſtion, but that, in Regard to her Rank, the Place

Place of her Confinement would be one of the Royal Seats, with a ſuitable Retinue. It was not in Nature to imagine any Thing of the harſh and unworthy Treatment ſhe afterwards went through. Our ſoft Idea of a Priſon becoming her did not much terrify her. She even uſed to be merry about it, contriving little Projects for making her Retreat, if not agreeable, at leaſt ſupportable and eaſy.

I WAS under this melancholy Expectation, when one Evening, being fatigued both in Mind and Body, I threw myſelf on a Couch in my Chamber and fell aſleep. In the Midſt of my Nap, I felt a ſmart Pluck at my Arm. On this, half opening my Eyes, I through the Dark diſcerned a Woman careleſsly dreſſed, and whom I did not know. She told me in Haſte, that her Miſtreſs ſent me Notice of the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s being to be taken into Cuſtody that very Night; that ſhe had it from ſo ſure a Hand, that there was no Queſtion to be made of it. Theſe Words quite diſperſed my Somnolency. I ask'd her ſeveral Queſtions on Particulars which I found ſhe knew nothing of, and that was all I got from her; except that ſhe had been ſent by the Marchioneſs *De Lambert*, ſo famous for the Purity of her Morals and the Sublimity of her Intellects, and than whom the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had not a faſter Friend, though in this Affair ſhe had not ſhared her Confidence.

WITHOUT Loſs of Time I was with the Princeſs, and acquainted her with the Notice I had receiv'd. This only more preciſely confirmed the many Informations received from other Perſons. She communicated them to thoſe who were moſt familiar about her, and who had been the fartheſt initiated into her

her Myſteries, and kept them to ſpend the Night in her Chamber 'till the Cataſtrophe ſhould break out; but ſhe was ſo little concerned, as to turn it into a Subject of Jocularity, in which we all emulated each other, that this Night of tremendous Alarms ſlid away very chearfully. At length I took a Book which I found by me, in order to throw her into a Sleep. This was *Machiavel's Decades*, folded down at the Chapter *Of Conſpiracies*. I ſhew'd it to her; and ſhe, with a loud Laugh, ſaid; "Away with this Evidence againſt us; it would "be one of the ſtrongeſt."

OUR Expectation this Time was premature. The Day came and advanced, Matters ſtill remaining in *Statu quo*. It ſeems ſome Meaſures, which remained to be taken, obliged the Regent to defer the Execution of his Deſigns for ſome Days. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* however, perſuaded that he would not recede from it, drew up a Memorial, to be left with the Princeſs her Mother; to require, on her being taken into Cuſtody, that ſhe ſhould immediately be brought on her Trial; conſcious that ſhe was not chargeable with any Thing criminal, and that on juridical Examination the Regent's Malignity would be fruſtrated, and he obliged to ſet her at Liberty, unleſs he would ſtand the Odium of all Ranks. Four or five Days had paſſed away pretty quietly, and after having employ'd Part of the Night in compoſing this Writing, and diſcourſing to me about it, ſhe fell aſleep at Six o'Clock in the Morning, and I withdrew. I was juſt began to doſe, when I heard the Door open, for I always left the Key in it. I imagined that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had ſent for me again;

and, half awake, ſaid, " Who is there?" An unknown Voice anſwer'd, " I come in the King's " Name." I was at no Loſs about his Meaning; and, in the ſame Breath, with no very mannerly Accent, he bid me get up. I need not ſay that I obeyed, without any Reply. It was the Twenty-ninth of *December*, and before Day-break. Thoſe who were come into my Chamber had brought no Light, but one of them went and fetched a Candle. Then I ſaw my Company to be an Officer of the Guards, and two Muſqueteers. The Officer read an Order for guarding me in Sight. In the mean time I kept putting on my Cloaths; and asked if my Chamber-Maid, who lodged a little further, might come to me? But not ſo much as this was permitted. The whole Houſe ſwarmed with Guards and Muſqueteers, that there was no Admittance any where. The good Girl, it ſeems, ſeveral Times attempted to make her Way to me, but was always drove back with great Rudeneſs and Inſult.

I WAS under a horrible Diſtreſs of Mind about the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*; doing myſelf the Honour to look upon this Viſit to me, only as a Conſequence of that Princeſs being taken under Arreſt: But, I ſuppoſe, that had I asked, I ſhould not have been the wiſer, and my Keepers would not have gratified my affectionate Curioſity. I ſince knew that the Duke of *Bethune*, Captain of the Guards in Waiting, attended by Monſieur *De la Billarderie*, Lieutenant of the Life-Guards, had brought to her the King's Warrant for carrying her to Priſon; to which ſhe ſubmitted with a moſt amiable Serenity, that the very Tools of this Indignity were concerned at it. *La Billarderie* asked the Woman who lay

lay in the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Chamber, whether ſhe was not Mademoiſelle *De Launay?* She very rightly anſwer'd, no; not envying me at that Time the Treatment, which, from that Queſtion, ſhe might conclude was preparing for me.

I REMAINED, with my three Keepers only, from Seven in the Morning to Eleven, without knowing any Thing of what was doing: However, I ask'd one of them, with whom I had converſed pretty chearfully, Whether I ſhould not be ſent to my Princeſs, in caſe ſhe ſhould be remov'd? He aſſured me, that nothing ſhe ſhould ask would be refuſed. This Hope comforted me; but I was immediately flung into Deſpair, an Officer coming in, and ſaying, that the Princeſs was gone, and that I might be left with only one Muſqueteer.

THE News of this Departure, and without me, touched me to the very Heart. This was the firſt Emotion I felt; for all the reſt I was prepared, that it had ſcarce given me any Uneaſineſs. There was no knowing whither the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had been carried: All I could hear was, that ſhe would lie that Night at *Eſſonne*; whence I erroneouſly concluded, that *Fontainebleau* was the Place appointed for her Confinement. My Grief would have been much greater, had I then known ſhe was on the Road to *Burgundy*, the Duke of *Bourbon*'s Government, in order to be put into *Dijon* Citadel; that ſhe went in the Stage, and for Attendance had only two Chamber-Women. Soon after indeed, at the Sollicitation of the Princeſs *De Condé*, was ſent to her Mademoiſelle *Desforges*, a Relation of Monſieur *De Maleſieu*, who had a long Time lived in her Family, without any Office or Title.

This

This was a ſtrange Abaſement for a Princeſs, accuſtomed to Splendor and Homage, always ſurrounded by Friends and Dependants, and who thinks herſelf alone when ſhe is not in a Crowd.

THE Captain of the Guards left her at *Eſſonne*; and Monſieur *De la Billarderie*, with the Detachment of the Life-Guards and Muſqueteers, carried her to *Dijon*, where he ſtayed ſome Time with her. I cannot omit his generous Concern, at the Obſcurity in which he ſaw this illuſtrious Princeſs; and endeavouring by a reſpectful Complaiſance, and all Manner of kind Offices, to ſoften the Sorrows of her Captivity.

THE Duke *Du Maine* had been taken into Cuſtody at *Seaux*, where he had ſtayed during the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Excurſion to *Paris*; thence he was carried away to the Citadel of *Dourlans*, in *Piccardy*, and there guarded by an Officer named *Favencour*, who uſed him with all the Inſolence and Brutality of an hardened Goaler. Monſieur *De Maleſieu*, who had remained at *Seaux* with the Duke *Du Maine*, was alſo taken there. His Papers were ſeized in his Preſence; and in his Scrutore, within the Folds of his Son's Contract of Marriage, he found the Original of that Letter from the King of *Spain* to the King of *France*, for which he had made ſo many Searches, and been ſo diſturbed at the Loſs of it. He immediately ſeized it with both Hands, and began tearing it to Flitters; but Monſieur *Trudaine*, who examined his Papers, gathered up the Pieces which were carefully preſerv'd, and he was ſhewn the Way to the *Baſtile*.

MESSIEURS

MESSIEURS *Daviſard* and *Barjeton*, who had aſſiſted in compoſing the Memorials on the Ranks of the legitimated Princes, but without any Share in the Cauſe of this Combuſtion, found themſelves envelop'd in the Contumely, common to all who were particularly attach'd to the *Du Maine* Family. Monſieur *De Maleſieu*'s Son, an Officer in the Ordnance, and the Chevalier *De Gavaudun*, were ſeiz'd at *Paris* in the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Houſe, and at the ſame Time as her Highneſs. Even her Maid of Honour, Mademoiſelle *De Montauban*, tho' very little in her Confidence, had the ſame Fate. Two Valets de Chambres, four Footmen, and even two Rubbers of her Highneſs's Apartment, all taken at one Draught, were carried to the *Baſtile* the ſame Day. Even the Abbé *Le Camus* and his demoliſh'd Counteſs, had alſo the Honour of ſharing in the Impriſonment; but, I believe, a little after. The aged Marquis *De Boiſdavis*, a Nobleman of *Poictou*, was likewiſe fetch'd from his remote Province, only on Account of a Letter, written by him, to the Duke *Du Maine*, fill'd with Offers of Services, and Aſſurances of a zealous Devotedneſs to his Intereſt.

THE high Reputation of the Cardinal *De Polignac* did not ſave him from being exil'd to *Anchin*, one of his Abbies in *Flanders*; and to the Leiſure of this Relegation the World partly owes the finiſhing of his admirable *Anti-Lucretius*. The Prince *De Dombes*, and the Count *D'Eu* his Brother, were ſent to the Town *D'Eu* in *Normandy*, an Eſtate belonging to the Duke *Du Maine*. The Princeſs his Daughter, Madame the Princeſs of *Condé* took

took care to put into a Convent. Thus was this excellent Family diſperſed.

FOR my Part, being ſhut up in my Chamber with only a Muſqueteer, I was out of the Way of hearing any Thing. I believe he would not have been unwilling to tell what he knew, for he voluntarily offer'd to do me any Service I would ask. I would have none of his Services, both from Miſtruſt, and not to give him, in ſuch a nice Juncture, any Title to my Gratitude: I had, however, a little Box full of Papers, not at all dangerous as to politic Affairs, but of which, as perſonally concerning me, I could have wiſh'd to have been fairly rid. I thought, after duly weighing the Matter, that it were better they ſhould fall into the Hands of Miniſters than of Muſqueteers. Happily when his Concern for my Misfortunes began to ſhow itſelf more than I liked, he was relieved. His Succeſſor did not ſhow himſelf altogether ſo ſympathizing, only adviſed me to eat a Bit, almoſt giving me to underſtand that it might poſſibly be my laſt, and that it would keep up my Spirits, and help me to make my Exit with a good Grace. I could not imagine what haſty Execution he was adviſing me of, having no Notion of what the Powers in Being intended to do with me.

AFTER Dinner Meſſieurs *Fagon* and *Pariſots*, Maſters of Requeſt *, came to inſpect my Papers. I told them they would find ſome Love-Letters, which it

* So called, from reporting the Requeſts or Petitions of private Perſons to the Council; or rather from their final judging ſuch as are referred to them. They are Counſellors at Law, and buy their Poſts.

it was proper to let them know came from a Gentleman turn'd of Fourſcore though written in a School-Boy's Hand, he being blind. Theſe were the Abbè *De Chaulieu*, and the Secretary his little Foot-Boy, who could not ſpell one Syllable.

THESE Gentlemen turned over my Books, where they met with nothing reprehenſible. They ſearched every Creek and Corner, even under my Bed-Cloaths, yet without perceiving this Box, which I was deſirous of concealing: They would alſo ſearch a Trunk, of which my Chamber-Maid had the Key. This oblig'd them to ſend for her; afterwards, to my very great Comfort, ſhe was left with me. Within an Hour or two after, an Officer of the Muſqueteers came to acquaint me, that I muſt get ready to go, but without telling me whither. I ask'd him, if the Girl who waited on me might go with me? He told me, on that Head he had no Order; and that to allow of it, without the Regent's Pleaſure, was as much as his Commiſſion was worth. I inſtantly begg'd of him to obtain this Favour for me, it being all I ſhould ask. He aſſur'd me the Girl ſhould very ſoon follow me. He took off his Muſqueteer, and ſhut me up in my Chamber only with her; telling me, that in Half an Hour I ſhould be called.

RONDEL, though ſhe had not been quite a Year with me, and more than one Perſon had buſily adviſed her to have nothing further to do with me, aſſured me, that, whatever might happen, ſhe would not leave me; and I had not leſs Reaſon to be ſatisfied with her good Senſe, than her heroic Affection; I think it deſerves that Epithet.

THE

THE little Box of Papers which was with me, though containing only Trifles, diſturbed me; and I had ſo little Wit as to tell her, to take an Opportunity of committing 'em all to the Flames when I was gone, and ſhe ſhould happen to be alone in the Room. I deliver'd her the Key. She had not Leiſure to make any Objection, I being called upon before the Time, and hurried into a Coach by three Muſqueteers.

IT was then Seven in the Evening. By the Time I apprehended my Journey would not be long, and that the *Baſtile* was the Place allotted for me. Accordingly, thither I was carried. I alighted at the End of a little Bridge, where the Governor received me. After being brought in, I was kept ſome Time behind a Door, two or three of our Aſſociates, whom I was not to ſee, arriving at the ſame Time. Theſe were Fineſſes which I was not converſant with. After the others had been ſhewn to their Niches, the Governor came and led me to mine. I croſſed ſeveral other Bridges, along which I heard the rattling of Chains, a Sound little exhilarating! At length I was brought to a large Chamber, without any Thing but four bare Walls, very foul, all over daubed with Charcoal Inſcriptions, which expreſſed the very oppoſite Sentiments and Conditions of the former Occupiers. A little Ruſh Chair was brought for me to ſit down; two Stones for ſupporting a Faggot, which was kindled; and my Light was a Candle's-End, ſtuck againſt the Wall. All theſe Conveniencies having been provided for me, the Governor withdrew; which was followed by the harſh Noiſe of five or

ſix

ſix large ruſty Locks, and twice the Number of Bolts.

THUS here I am, looking on my Faggot, uncertain whether I ſhould have this Girl; who, beſides her Company, I propoſed would be of great Uſe to me: And ſtill more uneaſy, how ſhe would act on the inadvertent Order I had given her, and of which then all the Conſequences were preſent to me. Under this Anguiſh I continu'd about an Hour; and of all the Hours of my Impriſonment, it was the moſt painful.

AT length the Governor again makes his Appearance; and, to my inexpreſſible Joy, follow'd by Mrs. *Rondel*. She ask'd him, with a very grave Air, whether I was to lie on the Boards? His Anſwer ſpoke a Jocularity not at all well timed, and ſo left us. My firſt Queſtion, when we were alone, was, what would become of my Papers? She told me, that ſhe had open'd the Box; and that finding it quite full of Papers, and I not having ſpecified a Word of which I would chiefly have deſtroy'd, it appear'd to her that ſhe ſhould never have Leiſure to burn them all, and much leſs find any Way to hinder the Aſhes from riſing in Judgment againſt her and me: And beſides, ſhe thought, that after the ſtrict Search made by ſuch Gentlemen in my Room, all was over there; that therefore ſhe had judged it beſt to ſhut the Box again, and put it in that dark Place, where it had ſo fortunately eſcaped the firſt Rummage. She deliver'd me my Key, and I could do no leſs than commend her Prudence. I told her, that ſhe had repair'd a Blunder in me, which might have been of diſagreeable Conſequences.

WE were quietly converſing together, when we heard the frightful grating of our Doors, as it could not be otherwiſe. We were directed to go into a Chamber facing ours, without acquainting us wherefore. That is not a Place for Explanations; and moſt of thoſe who come near one, are of ſuch forbiding Phyſiognomies, that one is little inclined to ask any Queſtions.

IN this Chamber we were barricaded no leſs carefully than we had been in the other. We were no ſooner locked in, when I was ſurprized with a Noiſe, ſuch as to me ſeem'd quite ſtrange; and though I liſten'd a long Time, muſing what it might be, I could make nothing of it; and, finding it went on without Interruption, I ask'd *Rondel* what ſhe thought of it? She was at a Stand herſelf; but perceiving it gave me Uneaſineſs, ſhe ſaid it muſt certainly come from the Arſenal, as indeed we were not far from it: Poſſibly it is ſome Engine for preparing the Salt-Peter. I told her poſitively ſhe was miſtaken; that the Noiſe was much nearer than ſhe imagin'd, and withal very extraordinary; yet was it nothing more than common, for I afterwards found out that this Engine, which I did not know but it might be to grind us to Pieces, was no other than the Jack, which we heard ſo plain, the Chamber in which we were being over the Kitchen.

NIGHT was coming on, and no Appearance of a Bed nor Supper; when we were taken from this Chamber, where I was growing very uneaſy about the Noiſe, which ſtill continu'd. We were ſhifted again to our former Room; where I found a little Bed not amiſs, an Eaſy-Chair, two common Chairs, a Table, a wooden Bowl, a Water-Jug, and a Kind

of

of Truckel-Bed for *Rondel*. She complained of it, ſaying it was down-right naſty. The Anſwer was, they were the King's Beds, and not to be found fault with. No further Words; away the Turnkey went, and locked us in.

THESE homely Neceſſaries, when one has been under a Fear of wanting them, gave a greater Joy, than the moſt ſumptuous Furniture to thoſe who live in continual Affluence. I was glad to ſee myſelf Miſtreſs of a Bed, and I ſhould not have been ſorry likewiſe to have had a Supper. It was Eleven o'Clock at Night, and no Sign of any; then the Advice of the Muſqueteer about my dining came into my Mind, and I thought that from his Acquaintance with the Place, he knew it was not the Cuſtom to eat Suppers. Hunger, which drives the Wolf out of the Woods, preſſed me; but I ſaw no Relief. At laſt Supper came, but very late. The Hurry of the Day had cauſed this Irregularity; and the next Day I was not leſs ſurprized to ſee it come in at Six in the Evening, than I had been in a waiting for it 'till ſuch an unſeaſonable Time.

I SUPPED, prayed, and I think with more Attention and Fervour than in the Days of Freedom and Joy, then went to Bed. My Depreſſion would have proved an Opiate; but the little Bell, which the Centry tolls every Quarter of an Hour, to give Notice that he is not aſleep nor off his Poſt, every Time awakened me. This I thought a cruel Rule, that wretched Priſoners muſt be every Moment awakened by a Notice, that ſtrict Watch is kept not for their Safety, but Confinement. It was long before I became accuſtomed to theſe Interruptions.

MONSIEUR *De Launay*, Governor of our Caſtle, had juſt taken Poſſeſſion of his Place when we came under his Care. His Predeceſſor died only the Evening before. He was both a Relation and the Pupil of the former, and by him had been perfectly model'd to all the Practices of the Goal. The Day after my Entrance he came to ſee me, and I obſerv'd he affected Raillery. I ſpoke to him in his own Dialect, and he thought me very well tutor'd. I ask'd him for ſome Books, and a Pack of Cards. He ſent me ſome looſe Volumes of *Cleopatra*. With this Traſh I whiled away the Time 'till ſomething better ſhould come, and play'd at Picquet with *Rordel*. She uſed to relate to me all ſhe had ſeen and heard, the Day that I was taken into Cuſtody, before ſhe was ſhut up with me. When ſhe had finiſhed her Story, I uſed to make her begin again; and, what I ſhould have thought very ſtrange in her ſerene Highneſs towards me, I was perpetually asking her Things which it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould know. One of the chief Points of my Curioſity, was to hear who were our Fellow-Sufferers. She told me the Names of all thoſe whom ſhe had ſeen arreſted at our little *Hôtel*; but there were many others we knew nothing of. "We ſhall have a rare Opportunity," ſays ſhe, "of ſeeing them on *Sunday* at Chapel; and, I "promiſe, my Eyes ſhall be every where." We, at that Time, did not know that it was not thought worth while to let Priſoners partake of the Service of the Church; and it was no ſmall Diſtinction granted to me, that I was admitted to Maſs on *Sundays* and Feſtivals: But, as to the Diſcoveries expected from it, I was never the better, being concealed

cealed under a Pavillion, that I could neither ſee, or be ſeen by any Body.

SUCH Precaution is taken, leſt one Priſoner ſhould have ſo much as a Glimpſe of another, that the Governor told me, he could not avoid ordering Papers to be put on my Windows, as they looked into the inward Court of the Caſtle. I repreſented to him that this was a needleſs Trouble, for ſuch a purblind Creature as I. He had obſerved that I was really dim-ſighted, and ſo deſiſted; without recollecting that I could make uſe of my Companion's ſparkling Eyes, as I did. She ſpent the greateſt Part of the Day in looking through the Caſement, and placed ſo that ſhe was not to be ſeen, whilſt nothing eſcaped her.

MESSIEURS *D'Argenſon* and *Le Blanc* being charged with our Affairs, uſed to come to queſtion the Priſoners. We could ſee them go along the Court, and come into a Hall under my Room. The Fire that was lighted for their Reception uſed to make my Room ſmoak, and this was a previous Signal of their coming. Of all Obſervers, none are ſo attentive as Perſons in Priſon. Prompted by Leiſure and Concern, they give up their Senſes and Faculties to this Exerciſe. They grudge no Pains, to come at the leaſt Diſcovery.

WITH our Judges often came the Abbè *Du Bois*, and then we imagined to behold *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*; and we uſed to obſerve the Priſoners brought to be queſtioned, at which Part the Abbè never aſſiſted. I uſed to lay down with my Ear cloſe to the Floor, that I might catch ſome Words. This however was impoſſible, and no articulate Sound reached us. The moſt that we

could hear was a confuſed Murmur, ſome Burſts of Speech, and juſt diſtinguiſh the Heat or Compoſure of the Interrogatory. Vague as theſe Diſcoveries were, could it be thought that every Day we renewed them with the ſame Ardour?

IN the mean time, I waited with ſome Anxiety for the Time when I ſhould appear on the Stage. I uſed to prepare Anſwers for every Thing that could be ſaid to me. I believe I had collected enough to make a pretty ſizeable Volume; but, except the Exerciſe it gave to my Genius, I might as well have been killing my Time at Cards. Not one of them proved of any Uſe to me; beſides, my Turn was not to come ſo ſoon. My Betters, to be ſure accounted Perſons of greater Importance, were to take the Lead of me. When the Marquis *De Boiſdavis* was called in, they ask'd him where and how he had formed ſuch cloſe Connections with the Duke *Du Maine?* "I never ſo much as ſaw him," ſaid he, "nor yet his Royal Highneſs." "How "then," reply'd the Miniſter, "come you to have "devoted yourſelf ſo zealouſly to the Intereſt of "that Prince, preferably to the Regent?" "Juſt," returned *Boiſdavis*, "as one takes a Fancy, without "knowing why or wherefore, to one Gameſter "ſooner than to another." This was all they got from him, after having, at a great Charge, cauſed all the Papers in his Houſe to be brought to *Paris*.

BEING, at my Departure, taken up with other Thoughts than about what I might want, I now felt the diſagreeable Effects of this Abſence of Mind; for, at the End of a few Days, I found myſelf in Want of every Thing. The Cap on my Head was the only one I had, with no more Shifts than an

Heroine

Heroine of a Romance, when run away with; but without what thoſe illuſtrious Perſons are always provided with, *a Casket of Jewels.* My only Reſource was in poor *Rondel*'s Induſtry, and our Bowl ſerved her for a Waſhing-Tub. During this Operation, my Head-Dreſs was a white Handkerchief, which I happen'd to have about me. In this loweſt of extreme *Negligees*, it was that I receiv'd the firſt Viſit of the King's Lieutenant of our Caſtle. A Woman, whatever Condition ſhe is in, is always vex'd at being found in a diſadvantageous Appearance, by one that had never ſeen her before.

The Name of this King's Lieutenant was *Maiſonrouge.* He had lately, from being a Captain of Horſe, when his Regiment was all he had ſeen, been preferred to this Poſt. He was an honeſt, open-hearted Soldier, with a great many natural Virtues, which did not ſuffer from a little Mixture of Ruggedneſs in his Behaviour. At firſt he would not hear of ſeeing Mademoiſelle *De Montauban*, or me; ſaying to the Governor, when he mentioned it to him, "What would you have me ſay to thoſe "Simpletons, that only whimper and put Finger "in the Eye?" The Governor aſſured him, that we were not under ſuch Affliction. On this he very readily came into the Governor's Motion, to pay us a Viſit. With me he began a conſolatory Harangue, that I ſhould not lay to Heart my Situation. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had taken wrong Steps; I ſhould never be made anſwerable for them: That the Neceſſity I was under of conforming to her Order, would unqueſtionably plead my Excuſe. I ſtrongly ſuſpected ſuch an Introduction, and laid it down as a Truth ſcarce to be doubted of, that this Orator,

Orator, whom I then did not know, came to enſnare me. I made Anſwer, that I did not ground my Security on any Thing perſonal; but that, being perſuaded nothing would be found againſt the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, I could not be under any Fear of Damage reſulting to me from her Faults: That if ſhe had committed any, or I had joined in them, I ſhould not think myſelf diſculpated by Orders, which ought not to be ſubmitted to. Surpriz'd to hear one, whom he thought to find under the Convulſions of Deſpair, argue ſo compoſedly, he took an exceeding Liking to me from this firſt Moment, and uſed very often to come and ſee me.

IN the Extremity of my want of every Kind of Thing, the Governor came to me, followed by a Bale of all my Cloaths, and a Purſe full of Gold. Never ſhould I have known whence this ſo uſeful and timely Relief came, had I not recollected the Purſe to have been of my own making, and that I had formerly given it to the worthy Monſieur *De Valincourt*. He it was, who not afraid to own me at a Time when my Friends durſt not know me, and whom, beyond all others, in regard to his Maſter, it behoved to be cautious, immediately deſir'd of the Miniſters, not only that he might do me this kind Office, but be allow'd to ſend me every Week an open Sheet of Paper, with Queſtions relating to Things that I might want. It had a wide Margin, where, according to the Permiſſion he had obtained, I was to anſwer every Article in Monoſyllables in Preſence of the Governor, who uſed to bring me the Sheet, and ſend it back to my generous Patron. This happy Relief knew no Suſpence, no Decreaſe, from the Moment it was granted 'till the Day

Day I was ſet at Liberty. That glorious Man, whom I cannot mention without Rapture, condeſcended to enter into the moſt minute Details of every Thing that was neceſſary, or merely agreeable, without even forgetting my honeſt Maid. He alſo took care to have all my Furniture carried to his Houſe, or otherwiſe I ſhould have heard no more of it; the hired *Hôtel* being taken Poſſeſſion of immediately after our Removal. Such a Series of Favours, in Things which afford but ſlender Gratification to the Love of Fame, certainly demonſtrated a perfect Friendſhip. His active Care ſaved and procured for me, all that I could have expected from myſelf at full Liberty.

THUS being eaſed of one of the greateſt Pangs of my Condition, I ſhould have reliſhed this Tranquillity, had it not been diſturbed by a dreadful Thought, which continually haunted me. Some Days before my being brought to the *Baſtile* the Abbé *De Chaulieu*, on Occaſion of the daily Commitments at that Time, had told me terrible Stories of what was done in that Place: Among others, of a Lady of conſiderable Rank, who had been put to the Torture without any Trial; and with ſuch Severity, that ſhe loſt the Uſe of her Limbs ever after. This Way, he ſaid, was often put in Practice, without any preceding Formality; and that the Servants of the Houſe were employed as Executioners. This Notion, which he had injected into my Mind, was very terrifying. I was look'd upon to be deep in the Secret of the *Spaniſh* Plot. To be ſure, I was reckon'd to have no more Strength nor Firmneſs than Women uſually have, beſides the little Conſequence of my Perſon. There was the greateſt

greateſt Appearance that, ſhould this be try'd, the Lot would fall upon me. Struck with this Idea, I could not be eaſy 'till I had ſearched into the Foundation of it; but how to go about it I knew not. One Day, when the King's Lieutenant was with me, I ventured to bring the Converſation on ſeveral Things, which I had heard to be practiced in the *Baſtile*. "Idle Tales; mere Falſities," ſaid he. At laſt lowering my Voice, as is natural in Perplexity, I ſaid, That I had been informed of Perſons being put to the Torture, without any Trial. To this he made no Anſwer; but, as we were walking to and fro in my Chamber, after taking only one Turn more, he went away with an unuſual Abruptneſs. I remained agaſt and motionleſs, being now more perſuaded than ever of the horrid Treatment I had to expect. I imagined my Viſitant had been informed of it, and that this Knowledge had impoſed Silence on him, to avoid prevaricating in his Office, or anticipating the Evil which I was to ſuffer; that I began haſtily to walk about the Room, wrapped up in Reflection. A Rectitude of Behaviour was all I had at Heart. I was eaſy about ſuffering, or dying; but what I dreaded was, the Force of exceſſive Torture againſt the ſtrongeſt Reſolution: And I durſt not anſwer for myſelf in a Caſe where I was not warranted by my own Experience. I called in that of others to my Aid. Said I to myſelf, "Why ſhall I not do what others have done? "Dreadful Operations are undergone to ſave Life. "What does Pain do? It extorts Cries, but cannot "force you to articulate Words." After this Soliloquy I grew eaſier; and hoped of myſelf, being ſupported by powerful Motives, any Thing which

was

was not above the Strength of Nature. I perceived afterwards, that our Lieutenant was deaf of one Ear; and recollecting that I had put my Queſtions on that unfavourable Side, I laugh'd at the idle Fears which his ſeeming Precaution had thrown me into.

Before I had got over them, I was called upon, in order to be interrogated by our Commiſſioners. I took care to put upon my Face a little Carmine I had in my Pocket (though I never uſed any ſuch Thing) in order to conceal, as much as poſſible, the Change of my Face, which might be apt to diſcover me. I had been three Weeks in Priſon, when I was brought before theſe Gentlemen. The Keeper of the Seals, with his uſual ſtern Countenance, bid me ſit down, and then pull off my Glove. I pulled off the Left, not knowing what was on the Anvil. He told me to pull off the Glove from my Right-Hand, and hold it up. I did as he bid me, being fully reſolved to tell him only what I pleaſed.

He ask'd me in what Places, and in what Manner I had ſpent my Life? I told him, that I had been in a Convent from my Birth, 'till I came to live with the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. My Story was ſhort. Then he added, That this Princeſs placed a great Confidence in me. I made anſwer, That my Sex and my Station did not admit of any ſuch great Confidence. He replied, That I uſed to be with the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* a great Part of the Night, and that I muſt declare what paſſed at theſe Times. I told him, that I only read her to ſleep. Monſieur *Le Blanc* ſaid, That it was not likely but this Reading was often interrupted. I own'd it. "Well, "what Diſcourſe had you?" replied he. "It was "commonly,

" commonly," ſaid I, " on the Subject of what " had been read." " The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*," added Monſieur *Le Blanc*, " is of too lively a " Diſpoſition to dwell long on the ſame Subject, " without intermixing others." " Yes," anſwer'd I, " ſhe ran into ſuch a Variety, as is impoſſible to " be remember'd." " You was," continu'd he, " the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Secretary." I ſaid, That it was a Title I had never borne, nor perform'd the Duties of that Office; but that indeed I took care of her Books. He alledged, That I had often writ to the King's Librarian. To this I ſaid, " That the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, at the Time " ſhe was drawing up Memorials concerning the " Ranks, having occaſion for ſeveral Books from " the Library, committed this Matter to my Care." I was further told, That ſeveral Letters I had writ to a certain Abbè were in ſafe Hands. Here I pauſed a little, not being able to recollect what theſe Letters could be. At laſt calling them to Mind, I ſaid, " That " very likely they were written to one Abbè *Camus*, " who had offered his Services to the Dutcheſs " *Du Maine*, for writing on the Conteſt of Rank: " That by Reaſon of this Perſon's Incapacity, all ſhe " could employ him in was to make Collections, " analogous to the Point in Debate, and which the " Dutcheſs deſir'd him to ſend to me: That this Com- " miſſion had, for ſome Time, furniſh'd the Abbè " *Camus* with daily Matter for writing to me: That " the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, moved at his Pains, " though of no Manner of Service, had order'd " me, from Time to Time, to give him ſome Re- " compence for his Sedulity. The Letters them- " ſelves," added I, " manifeſt that to have been the

" Whole

" Whole of the Matter." Here it was objected, that in them mention was made of the *Conſtitution*. To this I anſwer'd, " That I never concerned myſelf " about Matters which I did not underſtand, and ſo " little within my Sphere." Then again I was told of a Paper, found torn in the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Chamber, the Day ſhe was taken into Cuſtody, and that it muſt have been I who tore it. I denied it ſtiffly. Next I was ask'd, Whether the Dutcheſs knew that ſhe was to be arreſted? I ſaid, That there had been ſuch Reports brought to her, but ſhe did not appear to take any great Notice of them.

I ALWAYS thought that they would put more perplexing Queſtions to me, and that theſe Trifles were only meant to ſet my Tongue a going. I was out; and thus ended my firſt Hearing.

MONSIEUR *Le Blanc* went out to give Orders for bringing another Priſoner, whoſe Trial was coming on. Monſieur *D'Argenſon* being alone with me, in a very kind Manner, ask'd me whether I was well uſed? ſignifying to me, that whatever I had to complain of ſhould be redreſſed; whence I judged, that I had been well recommended to him: And indeed this Kindneſs I owed to the good Marchioneſs *De Lambert*, who ſpoke very warmly for me to one of our Sex, who had great Intereſt with that ſuperb Miniſter.

I WAS not a little pleaſed with my Conduct at this firſt Hearing, having betray'd no Confuſion or Fear, ſaying only what I meant to ſay, and ſcarce deviating from Truth, into which the Mind, after being forced to ſome Evaſion, returns no leſs naturally, than a Body after circulating falls into the

ſtrait Line. I now thought I could be anſwerable that I ſhould go through with my Part. My Conduct being the Whole that depended on me, and knowing that Princes always clear themſelves, I grew leſs uneaſy; yet it went to my Heart, when I heard that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was cloſely confined in *Dijon* Citadel. Except ſome afflictive Circumſtances, which I now and then got Knowledge of, my Life was quiet and eaſy. It even appear'd to have in it more Freedom, than I had been deprived of. Though, in a Priſon, one cannot do one's own Will; on the other Hand, one is not under the Will of another. That's at leaſt one half gained. The Abſence of all Kinds of Objects there, keeps off the Intruſions of Deſires, or the Impoſſibility of Gratification ſoon extinguiſhes them. It is otherwiſe in Service: There our painful Wiſhes kindle at a thouſand Objects, all beyond their Reach. In Priſon, one is out of the Way of all the Duties, Forms, and Incumbrances of Society; and, every Thing conſidered, it is perhaps the Place of trueſt Freedom: At leaſt I then thought, that this Paradox might be maintained by pretty ſpecious Arguments.

As to that Laſſitude which is ſo much dreaded under Confinement, I was quite free from it. That Senſation, if it be not rather a Suſpenſion of all, could not faſten on me at firſt, being incompatible with the Fears and Agitations by which I was then poſſeſſed; and when Tranquillity began to dawn on me, I excluded it by a Variety of Occupations and Amuſements. It is not ſo much the Importance of Things which gives them their Value, as our Need of them. I could not but be ſurprized at the Relief I found in a Cat, which I had asked purely

purely to rid me of the Mice, that peſtered me moſt horribly. This Cat was big, and kittened. It's Young became Sires and Dams, during my Stay. I liv'd to ſee ſeveral Generations of them. This ſportive Race us'd to play their Tricks and Gambols before me, with which then I was hugely diverted, though Beaſts of no Kind are what I ever loved.

I ALSO, which was quite new to me, took a Liking to Play and Working. All theſe Things, in their Place, relaxed my Mind after intenſe Reading, to which I gave moſt of my Leiſure. By this Experience I learned, that what flattens the moſt ſpirited Diverſions to thoſe giddy Mortals, whoſe Life is but a Round of Indulgence and Pleaſure, is, that with them they loſe their genuine Effect of relieving the Mind or Body when wearied. It has brought me alſo to think, that every State has it's Pleaſures, Age and Infirmity not excepted. There is none by which Wants are ſo much multiplied, as by theſe; and the Relief of Wants is attended with a quicker Pleaſure than Enjoyments, which have not been preceded by ſome Kind of Neceſſity or Diſtreſs. This Reflection tends to abate the Fear of the diſagreeable Situations into which one may fall. We view them, as we think of the *Torrid Zone*, which is looked on as inſupportable to human Life, becauſe we only conſider how exceſſive the Heat muſt be there; the Rains and refreſhing Breezes, are quite out of our Thoughts.

End of the FIRST PART.

MEMOIRS

OF

Madame DE STAHL.

PART II.

I HAD been above three Months in this quiet Receſs, when, *Lent* drawing to an End, the Governor asked me, if I intended to make my *Eaſter* Confeſſion, preparatively to receiving the Sacrament? My Queſtion, in Anſwer to this, was, whether I ſhould be allowed to chuſe my Confeſſor? I was told no; and that the Chaplain of the Houſe muſt be the Man, or no Confeſſion. I had ſuch a Suſpicion of every Body belonging to the *Baſtile*, that I was tempted to remit that Duty to a more convenient Seaſon. However, the Neceſſity of it, with ſome Reflections on the Indecency of omitting it; and even fearing that the Regent, who enquired into every Particular of our Behaviour, might draw

ſome troubleſome Inferences from ſuch a Singularity *, determined, at all Events, to perform this Confeſſion. Having many Things to recollect, in order to its Fulneſs and Regularity, I deſired of the Governor ſome Paper to digeſt them in Writing. He ſaid, nothing was to be writ in his Houſe without his reading it; and, on that Condition, I ſhould have what I wanted. This dull Jeſt convinced me the more of his exceſſive Miſtruſt, which I had experienced before, when entreating him, ſo as to throw myſelf upon my Knees, that he himſelf would be pleaſed to write a ſhort Note to Madame *De Grieu*, which I would dictate, to relieve her from the violent Uneaſineſs ſhe was under about me. To all my Intreaties he continued inflexible; fearing what ſimple Things I had to ſay, and though written by his own Hand, might contain ſome hidden Meaning.

I RELIED on my Memory for the Exactneſs of my Confeſſions; but never was Suſpicion more unjuſt, than that I had harboured againſt our Chaplain. I found him one of the beſt Men in the World; eaſy and compaſſionate, and more inclined to pity my Misfortunes, than reproach me with my Faults. I was rejoiced to have fallen into ſuch good Hands, and that I had got over a groundleſs Fear, which would have deterred me from the Obſervance of a Precept and an indiſpenſable Decorum.

MY innate and uniform Candour, and the Will, I ever had, of doing the very beſt I could, in this Juncture revived my Devotion: For the Buſtle of

* The Papiſts univerſally receive the Sacrament at *Eaſter*; and, in Order to it, have a Certificate ſigned by their Confeſſor.

of political Intrigues, the Paſſions they excite, together with the Diſſipation of the World, had quite unhinged me; but this new Aid fixed the Tranquillity ſo lately returned on me, and I beheld unmoved a great many Things terrifying to unaſſiſted Nature.

THE Count *De L*-----, to the Amazement of all the World, who accounted him one of the Heads of the Enterprize, had remained at Liberty. I made no Queſtion but he had been taken up when we were; and I uſed to ask *Rendel*, who did not know him, if ſhe did not ſee a tall meagre Man, with a black Chin-Cloth, an honourable Mark of his Jaw being broke in Action. At laſt, at the Time I am ſpeaking of, ſhe ſaw him come. "Ah!" cry'd ſhe, "there's the Man with the Chin-Cloth." He was the chief Perſon I had treated with; and though I laid ſome Streſs on our mutual Proteſtations, I ſhould have been better pleaſed to have heard of him at a Diſtance, the further the better, than that he was come to be my Neighbour.

THE Seizure of the Count *De L*----- proved the Means of perplexing the Marquis *De Pompadour*, whom the Men in Power would compel to ſpeak, and he as firmly obſerved Silence. He was ſhewn, as a Confeſſion of the Count, ſome Things which he had told only to him; and, to be ſure, were either bare Conjectures, or had been revealed by ſome indiſcreet Confidents, to whom Monſieur *De L*----- might have imparted them before his being taken into Cuſtody, for afterwards nothing could be got from him: However, Monſieur *De Pompadour*, little prepared againſt ſuch a Circumſtance, and threatened to be confronted with the Count, wavered in his

his Anſwers; and the Miniſters at this, in order totally to overthrow him, plied him with another Battery. *Maiſonrouge*, the King's Lieutenant, had been very much attached to him. Monſieur *Le Blanc* one Day, taking him aſide, ſaid to him, with a Shew of great Confidence, that having an Eſteem for Monſieur *De Pompadour*, he was under an extreme Concern at the Turn his Affair was taking: That his Tryal drew near, and he would certainly loſe his Head, without a clear and faithful Confeſſion of the whole Tranſaction, and it muſt be all written with his Hand: That ſuch a Piece would be neceſſary to the Duke *D'Orleans* for juſtifying his Meaſures, and that it was the only Way to ſave the Perſons complicated in that Affair, from being deliver'd to the Rigour of the Law. Monſieur *Le Blanc* perſuaded the King's Lieutenant, that his End in truſting him with Things of ſuch a cloſe Secreſy was, that he ſhould endeavour to induce the Marquis *De Pompadour* to take the only Way for ſaving himſelf. Having thus moved *Maiſonrouge*'s good Heart, without apprehending that its Motions would be ſet right by the Perſpicacity of an after Thought, he promiſed himſelf the Succeſs of a Negotiation, in which he had ſo throughly deceived the Embaſſador.

THE poor Lieutenant, frightened at what had been made known to him, ran to Monſieur *De Pompadour*, whom he took care to acquaint with every Particular of Monſieur *Le Blanc*'s Diſcourſe, as, to be ſure, no Secreſy had been enjoin'd him. The Marquis was ſo terrified, that he came to their Lure. He made a general Confeſſion, without omitting or diſguiſing any one Thing. He went further;

ther; as when once the Foot has ſlipped, down one is carried to the End of the Precipice. He had written, that when he was treating of the Affair with the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, if the Duke happened to come in, ſhe was ſure immediately to call another Cauſe. The Keeper of the Seals, offended at whatever looked towards clearing the Duke *Du Maine*, ſaid abruptly to Monſieur *De Pompadour*, "'Tis not an Apology for the Duke *Du* "*Maine* that is asked of you; daſh out that Ar- "ticle." He complied, without intimating to Monſieur *D'Argenſon* the atrocious Abuſe of his Office, in not equally admitting both Sides of the Queſtion.

The Duke *D'Orleans*, after treating Perſonages of ſuch exalted Rank with ſo much Rigour, and making ſuch a Noiſe in the World on none of the moſt ſolid Foundations, was now intent on ſetting forth his Proceedings in a ſpecious Light; and of courſe not a little pleaſed with having in his Hands the Writing, which had been ſo artfully got from Monſieur *De Pompadour*. He flattered himſelf alſo, that Fear or Laſſitude would procure him the like Papers from every one of us: And he is known to have ſaid, more than once, that he would have given a Million of Money for thoſe, which the Chevalier *De Menil* had thrown into the Fire.

Monsieur *De Pompadour*, as a Recompence his puſillanimous Security, inſtead of the Liberty he expected, was allowed every Day to take Turn on the Baſtion with a Guard. Soon after had the like Indulgence, without having purchaſed it ſo dearly. It came likewiſe to be extended ſeveral of our Confidents, who in Turns, but well guarded,

guarded, were walked on the Towers of the Caſtle. The laſt Hour was, by way of Diſtinction, aſſigned for my Walk; and the honeſt Lieutenant, whoſe Affection for me daily encreaſed, had reſerved himſelf from any other Duty, to attend me. On the laſt Day of *April*, when he came to fetch me, he acquainted me that Monſieur *Le Blanc* had brought an Order, that on the Firſt of *May* our Walks ſhould be diſcontinued.

THE Singularity of the Day appointed for our cloſe Confinement, after indulging us in the coarſer Seaſon, ſurprized me; and I thought that, under the Pretence of Recreation, they had only meant to plague us. But *Maiſonrouge* cleared up the Myſtery; for, it ſeems, it had occurred to our ſagacious Politicians, that at a Time when all People walk abroad, they that paſſed by, and eſpecially our Relations or Acquaintances, would come to leer at us; and that dangerous Intimations might be given by Signs. "Alas! Sir," ſaid I, "what would "it ſignify to leer at me, either afar off or cloſe "by me? I ſhould ſee nothing of it. When any "ſuch Thing has been the Caſe, there was a Ne"ceſſity of my being told of it, and who would "give me ſuch Notice now?" Whilſt I was talking thus, we had reached the *Baſtion-Garden*; and, at the Entrance, I repeated this Line of *Phædra*:

"*Thee, fulgid Sun, no more ſhall I behold.*"

SOON after an Incident happen'd, which might have given me another Kind of Vexation, than the Diſcontinuance of our Airings. One auſpicious Morning (it was then four Months ſince we had been

in

in Priſon) I ſaw go out of our Caſtle three of thoſe who had been taken up at the ſame Time as myſelf. Theſe were Mademoiſelle *De Montauban*, the younger Monſieur *De Maleſieu*, and Monſieur *De Barjeton*. The Governor, apprehending that I muſt have perceived them, thought it beſt not to conceal it from me; and judging that the Deliverance of others, whilſt I ſtill remained under Confinement, would be Matter of Uneaſineſs to me, he laboured for Reaſons to reconcile me to this Event. After exhorting me not to be caſt down, he told me I might look on it as a Fore-runner of my own Liberty. To the firſt Part of his Speech I anſwer'd, that I was very far from making the Ceſſation of my Fellow-Sufferers Calamities an Increment of Grief to me; that it was rather ſome Alleviation, as I needed not be any further uneaſy about them. As to his Prognoſticks, I gave him to underſtand they did not take with me; and that, after ſuch Siftings, it was plain that they who remained under Confinement, would not ſoon ſee the Period of it.

I KNOW not whether it was to comfort us under this Mortification, that our Walks were reſtored. I had a particular Favour, which gave me much greater Pleaſure. My kind Lieutenant asked Monſieur *Le Blanc* Leave to allow me Pen, Ink and Paper, purely to throw my Ideas together on it. He conſented, provided that the Sheets ſhould be titled, numbered, and I to deliver them as required. This ſtinted me in the Choice of my Subjects; but, to keep clear of all Exceptions, I choſe only one, and that very grave. It was moral Reflections on ſome Paſſages of *Eccleſiaſtes*, but ſome ſubſequent Diſtractions hindered me from continuing the Work.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR *De Maiſonrouge* being, by the Releaſement of ſome of our People, more at Leiſure, was the more aſſiduous in his Attendance on me. Without his perceiving it, there was growing in his Heart the ſtrongeſt Attachment any one ever had for me. He is the only Man whom I have ever thought loved me truly; though, like moſt Women, I have had ſeveral who have expreſſed the Sentiments of that Paſſion. He ſaid not a Word of it; and, I believe, I perceiv'd it a long Time before himſelf. He was ſo taken up with me, as to talk of nothing elſe. With all the other Priſoners whom he viſited, his Tongue was ever running on me; yet he in Earneſt thought, that it was they who would be talking of me to him: Then he would come back, quite tranſported at the imaginary Eſteem they expreſſed for me. "It is ſurprizing," would he ſay, "how much you are "admired, and how every Body here enquires after "you. I can go no where but your are talked of "to me, and with the higheſt Praiſes." This was verified afterwards, when the extreme Pleaſure it gave him came to be obſerved. Dependance produced Adulation; and Priſoners uſe it towards their Keepers, as Subjects towards their Sovereigns. The Lieutenant's Weakneſs coming to Light, the People under him plied him on that Side. Some ſent me Sweet-Meats, others entertaining Books; from every one I received ſome Token of Homage, and all came through his Hands.

THE Chevalier *De Menil*, to inſinuate himſelf with this Ruler, made uſe of a Dream; feigned, I ſuppoſe. He told him one Day (this was before ſome of the Things which, to avoid breaking the Thread, I have related ſucceſſively) that he the foregoing

foregoing Night he dreamed (and well might a Priſoner have ſuch a Dream) that he had been brought to his Trial, and condemned to perpetual Impriſonment in the *Baſtile*, but in Company with me, who was alſo to ſpend my Life in that Place; and that this Circumſtance had exceedingly comforted him, under ſuch a Sentence. *Maiſonrouge* thought I could not but be pleaſed with this from one who had never ſeen me, and he alſo was tickled with the Fancy of having me under his Guard for ever. He immediately came to entertain me with this Tale. I don't know how it was that I liſtened to it more than to a thouſand Things of that Kind, which he uſed to bring to me. Some Days after he went to ſpend an Hour with *De Menil*, and mentioning ſomething of Verſes, he ſaid to him; "You ought to "make ſome to divert your Neighbour." His Chamber faced mine. "What!" anſwered he, "without Pen or Paper?" "Oh!" ſays the Lieutenant, "if that be all, here's a Pencil and "Paper; write away." He haſtily writ ſome Verſes on a Bit of Paper, and *Maiſonrouge* brought them to me, extremely pleaſed with himſelf that he had found out this new Diverſion for me; and, to render it more complete, he ſaid, "Anſwer him in "the ſame Style: I'll furniſh you with what you "want." This Beginning of an Adventure highly pleaſed me; and the Lieutenant thought his Complaiſance well rewarded, in the many Thanks I gave him: So I anſwered in Verſes half MAROTIC *, as

R were

* A jocular, but ſimple and natural Species of Poetry, introduced by *Clement Marot*, a Valet de Chambre to *Francis* I. King of *France*. He was frequently in extreme

were thoſe which I had received. My Anſwer was ſucceeded by another, to which it was inſiſted on I ſhould reply. *Maiſonrouge* ſeeing nothing in this Sportiveneſs which could affect the King or the State, and perceiving how much I was delighted with it, encourag'd us to go on, which we were both very glad to do. Our Poetry, though irregular, cramping me a little, I intimated that Proſe, as eaſier, would be more agreeable to me. The Lieutenant, with his uſual good Temper, conſented; and every Day brought me an open Letter, and carried back my Anſwer. Sometimes we interlarded our Proſe with Rhyme, but the Whole was Jocularity.

WITHOUT being, or having been under Confinement, there's no knowing the Value of ſuch a Paſtime; though it is certain our Compoſitions would not have gained the Prize at the *Floral* Games *.

THIS

treme Indigence; and once preſented this conciſe Petition to his Prince: "May it pleaſe your Majeſty to beſtow "ſomething on me, to buy Books and Food. If Recollec-"tion may ſupply the Want of Books; the Want of "Food admits of no Expedient." His Tranſlation of thirty Pſalms at firſt could not be worked off faſt enough for the Demand. In thoſe Days they were not ſet to a grave Muſic as now, to be ſung in Churches; every one ſang them to what Tune he pleaſed, and commonly to Ballad-Tunes: Each of the Princes and Courtiers choſe one. *Henry* IId's Favourite was, "As the chaſed "Hart," &c. and he uſed to ſing it in Hunting. *See Lives of* French *Writers*.

* A Ceremony in ſome Cities of *France*, beginning on *May-Day*, and uſhered in with a ſolemn Maſs, Muſic, &c. at which the Corporation aſſiſts, and Poems are rehears'd every

THIS Correſpondence of Inviſibles began to aſſume an Air of Gallantry. I humoured it without any Reſerve or Diſquietude. In the mean time *De Menil* grew very deſirous of having a Sight of me, and often hinted ſuch a Thing in his Letters. I anſwered, that the very Spirit of our Adventure, was the not having ſeen each other; and that this Circumſtance no longer ſubſiſting, it would become common, conſequently pall; and our Correſpondence hitherto ſo free and animated, conclude in Form, Conſtraint, and Flatneſs. This prudent Repreſentation had no Effect on his Impatience, he was continually urging our Guardian for an Interview. At laſt he gave us a View of each other, placing us on the Step of our Door. We both looked ſomething ſheepiſh, as poſſibly our Perſons, on both Sides, fell ſhort of Expectation. Not a Word was ſpoke, for that had been the Agreement, and in a Minute he diſappear'd. The Letter ſubſequent to this Appearance, ſhew'd the Hurt it had done us. I perceived it; that furniſhed ſome new Railleries, for all that could be drawn from our Situation we had long ſince exhauſted.

PRISONERS do not ſoon take a Denial. The Chevalier, thinking a Converſation would anſwer better than only a bare Sight, ſaid to the King's Lieutenant, that the Favour he had done us was little or nothing; that it could not be call'd ſeeing one another; that there could be no Acquaintance, without ſpeaking to one another; and at laſt extorted

every Day. The Magiſtrates give a magnificent Treat and adjudge the Prizes; which are Gold and Silver Flowers, but not alike in all Cities. The Compoſitions are an Ode and an Eclogue.

ſuch an unuſual Favour from him. The Lieutenant brought him one Night to my Room, when I was in Bed; and, to allow us Freedom of Speech, left him at my Bed's Head, while at the other End of the Room he amuſed himſelf with talking to *Randal*. Here again we were as much confounded as at the firſt Sight of each other. The Chevalier, like *Tonquin* of *Armorica*, who, when he had found his Deareſt, could not open his Mouth to her, alſo was at a Loſs what to ſay to me: However, ſome few common Things paſſed between us; but it is certain we could not be better pleaſed with each other in this Progreſs, then we had been at the very firſt Step of our Acquaintance. *Maiſonrouge*, perceiving our Converſation moved heavily, came up to our Relief, and with him it became a little more enlivened; but, after all, it was ſo ſhort, that we had little more than Time enough to know one another again.

HERE we ſtopped, but ſtill continued writing to each other; though now this Paſtime was beginning to loſe the Guſt of Novelty, and the ſmall Sight we had of each other took away from it that Eaſe and Familiarity, in which its chief Delight conſiſted, without ſubſtituting any Thing in its Place. In order to ſuſpend it, I made uſe of a Pretence which offered itſelf. I informed the Chevalier *De Menil*, that I intended a Retreat, to prepare myſelf for the approaching Feſtival. This was *Whitſuntide*, which, under the happy Return of my Devotion, I was very deſirous of duly obſerving, and I found Writing to be a great Diſtraction to Recluſes: The Buſtle of the World, poſſibly, does

not

not cauſe ſo much to thoſe that are in the Midſt of it.

THE Chevalier *De Menil* acquieſced in the Reaſon of my Retreat, without the leaſt Objection; whether out of Reſpect to the Motive, or that his Invention was drained. For my Part, though I thought myſelf tired of writing, I ſoon came to find the Want of it. The Void it left in the Place of an Amuſement, to which Circumſtances had given a Sprightlineſs, ſhew'd me that it was of more Concern to me than I imagined. I found that I was not a little vexed at the eaſy Compliance with my Propoſal. This Sentiment, ſo diſproportionate to the Cauſe, made me dread one of a more ſerious Nature; and this Apprehenſion, together with my Spleen, help'd me to go through my Purpoſe. The faithful *Maiſonrouge* perſevered in his Care, Aſſiduity, and Fondneſs; though now more backward than ever.

IT is the Fate of a pure and faithful Ardour to be treated with Ingratitude. He made to me a Kind of Declaration, ingenuous enough, and without any Forecaſt. Madame *De Real*, one of the moſt affectionate of my Friends (this was Mademoiſelle *De Grieu*) who had been married a little before my Impriſonment, often uſed to call on him, to enquire about me. One Day, after juſt parting from her, he told me, ſhe had ask'd him, whether he took good Care of me? and his Anſwer was, "How can I but take Care of her, Madam? All "the World ſays I am in Love with her." "I "wiſh to God it may be ſo, Sir," replied ſhe. The Simplicity of this Wiſh ſet me a laughing, though without ſhowing the leaſt Attention to the

Ground of it, for which he never came to a more clear Explanation: But his own Behaviour evidenced an Attention without Reſpite, Complaiſance without Reſerve, a perpetual Tenderneſs without any Regard to himſelf, a greater Deſire of contenting me than of being agreeable to me; ſo much mine, that he ſeem'd to be no longer his own. Never in the World, not even in Romances, have I ſeen a Perfection like his. Sentiments ever conſtant, ever uniform; and the more admirable, as not formed by the Refinements of the Mind, but by ſimple Nature, which ſeem'd to have intended a Heart, without any Thing culpable in it. Probity, Honour, all the Virtues of a worthy Man, were equally natural to him; and if his Mind was without Sagacity or Embelliſhments, it did not want Senſe and Judgment.

THE Holidays, which had furniſhed me with the Plea of a Retreat, being over, there was an End of it. Our Lieutenant, to make me Amends for my Mortification, the next Morning brought the Chevalier *De Menil* into my Room, and we chearfully drank Tea together. The Chevalier, in going back out of my Room, artfully dropped a Billet. *Rondel* perceiving it, took it up, and full of Joy brought it to me, as ſhe was always glad of any Thing to divert me. In it I found theſe enigmatick Words.

BILLET.

"A WISE Legiſlator, on perceiving himſelf to
"have eſtabliſhed a Law of too great Severity,
"is to declare a Modification of it. A dutiful
"Subject,

" Subject, before ſuch Declaration, will not allow " himſelf the leaſt Tranſgreſſion. The Queſtion " is, Whether this Law ſhall remain for ever " aboliſh'd ? Or, whether only for a Time ? In " the laſt Caſe, the Tranquillity of the People will " admit of no Suſpenſion."

THIS Continuance of our Adventure under a new Form pleaſed me, ſo as to draw me into a Step more important than the foregoing. I anſwer'd this Billet : The Words I do not remember, but the Import of them was ; " Speak, you are liſten'd " to :" And this Anſwer was clandeſtinely deliver'd. *Menil*, encourag'd by this apparent Countenance to his Deſigns, carried them further ; and even ventured to make his Way into my Room, without a Conductor.

THE Lieutenant's Apartment was over mine, where he came in at all Times ; and, for the greater Readineſs, uſed to leave the Key in my Door. *Menil* having by Force and Skill opened his, found an eaſy Acceſs into my Room. The Hour he took was when the King's Lieutenant went to ſup at the Governor's Apartment, which was ſeparated from ours by two Courts.

THIS unexpected Sight ſtruck me with Amaze, Fear and Anxiety, mixed with Joy, at the Riſk a Perſon ran purely to ſee me, and produced a ſtrange Confuſion in my Sentiments : But the moſt agreeable got the Aſcendant and diſperſed the others, and I lent an Ear to what had been the Scope of this hazardous Attempt. This was the Diſcovery of a real Affection, 'till then veiled under ſuch Jocularities as were permitted to come to my Hands.

As

As ſome Foundation for ſuch warm Sentiments, which I was for queſtioning, he alledged an Eſteem of a long ſtanding, which my Reputation had produced. Whatever tends to perſuade us of our own Merit ſeems, at leaſt, probable. I did not examine this cloſely; and, being diſpoſed to believe that the Chevalier *De Menil* thought me worthy of his Love, and did love me, I let the Perſuaſion take its Way. Intent on what he was ſaying to me, I ſcarce minded my Anſwer; thinking not ſo much to conceal or make known my Sentiments to him, as to convince myſelf of his.

THE Country in which we then lived, cut ſhort all Formalities. Any where elſe it would have been a long Time before I would have heard, and ſtill longer before anſwering; but in a Place where, if one comes once to ſee one another, a ſecond Meeting is very uncertain, more is ſaid in an Hour than poſſibly would have been ſaid in a Courſe of Years out of it; and we not only ſpeak but think quite differently, from what we would in other Places.

THIS Converſation, though ſo full of Matter, was but ſhort; for a Knock with a Pike, given by the Centry, informed us that our Maſter was coming into the Caſtle-Yard, and conſequently that it was Time to break up. My Lieutenant came, as uſual, to wiſh me a good Night when he returned to his Apartment, and to lock my Door ſafely; the Keys of which, as of all others, were kept in his Chamber. Having no Suſpicion, he did not obſerve any Concern in my Looks, or he attributed it to the general Cauſe.

WHEN alone, I gave myſelf up to endleſs Reflections on what had paſſed. I reviewed the whole Con-

Converſation, weighed every Word, conſtrued the Looks and Geſtures, commented on the broken Sentences; and, from the Whole, I loſt myſelf in a Miſt of vague Inferences. When I came to the Point, the Diſtance and Multiplicity of Objects embarraſſed Reflection. I turned back, and in the Oddity of our Acquaintance and ſingular Conſequences, I diſcerned all the Preſages of an Engagement, which might go a great Way; but I was for entering into none of a gloomy Aſpect, and checking the Propenſity which was already beginning to work on me, and aſſiſted by the Advantage of the Place, I determined to break off a Correſpondence now become dangerous.

WITH this Intent I wrote to the Chevalier *De Menil*, acquainting him, That I had readily come into what had appear'd to me to be no more than Pleaſantry; that he having declared himſelf to me in another Manner, to have any further Correſpondence with him, would be deviating from the Conduct of my whole Life; and that, to the Calamities in which Fortune had plunged me, I would by no Means add thoſe which might follow from Imprudence, as the Reproach would be wholly mine.

PERHAPS there was not a ſingle Word of all this in my Letter, but it was pretty near the Import. Abſolute Diſcharge, yet ſo, as not to make it be taken; neither was it. I received an Anſwer, pregnant throughout with a Reſolution to overcome mine; and writing was not all, for the bold *Menil* return'd in the ſame Manner he had done the Night before. I inſiſted on his immediate going away. He would continue where he was, and broke out into

into eager Proteſtations of an Attachment without Bounds or End, ſuch as I ſhould never diſapprove or repent of anſwering. I adhered to my firm Reſolution againſt embarking in a dangerous Commerce. I told him, that the more he was perſuading me of the Reality of his Sentiments, the more he excited my Fear of them, and obliged me to turn the deaf Ear to them. Whatever could be ſaid in a low Monotony was ſaid on both Sides, though very conciſely. I concluded with a ſerious Requeſt, that he would no longer attempt to ſee me again, and to renounce every direct Correſpondence with me; for I would not run the Hazard, which our Situation might add to the other Dangers peculiar to theſe Sorts of Connections.

HE left me with all the Appearance of extreme Grief, yet obſequious to my expreſs Will. I pleaſed myſelf with the fine Defence I had made, which however coſt me a ſevere Struggle, beſides the Diſadvantages of ſuch a Rupture, in loſing the chief Amuſement of my Solitude, and my Mind ſinking into a ſupine Tranquillity. As to our former ſportive Commerce, there was no renewing it after ſuch Overtures; beſides it had long ſince ran low, and loſt all its Racineſs.

BUT *Menil* was not the kind, ſubmiſſive Creature I had thought. He writ to me, that he could not hold out under the Reſtriction I had enjoined him; that, after many excrutiating Reflections, he had found out Means for ſecuring his Tranquillity, without diſturbing mine; that all the Favour he asked of me, was to permit him to ſee me, and communicate his Intention to me; that, he flatter'd himſelf, I ſhould approve of it; concluding, that whatever

ever was my Deciſion, after this Interview, he would ſubmit to it without any further Importunity.

I SAW into what *Menil* was for ſaying to me, and thought it was proper to give him a Hearing; and beſides, I had a great Inclination to ſee him again, ſo that I conſented to this new Viſit. He came. I received him with a Mixture of Grief and Confuſion. "Well, Sir," ſaid I, "what more have "you to ſay to me?" He pauſed ſome Time, as it were for arranging his Thoughts: At length he ſaid, "You may have imagined that, whilſt "I only ſent you Frivolities, I meant no more than "to divert the Tedioufneſs of my Confinement; "yet nothing is truer, than that a more intimate "Connection was then in my Thoughts. You "could not but obſerve it, by the Multitude of "my Queſtions, and extreme Deſire of finding out "your Temper, your Sentiments, your Inclinations, "and of coming more and more to a Knowledge "of you, through all the ſeveral Obſtructions which "debarred me of the Pleaſure of ſeeing you. Our "Friend has told you a Dream of mine, which "I had when broad awake; it being an Emanation "from my continual Reflection, on the Happineſs "of him who ſhould paſs his Life, whatever were "the Place, with ſuch a Perſon as yourſelf. If "ſuch were my Thoughts when I knew you only "by the Report of another, judge what Additions "a more direct Knowledge of your ſeveral Endowments muſt have made to the Idea I have formed "to myſelf, of the Felicity attending an inſeparable Poſſeſſion? It is this perfect Felicity which "is my Scope; which I would ſecure to myſelf, "if my Deſires be agreeable to you. You took the

"Alarm

" Alarm too haſtily at my Tender of them. It " is what I ſhould not have ventured on, had " my Intention been leſs worthy of you; yet," continued he, " I did not think they could properly " appear in my firſt Diſcourſes. Before I acquainted " you with all the Extent of my Sentiments, it " ſeemed in Form that I ſhould know thoſe which " you were ſuſceptible of towards me; and could " I have ſupported the Interdiction of all Com- " merce with you, purſuant to your abſolute Sentence, " I ſhould not even now have explained myſelf."

To this long Speech of the Chevalier *De Menil*'s I had liſten'd, not without Amazement. My Anſwer was, That I could not but be ſenſibly touched with his Thoughts of me, nor ſhow a better Acknowledgement then by not cloſing with them: That it became me to acquaint him, that he did not yet know how much my Condition was, in every Reſpect, inferior to his: That I was of no Family or Fortune, and with an abject and indelible Appellation from my Station about the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Perſon: That if my Wretchedneſs was no Secret to him, it was my Duty to direct his Attention to it; and lay before him the Cenſure he would incur, of which I would neither be the Cauſe, nor the Occaſion. He told me, That he was perfectly well acquainted with my Circumſtances, and that all his Concern was, that he had not a better Fortune than his own to offer: That the Opinion of the World weighed but little with him, as the ſenſible Part would be of his Side, and that he did not think Happineſs was to be ſacrific'd to the falſe Judgment of the low thoughted Multitude. That he did not declare his Views to me with- hav-

having well examined them, and entirely ſettled himſelf in the Reſolution he had taken: That no Change was to be feared, as it had preceded the Paſſion which had grafted itſelf on the perfect Eſteem he before had for me: That by this Paſſion he ſhould become infinitely unhappy, if I did not conſent to his Viſits 'till the Recovery of our Liberty, of which he made no Queſtion, to enable him to accompliſh his Deſigns.

I CONJUR'D him again to take under farther Deliberation Things of ſuch Importance, and ſo clog'd with Inconveniencies; adding, That if, after the moſt mature Conſideration, he ſtill continued in the Deſire of an indiſſoluble Attachment to me, I ſhould hold it lawful for me to live with him, as far as our Situation admitted, on a Perſuaſion that he would obſerve all the Regards conſiſtent with the Eſteem which he expreſſed for me. He ſwore to me, that his Reſpect and Submiſſion ſhould always be the principal Evidence of the Affection which devoted him to me for Life. After theſe Preliminaries the Conference ended. My Heart and Mind were now ſo full, that the Power of Action was ſuſpended in both. My Thoughts and even Perceptions were over-caſt: At length the Gloom cleared up. I diſcerned that the Chevalier's Sentiments had ſtrongly affected me. I ſaw in him a Deliverer breaking the Shackles of my Abaſement, reſcuing me from Servitude, more contrary to my Temper than the Confinement I then underwent; and compleating my Happineſs, by aſſociating my Life to his own.

IT is only as a ſupreme Good, that an Object has a Right to engage our Affections; if any take

Poſſeſſion of our whole Soul, it is by preſenting itſelf to us under that Appearance. I thought to have found that Good which our Deſires are continually in Purſuit of, and never find. I did not then know that this World is not the Place of its Exiſtence, imagining that it muſt reſide in an harmonious and conſtant Junction. Seduced by this pleaſing Illuſion, a Paſſion ſtronger than that I had inſpired inſinuated itſelf into me. So far from being alarmed at it, and endeavouring to oppoſe its Progreſs, I made it the Meaſure of my future Happineſs. To conceive how I ſuffered Sentiments, which apparently I could eaſily have ſuppreſs'd, to gain ſuch a Sway over me, one muſt ſet out from the Point where I was, and concenter the different Circumſtances of my preſent and preceding Situation.

THE very Day after this Converſation, I received a Letter from the Chevalier *De Menil*; expreſſing, with redoubled Energy, every Thing which could convince me of a tender and durable Paſſion. We met, as it were by Accident, at the Lieutenant's, who was indiſpoſed. We had ſeparately ask'd that we might be permitted to wait on him. *Menil* was conducted thither firſt; afterwards I made known my Deſire, which was immediately accepted.

MAISONROUGE, who ſuſpected nothing of our Intelligence, was highly delighted with this Meeting. To me it gave ſuch a lively Joy, that the Time has remained in my Memory as one of the moſt agreeable Hours of my Life. The Secret of our Tye concealed from him who had firſt promoted it, contrary to his own Inclination, added, I know not how, high Poignancy to the Delight of ſeeing each other. It laſted but a little while;

as

as the Caſe is of moſt Things, eſpecially in that Country. The perpetual Diſquietude there, hinders every Thing from growing up to a Conſiſtency. We found Means to ſee one another ſoon after; and, when Intentions and Proteſtations were repeated to me, I countenanced them, and even ſignified my Sentiments, which completed my Lover's Satisfaction. I had no leſs in giving Vent to them. We agreed to ſee each other as often as Prudence would permit, and to write every Opportunity.

DEAR *Rondel* aſſiſted us with her Aſſiduity, giving and receiving our Letters, watching the Moments proper for our Interviews, and ſecuring us from a Surprize. Her Opinion of me was ſuch, as to believe that if I had formed ſuch a Connection, it was on good Grounds; and ſhe would not have acted the Part ſhe did, without having, by what I gave her to underſtand, all the Reaſon in the World not to form any other Judgment of it.

THE Chevalier *De Menil*, no leſs than myſelf, had obſerved that *Maiſonrouge* loved me with Paſſion. We were ſenſible how greatly it concerned us, to hide from him our Correſpondence, which he now no longer ſuperviſed. The more intereſting Letters which we now wrote to each other, had given us a Diſtaſte of thoſe which went through his Hands; but he obſerved this Colluſion, and reproached me with it, that in order to remove his Suſpicion, and to diſguiſe the apparent Ceſſation of our Letters, I continued writing by him.

BUT this Correſpondence dull and phlegmatic, as being forced, was totally dropped; continuing, at all Opportunities, our more animated Letters of Paſſion; and ſome Moments we ſnatched for Con-

given me of his intentions. "Alas!" ſaid I
"what would that ſignify? If you reta
"Affection for me, you will follow that Re
"which it originally dictated; and ſhou
"be otherwiſe inclined, I am not the Wo
"oppoſe your Sentiments, and live with you
"you were heartily and entirely mine."

I THOUGHT while I was ſpeaking ſo, ſuppoſed it was impoſſible. The Sympathy us, to me ſeemed ſo perfect and abſolute, th me in Mind of the Idea of Twin-Souls, wh always ſeeking each other, ſeldom finding; an happy Meeting conſtitutes ſupreme Felicity. municated this Thought to him, which he as a true Character of our Connection. I v in the Elements of a Happineſs hitherto u Before I had loved, without being lov'd; been lov'd, without liking my Lover. To of a reciprocal Attachment, which I thoug be unalterable, I had been quite a Strang in Idea. The Chevalier *De Menil*'s Tem Reputation, his irreproachable Conduct, h which was conſiderably beyond that when o

Increaſe. Not an Inſtant paſſed without one of this Kind. The leaſt Noiſe was, in our Imaginations, big with formidable Events. Every little Cloud in the Countenance of a jealous Superintendant (for ſuch he was growing, without knowing how much Reaſon he had for it) we imagined to forebode the worſt of Evils.

OUR Contrivance of ſeeing each other had been ſucceſsfully carried on, 'till the Duke *De Richlieu* was removed from a Tower, where he had firſt been kept up, into an Apartment over that of the Chevalier *De Menil*. The Vicinity of ſuch an alert Perſon, render'd great Precautions neceſſary. The King's Lieutenant now never failed ſecuring the Keys, which he had uſed to leave in my Door, before which the Inhabitants of our Ward paſſed along, in going to their Walks; and, though they were always well guarded, ſuch an Object of Offence was not thought fit to be left expoſed to publick View.

THE Reader would unqueſtionably chuſe rather to know why the handſome, the rich, the gay Duke *De Richlieu*, ſhould be committed to the *Baſtile* than any *Minutiæ* concerning ſuch an inconſiderable Perſon as myſelf. All that I heard of it was, that like us, but without our Participation, he had entered into a Correſpondence with *Spain*; and that after very ſevere Uſage, long and frequent Interrogatories, innumerable Artifices to impoſe on him, even to the counterfeiting Letters as from a Princeſs, known to be greatly his Friend, his Secret could not be got from him; and at length by Court Intrigues, in which Love had a great Share, his

Diſcharge was obtained, and for ſome Time before very great Alleviations of his Confinement.

THE Grant of a more commodious Apartment to him, with the Liberty of walking out, brought on the Regulation which ſo extreamly diſtreſs'd us. It was obſerved when the Miniſter came, but this was only now and then a Day, yet even this Day ſeemed to us very uncouth and tedious. There is no Habit ſo eaſily contracted, as that of ſeeing a Perſon one loves; nor when grown ever ſo little into a Habit, is there any Thing ſo neceſſary. I now began to feel the Vexations which accompany the Paſſions, and render their Sway ſo painful. Theſe were not the firſt, I had already ſome diſagreeable Experience from the Humours of *Menil*, who, out of all Reaſon, would now and then ſtomach the Complaiſance which I could not but ſhow to our Lieutenant, tho' theſe I reduced as low as poſſible. I had repealed my Leave to come to my Room after he had ſupped, under Pretence that I would go to ſleep earlier. He never offered to thwart me in any Thing I would, though ſometimes I was alſo obliged to comply with what he deſired.

ONE Day he brought me ſome Partridges, in order to ſup with me. *Menil*, ſtill Maſter of the Art of opening his Door, came and liſten'd at mine, and pretended I had been very humourous, and had ſpoken of him with an offenſive Levity; But the worſt of the Story with him was, that after Supper, it being extreamly hot, we went and ſtood at the Window together, where the Lieutenant deſired me to ſing. I begun a Scene of the Opera of *Iphigenia*. The Duke *De Richlieu*, who was alſo at his Window, ſung *Oreſtes*'s Anſwer in the ſame Scene, and which ſuited

ſuited our Situation. *Maiſonrouge*, thinking this diverted me, and perhaps willing to promote a little Mirth, allowed us to go through the whole Scene. It was, it ſeems, no Mirth to the Chevalier *De Menil*. The next Day, in his Letters, he twitted me with the Converſation at Supper, which I little thought he had heard. For my Part, I no longer remembered that he had been ſo much as mentioned, and ſaid nothing to him of it. This ſeem'd to him a Subterfuge, which put him ſo exceſſively out of Humour, that, to my great Aſtoniſhment, he urged me to break with *Maiſonrouge*: But a few Words gave him to ſee the vaſt Imprudence of ſuch a Meaſure, and he grew ſomething eaſy.

It was not long before we found Means to ſee one another again. The Regulation relaxed, as Regulations always do, and we returned pretty nearly to our former Courſe of Life. This little Abſence, ſweeten'd by frequent Letters, only ſerv'd to heighten the Satisfaction of ſeeing one another again; and, for ſome Days, we enjoyed it with tolerable Chearfulneſs. From the Reſervedneſs of the Lieutenant, we concluded that he ſuſpected it, yet winked at it. In this Opinion we became leſs circumſpect, and our Imprudence degenerated into Raſhneſs, that ſeveral Times we were near being ſurprized. At laſt one Night, when *Menil* was for going away for fear of an Accident, I was ſo indiſcrete as to detain him. Within leſs than Half a Quarter of an Hour after, and indeed ſooner then ordinary, the Turnkeys, who for ſome Time had a Suſpicion of *Menil*'s Sallies, came their laſt Rounds, and carried away our Keys, along with all the others, into the Lieutenant's Apartment.

There

THERE is no expreſſing my Horror, when I heared the Keys turned on us. What was to be done, in ſuch an unlucky Juncture? The Chevalier *De Menil* was not to continue locked up in my Room, that was certain. As to his being found with me in the Day-time, this was no more than Breach of the local Law or Cuſtom; yet for him to paſs the Night here, would be a Scandal every where. But how to get him out? The Door was too ſtrongly barricaded to be thought of, and the Windows we could only look at them. The only Reſource left to me, was the Indulgence of poor *Maiſonrouge*, againſt whom however this was a moſt grievous Treſpaſs. At length I collected all the Courage requiſite in ſuch an Exigency, and waited at my Window 'till he ſhould return from the Governor, with whom he uſually ſupped.

GLAD was I at ſeeing him croſs the Court. I called to him, ſaying, I hoped he would be ſo kind to come and wiſh me a good Night. This ſet him a running to bring my Key, and he came to me quite in a Tranſport of Joy for this unuſual Favour. I went up to him, his Rival placing himſelf a little aſide, that he might not be perceived. I ſaid to him, with the moſt confuſed Air in the World, "You "ſhew'd my Neighbour the Way to my Apart-"ment, and very indiſcretely he has found it again "without you. We have been unexpectedly lock'd "up, before the uſual Time. You would not have "him left here; rid me of him, I beſeech you." At the very firſt Word, caſting his Eye on the Chevalier *De Menil*, his Countenance changed. The chearful Air that he had in coming in, was ſuddenly loſt in the moſt ſupercilious Gloom; and he ſaid,

to

in a very dry Tone, That it was bringing him into a great deal of Trouble; that he could not go up to fetch Monſieur *Menil*'s Keys, and come down again and open his Door, but his People and thoſe in the Houſe muſt perceive it, and form Suſpicions of great Diſadvantage both to himſelf and me. I granted that he had all the Reaſon in the World to complain of our Imprudence; I acknowledg'd myſelf greatly in the Wrong; I promiſed it ſhould be the laſt; I implor'd his Friendſhip, as my only Relief. He left me, without ſaying one Word more; and, going for the Keys, came and fetched Monſieur *Menil*, who was more out of Countenance than any of us; then locked him in, without calling on me again.

THIS Expedition being over, I found myſelf much eaſier, though I had ſtill great Cauſes of Trouble. The juſt Indignation of a Man whom, though under ſuch extraordinary Obligations to him, I expos'd by my Humours to the Scandal of betraying his Office: My ungrateful Duplicity towards the Perſon, who had deliver'd himſelf up to me with an unreſerved Devotedneſs:

Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!

Strange Force of lawleſs Love, on human Hearts!

In fine, this cruel Tyrant himſelf in the Bottom of my Heart, lamented my Separation from the Object he had rendered ſo dear to me.

THE Lieutenant, being by Honour and Jealouſy concerned that I ſhould be ſecurely kept, I made no queſtion would exert a Vigilance ſufficient to fruſtrate any

but without mentioning a Word of what had
He found me melancholy, but too well kn
Cauſe of it to ask any Queſtions. Sometimes
juſtice was ſuch as to hate him, and though
he perceived it, this made no Alteration in hi
viour, which ſtill continued zealous to ſerv
and, preventing my Deſires, he procured me
count of Madame *Grieu*, and other Perſons w
deſervedly reſpected; he alſo allowed me all t
Liberties conſiſtent with his Duty. In the I
when Reaſon ruled in me, it always reconciled
him, and with that warm Gratitude due to hi
berleſs good Offices.

In the mean time *Menil*, who could no
great a Loſer as myſelf, was inceſſantly con
how to bring Things on the former Footin
Money, or Promiſes, or ſome Way or oth
brib'd one of the Turnkeys. Theſe are the
who attend the Priſoners, and bring them the
tuals and other Neceſſaries, having, for this P
the Keys of the Chambers all the Day long.
Man, when he went from me, only feigned

again, at once ſcattered thoſe prudent Reflectic which oppoſed ſuch perilous Interviews. This w very ſhort, and when we repeated them it was wit great Precaution; but to the Night, which had bee ſo fatal, I would never expoſe myſelf, and we con ducted our Madneſs, for ſuch indeed it was, with al poſſible Diſcretion. But if we ſeldom ſaw each other, not a Day paſſed without writing. Our abundant Leiſure could not be taken up with a more intereſting Buſineſs.

THE firſt Letters which we writ to each other, in this new Kind of Commerce, have not been reſtored to me. The Chevalier *De Menil*, at that Time more timerous, uſed to burn them; but afterwards, through Confidence and a Care of preſerving them, he omitted this Act of Prudence, and reſtored what remained by him when I had occaſion to demand them of him.

OUR Leiſure produced an innumerable Multitude of theſe Letters. The Paſſion to which I thought I might give myſelf up, without offending either Reaſon or Virtue, is there expreſſed without any Reſerve. I ſpoke to one, to whom I look'd upon myſelf as already united by the moſt ſacred Bands; e Period of our Captivity being the Time ap- inted, and conſequently paſſionately wiſhed, for idering this Engagement ſacred and indiſſoluble.

IN theſe Commencements of our Connection I was cipating a State of perfect Felicity, without any nge, Traverſes, or diſagreeable Intervals. One , when we imagined ourſelves the moſt ſecure, King's Lieutenant being gone to dine at *Vin- s* with the Marquis *De Châtelet*, his Friend former Colonel, Monſieur *Le Blanc* came to the

the *Baſtile*, directing the Governor to carry a Queſtion to the Chevalier *De Menil*, concerning his Declaration. The Governor, who was at Dinner, ſtarted from Table, and made ſuch Haſte that *Menil*, who was with me when we perceived him hurrying along, had not Time to prevent him; but *Menil* followed him ſo cloſe, as to receive all the Fire of his Rage, and ſome Strictures of it reached me. After this Exploſion, a moſt violent one it was, he executed the Miniſter's Meſſage, and carried back his Anſwer; taking Care not to ſay a Word of what had happened, as it would have involved him in a Charge of Negligence: But no ſooner had Monſieur *Le Blanc* turned his Back, than he ordered the Chevalier *De Menil* to be removed to a Tower, and there was he lodged in a Kind of Dungeon, at a great Diſtance from my Apartment.

THE Rigour of this Treatment, and the bad Aſpect of ſo haſty a Removal, overwhelmed me with Grief. Contrary to my uſual Temper, I gave myſelf up to Tears and Deſpair. Never had my Soul known ſuch a torturing Senſation; I now looked upon it as ſevered from itſelf, without any Hopes of a Re-union.

MENIL I ſuppos'd to be in the like Agony, and this doubled my Grief. The Hardſhips of ſuch a frightful Abode, together with the Convulſions of his Mind, made me fear not only for his Health, but even for his Life; for the Mind, when out of itſelf, never fixes, and the Uncertainty I was in of all theſe Things, of which I might very probably have got Information, gave a more painful Edge to every Reflection.

THE Abſence of *Maiſonrouge* left me quite deſtitute of Comfort. Under all the Wrong I had done him, I ſtill expected every Thing from him; and if at any Time I was miſtaken, it was only in his greatly exceeding my Hopes. After waiting on the Governor, who inform'd him what had happened, the next Perſon he ſaw was myſelf. The tender Concern for the Condition he ſaw me in, excluded from his Heart any Rancour or Reſentment of my Offences; or he ſtifled them ſo well, that nothing of them appeared. He condoled with me on the Diſaſter which had happen'd; he aſſured me that there was nothing which could contribute to my Comfort, that he would not heartily join in.

I WAS very much moved to find ſuch favourable Diſpoſitions, where I had ſo little deſerved them. I did not conceal my Sentiments from him; I thought they might be depoſited in the Boſom of ſuch a Friend. I judged, that the Pain it might give him would be ſoften'd by the Teſtimony of my Eſteem and Confidence; and that far from making a freſh Wound in him, by owning to him what he was ignorant of, it was applying to thoſe which he had already received the only Remedy in my Power: I therefore reſolved on a candid Acknowledgement, and ſaid to Monſieur *De Maiſonrouge*, That to his kind Care of furniſhing me with Amuſement under my Calamities, I ow'd my Acquaintance with the Chevalier *De Menil*; that, like him, I had meant it only as a mere Paſtime; that Habit and the Want of Employment had gradually encreaſed to a Paſſion, what at firſt was only a Diverſion; that ſuch Sentiments had been ſhewn as had made their Way into my Heart, and there produced thoſe which

had led me into all the Irregularities he had ſeen me commit, and I begged of him to forgive them. I ceaſed ſpeaking. He remained for ſome Time as loſt in the Confuſion of his own Sentiments. The Tenderneſs which the Tokens of my Confidence and Repentance raiſed in him, ſhowed itſelf in his Countenance. At laſt, making an Effort to explain himſelf, "My dear Friend," ſaid he, for that was the Stile he always gave me, "you know that I am "wholly yours, and I am going to give you un-"queſtionable Proofs of it: But you muſt tell me "what are your Engagements with the Chevalier "*De Menil*. If his Intent be to place you in "a more happy Condition, as mine is not worthy "to be offered to you, I will lend a helping Hand "to whatever can contribute to your Happineſs, or "merely to your Satisfaction. If Monſieur *De* "*Menil* means no more than to make himſelf agree-"able to you, it would not become either you "or me, that, by my Intervention, you ſhould hold "any further Commerce with him; and, out of "Regard to yourſelf, the ſooner you forget him the "better." "When the Chevalier *De Menil*," anſwer'd I, "firſt began to uſe a Strain different from the "Jocularity in which we firſt ſet out, I declined "hearing him; and perſiſted in my Oppoſition, "'till he ſolemnly made known to me his deliberate "Reſolution of making me the Partner of his Life. "I laid before him all the Conſequences of ſuch an "Action, with regard to himſelf; and it was not "'till I had convinced myſelf of his Sincerity, founded "on mature Reflection, that I conſented to enter "into ſuch an Intercourſe with him. No other "Mark whatever of his Affection would have

"prevailed

" prevailed on me to depart from the Conduct
" have invariably kept to. Indeed I did not think
" it was any Deviation to return virtuous Sen-
" ments, and ſuch as would not allow me to for-
" him." " But," reply'd *Maiſonrouge*, " why con-
" ceal from me, who am called your Guardian
(ſome merry Friend of mine had given him the
Title) " from me, who have your Happineſs ſo
" much at Heart, any Views which ſo nearly
" concern it? Did you queſtion my Readineſs
" to promote them?" " Don't," ſaid I, " charge
" me with a Concealment, which has given me
" ſo much Pain. It was ſo peremptorily required
" of me, that ſtill I ſhould hardly dare to diſcloſe it
" to you, did not Duty to your Friendſhip and
" my Honour, on the preſent Juncture, indiſpenſibly
" oblige me to it." " The Chevalier *De Menil*,"
reply'd *Maiſonrouge*, " ought not either to have
" thought that I would blame his Deſigns, or have
" apprehended that I could traverſe them. Well,
" ſo much for that; now let's ſee what's to be
" done, to relieve you from the Deſolation you
" are in." " I am," ſaid I, " incenſed againſt
" your Governor, for the Noiſe he made. Pri-
" ſoners are all Eyes and Ears; though locked up,
" they come to the Knowledge of whatever paſſes:
" They hold that every little Motion concerns them,
" and trace it to the Bottom. The ſudden Removal
is by this Time known to every one within the
Baſtile Walls, and conſtrued to my Diſgrace.
Let me beg of you, convince the Governor that I
have great Reaſon to complain of his bringing me
into an Event, which, if not rightly cleared up,
may be very detrimental to me. Tell him, I

" fain would ſpeak to him myſelf; at your Deſire he " will come." " I'll go to him inſtantly," ſaid *Maiſonrouge*. " I will alſo ſee the Chevalier *De* " *Menil*, and bring you a faithful Account of him. " Don't give way to Grief, but rely on me, as you " may, if ever one Perſon might rely on another."

HE left me, and the Dejection from which the Neceſſity of ſpeaking to him had raiſed me, returned.

ALL the Evils I felt, all thoſe I feared, with united Violence bore ſo hard on me, that I was not myſelf. Poor *Rondel* exerted her Faculties to comfort me, by wiſe Diſcourſe and vain Hopes, but the tumultuous Clamours of the Paſſions which agitated me was all I heard. A moſt dreadful Night I had of it, as Darkneſs ſeems to deepen every Kind of Diſtreſs. At the Appearance of Day, I gave myſelf the Conſolation, ſuch as it was, of writing a Letter to *Menil*, which I had no Way of ſending to him. In this afflictive State I alſo writ him a ſecond, but it was not 'till a long Time after that he got them.

I DID not ſee the Lieutenant 'till the next Day; when he informed me, though with all the Softenings he could, that the Chevalier *De Menil*, incenſed at the late Uſage, had expoſtulated on it with the Governor in ſuch warm Language, as had extreamly angered him.

THE ill Conſequences of this to *Menil* were evident. The Lieutenant further told me, That Monſieur *Le Blanc*, at the Inſtant of our Cataſtrophe, had brought a Warrant for ranking the Chevalier *De Menil* with the Duke of *Richlieu* (whoſe Bands were to be ſlackened) and that they ſhould dine

dine at the Governor's alternately, with the Marquiſſes *De Pompadour* and *Boiſdavis*; that the Governor, without acquainting the Miniſter of it, had taken upon him to deprive Monſieur *De Menil* of ſuch an agreeable Privilege. I was extremely concerned at his being abridged of a Recreation, at all Times delightful to Priſoners, but now ſo proper for diſſipating the Sorrow under which he was labouring. I intreated the Lieutenant to leave no Stone unturned for bringing about a Reconciliation betwixt him and the Governor; that he might, at leaſt, enjoy the Favours directed by the Miniſter, and no further Indignities be put on him. He promiſed nothing ſhould be wanting in him, and he effected it. He gave me a circumſtantial Account of Monſieur *De Menil*'s Vexations, of the State of his Health, and every Thing which related to him; acquainted me with what he had ſaid to the Governor concerning me; told me that I ſhould ſoon ſee him, and that it would be right in me to ſignify my Reſentment to him, keeping however within the Bounds neceſſary to be obſerved towards thoſe who have the Staff in their Hands.

He accordingly came; and I ſaid to him, That after ſo many Marks of Indulgence received from him, I could not expect, that without conſidering the Hurt he did my Character, he ſhould with ſo much Vehemence have made public an Irregularity of Conduct, and which was ſo only in reſpect of the Place; that ſince my being in the World I had indiſcriminately received all who came to ſee me, Perſons of both Sexes, and without ſo much as the Shadow of Scandal; that ever ſince I had been his Priſoner, the continual Preſence of my Maid

warranted the Decency of any Viſits which I might have received; and that the Thing being in itſelf innocent, I had not deſerved ſuch a Noiſe ſhould be made about it, ſo as to expoſe it to an injurious Conſtruction. I intimated, that a Fault in a Priſoner was not one according to the common Laws and Uſages of Society: But the only Rules he minded being thoſe of the Priſon, he made light of that Diſtinction, and gravely gave me to underſtand, that after ſuch a criminal Licentiouſneſs I ought to think myſelf very much obliged to him, that I had not been put under more rugged Treatment. They were his very Words, and they went to my Heart, that I well remember them. I took his Meaning to be, that I deſerved to be put into a Dungeon; for, in that Place this is ſo common a Menace, that if but a Dog barks, the Word is a Dungeon. After more of ſuch Diſcourſe we parted, in but indifferent Humour with each other, and the Indifference continued. At firſt he had ſhewed himſelf no rigorous Keeper; but on a Report, and it even got Footing in the Palace, that he was for marrying Mademoiſelle *De Montauban*, a Thing he never dreamed of, his Female Captives never ſaw any more of him; and ſince I had found him to be a Bear, which there was no taming, I had carried it very coldly to him.

THE King's Lieutenant continued his warm Attention to my Caſe, increaſe it could not. Beſides all he had already done, for my further Comfort, he furniſhed the Chevalier *De Menil* with Materials for writing to me, and brought me his Letter. Such a Procedure, in a fond and jealous Lover, amazed me. "I ſhould have been ſatisfy'd," ſaid I to him, "with

" with hearing of Monſieur *De Meuil* from your " Mouth, without giving yourſelf any other Trou- " ble." " No," anſwer'd he, " theſe Marks of " his Regard, under his Hand, muſt give you " more Eaſe, than what you would have only " my Word for. By all Means write him an Anſwer, " and I will give it into his Hands: This Satis- " faction you may depend on, let your Separation " laſt as long as it will." He added, That he had made ſome Steps towards bringing about a Reconciliation betwixt the Chevalier and the Governor; that it was in a fair Way, and he hoped ſoon to ſee him in the Company, to which the Miniſter's Order admitted him.

ALL theſe Things calmed the Perturbations of my Mind. At the Sight of *Meuil*'s Writing, which I had been deprived of during ſome Days, I felt a great deal of Joy; and that a Letter of mine could alſo reach him, gave me no leſs. I had, to amuſe my Grief, writ ſeveral others, but they remained with me; a better Fortune attended theſe, which were in a more guarded Stile. I could not give full Scope to my Thoughts in them; however it was ſtill ſpeaking to him.

OUR generous Friend came for my Anſwer. I deliver'd it to him quite open, like that which he had brought me. This Strain of his good Nature was however to be uſed with Diſcretion; accordingly I always waited his own Motion, for a Service which put him to ſo much Pain. He has ſince owned to me, that at taking and delivering our Letters, it was as if a Dagger had been planted in his Heart; yet never did he depart from the Punctuality, which he had ſettled for our Correſpondence. He uſed to bring

me

me a Letter; the next Day he asked me for my Anſwer, and the Day following I was ſure of another.

In the mean time Monſieur *De Menil* and the Governor being reconciled, he was put in Poſſeſſion of the Privileges which the Court had allowed him. Every other Day he went with the Duke *De Richlieu* to dine at the Governor's, and paſſed ſome Hours of the Day in the Apartment of that delightful Companion. There was no other Way of going thither but by my Door, and this ready Conveyance for more intimate Contents than thoſe which paſſed through a third Hand tempted him. He ſlipt in a Billet, which he paſſionately urged me to anſwer the ſame Way. To this I felt an extreme Repugnance; not ſo much from a Diſlike I had taken to hazardous Meaſures, as from an Abhorrence of the Treachery to ſuch a worthy Friend, which this clandeſtine Commerce carried with it: Yet I yielded, being carried away by that mean-ſpirited Paſſion which debaſes whatever is virtuous in us; and ſhould be as much hated by us, as it renders us contemptible.

At firſt, indeed, I was very ſparing in the Uſe of theſe new Contrivances; but, in a little Time, became innured. Sometimes it fell out that I met *Menil*, in going or returning from the Duke's Apartment. This I reckoned an Event in my Life. Theſe Meetings which, tho' ſhort, were ſo precious to us, we owed to the inventive Kindneſs of *Maiſonrouge*: But they ſoon came to a Period. On Account of ſome Repairs to be made in my Chamber, I was removed to another. I was offered one which would have allowed of the like Conveniencies but

but I declined it, dreading leſt I might be tempted to make a wrong Uſe of them: As for the Noiſe near it, that was no more than I ſhould have ſoon got over. The Captain of the Guards ſpared me his, where I could have no Intercourſe with the Chevalier *De Menil*.

FOR ſome Time paſt all our Conſorts enjoy'd a Kind of Freedom, and ſet up little ſeparate Societies. I was adviſed to ask the like Favour, but I would not; the beſt Part I had to act ſeemed to me, that of a total Inactivity. The moſt I could bring myſelf to, was to receive Favours from the Author of my Confinement; but I thought to ask them was mean, and that alſo it was ſcandalous to appear ſo weary of myſelf as to ſeek ſtrange Company, and which I foreſaw would be far from agreeable to me. The greateſt Length I could go in Deference to this Advice, was to write to Monſieur *Le Blanc* the following Letter.

"SIR,

"IT is not from Impatience or Wearineſs that I "trouble you. My Motive is a juſt Apprehen- "ſion, that a Perſon ſo obſcure as I am may be "utterly overlooked. This Fear is the better "grounded, as there is little Probability that the "Cauſes of my Detention will recal the Remembrance "of it. I flatter myſelf, they are as little re- "markable as my Perſon. I imagine myſelf under "a Kind of Neceſſity to remind you, that I was "brought to the *Baſtile* towards the End of the "Year 1718, and am ſtill there. When I know,

"Sir,

" Sir, that you remember it, I ſhall for every " other Particular rely on your Equity and good " Nature; poſſeſſing myſelf, whatever my Condition " be, in a quiet Conformity to the Laws preſcribed " to me, and reverencing the ſupreme Power in a " voluntary Submiſſion to its Ordinances. I have the " Honour of being, &c.

" *Auguſt* 16, 1719."

THIS Letter produced no Effect, and as ſuch I intended it: But the Marchioneſs *De Pompadour* continually teazing the Miniſtry for an Addition to her Husband's Company, I was the Perſon pitched upon; thus, on the Day appointed, I uſed to go with him and the Marquis *De Boiſdavis*, to dine with the Governor. They condeſcended ſo far as to allow of my faithful Companion's dining with them, that I might not be the only Woman. It was propoſed to me to keep Table, on the Day when the other Body of Captives dined at the Governor's; but, to avoid being eternally haunted by our People in that Leiſure which ſat ſo uneaſily on them, as I could expect nothing elſe, I ſhifted that Honour on the Marquis *De Pompadour*. The Duke *De Richlieu* had then obtained his Liberty, but by the Sacrifice of a moſt beautiful Victim, who was ſaid to have voluntarily offer'd herſelf on that Condition.

AFTER his Releaſe, the Chevalier *De Menil* had been aſſociated with the Marquis *De St. Genies* and *Daviſard* one in the Miniſtry of our Court. The latter ſent Word, that of all Things he longed for a Moment's Colloquy with me. I concluded that what he had to ſay to me muſt be ſomething of Weight,

Weight, and that the Knowledge of it might be of Uſe to direct my Conduct.

However, I would not ſeduce the King's Lieutenant's Complaiſance, in an Affair not quite congruous with his Duty; of which, in Eſſentials, I was no leſs tender than himſelf. I looked out for Bye-Ways, which are allowable in Perſons deprived of the natural Rights of Society.

The Marquis of *St. Genies* lodged in the ſame Tower as the Marquis of *Pompadour*. It came into my Mind that *Daviſard*, under Pretence of going to *St. Genies*, whom he was allow'd to viſit, ſhould go to the Story above Monſ. *De Pompadour*'s Quarters, where I would be, as it was no more than uſual with me, in order to time Things well, and to apprize my Aſſociates, that they might concur in this Rendezvous. Accordingly I communicated to Meſſieurs *De Pompadour* and *Boiſdavis* the Interview which I was ſcheming, and entertained them with my Ideas of what I ſhould hear, and the Benefit that might redound from it to all our Party. The Marquis *De Pompadour* joined in it with all the Spirit imaginable, and with Raptures anticipated the Treaſures of Intelligence which were to be opened to me. The ſeveral Parts of the Plan were carefully communicated to *Daviſard*. All long'd for the Execution with equal Impatience; but this could not take Place 'till ſome fortunate Day, when one of our Maſters ſhould be Abroad, and the other ſo taken up that we needed not be under any Apprehenſion.

The Day came, and we poſted our ſeveral Servants at all the Sky-Lights on the Stairs, to give us Notice of the leaſt Alarm. All our Meaſures being thus cautiouſly

cautiouſly taken, Notice was given to *Daviſard*, who with *St. Genies* was waiting for the Moment. He immediately went up to the Marquis *De Pompadour's*; who, on ſeeing him, retir'd with Monſieur *Boiſdavis* to a Corner of the Room, conceiving that Things of ſuch Importance were not to be communicated before Witneſſes. *Daviſard*, after looking round to ſee that none were within Hearing, came up to me with theſe Words; "Mademoi-"ſelle *De L*--------, nine Months Celibacy; very "hard Faith!" "In the Name of Goodneſs," ſaid I, and never was more aſtoniſhed, "is this what you "was in ſuch a Hurry to ſay to me?" Prighten'd at this Exordium, I called to our diſcrete Confidents, telling them to come to us, for they might be ſafely truſted with what was to be ſaid. We diſcourſed on the preſent State of Affairs, of which our dapper Magiſtrate knew no more than we. Seeing how little Advantage was to be reaped by this dangerous Conference, I quickly put an End to it, and heartily aſhamed of having taken ſo much Care to bring it about.

SOME preceding Occurrences ſhould have taught me more Wit. An Indiſpoſition came upon me, that the King's Lieutenant, with whom I was walking in the Garden, ſeeing Monſieur *Hermens*, Phyſician to the *Baſtile*, called to him, and preſented us to each other. Though I was then under the moſt ſtrict Commitment, our Lieutenant made Uſe in my Behalf of every Opportunity which warranted a Relaxation; "When a Phyſician is "conſulted, there muſt be no third Perſon by," ſaid he, and walked aſide. I kept on my Way 'till Monſieur *Hermens*, ſeeing we were out of all Obſervation,

ſervation, ſaid to me, with a low Voice and ſqueezing my Hand, "You have Friends, and good "Friends, capable of doing any Thing for you. "One I have ſeen, who has very much at Heart "whatever concerns you." "Has he given you "any Commiſſion to me?" ſaid I, interrupting him. "Yes," anſwered he; "my Diſcretion is known to "him, and I am no Stranger to your's. He bid "me ask you what you would wiſh to have? "what would be of Service to you? whether "you might not want a *Couvre-pied?*" "And, "pray," reply'd I, "who is this kind Friend, ſo "deſirous to know whether our Feet are warm "here?" "It is," anſwer'd he, "Monſieur *Bignon*, Counſellor of State." "Pray, Sir, with "my humble Thanks, be pleaſed to acquaint him, "that what troubles him is certainly the very leaſt "of the Inconveniencies to which I am expoſed."

I DID not feign any Illneſs, to procure the Viſits of ſuch a circumſpect Perſonage. Our Caſtle afforded ſome much more communicative; but, being little diſpoſed to dabble in Intrigues abroad, I left them to the Pleaſures of Self-enjoyment.

THE Count *De L*------- availed himſelf of the Surgeon, who acted alſo as Apothecary; and that he might ſee him the oftener, he declared that he daily ſtood in need of two Clyſters. The Regent, to whom a Report was made, even of the ſlighteſt Circumſtances, once examining with his Miniſters the Apothecary's Report, the moroſe *Dubois* began to except againſt the Frequency of Clyſters: But the Regent ſilenced him, ſaying, "Come, Abbé, if this be "their only Diverſion, let us e'ne allow them to go "on."

L------, in Reality, had ſcarce any other. He was kept cloſer confined than any of us, and even at the Time when all the other Priſoners had ſome Indulgence ſhewn them. Indeed ever ſince his being in the *Baſtile*, he had behaved like a Hero. He ſtood out many long Interrogatories, and his Anſwers were both reſolute and artful. No Promiſes, no Intrigues, no Menaces could ſtagger him; accordingly he remained in Priſon much longer than the others, yet to the very laſt he continu'd the ſame Man as at his Commitment.

THE epiſtolary Correſpondence betwixt the Chevalier *De Menil* and myſelf ſtill went on, thro' the Hands of the King's Lieutenant; but we found Means to exchange ſome more free and ſpirited by Means of his Servant, whom *Menil* had gained. He engroſſed my whole Mind, and the Intruſions of Company were frequently inſupportable to me; eſpecially in my melancholy Moods, which I could not diſperſe or bear with a good Grace. I was ſeized with a violent Agitation at a Deſign with which the Chevalier acquainted me, of laying out a Sum he had received on an Annuity, as this ſeemed to me directly to thwart the very End and Support of our Connection. This was the firſt Time I, in the leaſt, had ſuſpected his Integrity, and I was not wanting to let him know it. Matters not being yet ripe with him for a direct Rupture, he thought it beſt to make me eaſy, changing his Scheme, and renewing his fervent Proteſtations of an indiſſoluble Attachment. I believed him. Alas! what do we not believe, when we are inclined to believe? And he confirmed my good Thoughts of him,

him, by purchaſing a ſmall Eſtate in Lieu of the Annuity, which he had firſt intended.

FULL Confidence again took Poſſeſſion of me, and my only Torment was the Continuance of our Separation; which I bore with the leſs Patience, as ſo many People, whom I looked upon with an indifferent Eye, had now eaſy Acceſs to me; and what made it ſtill worſe was, they did not look upon me ſo. If a Gardiner, as an ingenious Writer ſays, is a Man to Recluſes; a Woman, little matter what ſhe be, is a Goddeſs to Priſoners. Ours actually paid me a Kind of Worſhip, but their eager Vows and Incenſe were often near ſuffocating me.

ABOUT this Time *Daviſard*, a lively petulant Man, whoſe Mind and Body were perpetually in Motion, and who could no more continue in one Place than multiply himſelf to occupy many, fell ſick in good Earneſt. It was reported to the Regent, and perhaps with ſome Exaggeration. He was averſe to irretrieveable Violences, and had any of his Priſoners died in Confinement, it would have vexed him; to prevent this, *Daviſard* was ſet at Liberty. When he ſaw the Warrant, "Is "it not," ſaid he, *Gaſcoon* like, "a *Godun?*" *i. e.* a Bite. "No," ſaid the Governor, who brought it to him, "nothing more real." "Stock-"ings and Breeches; quick, quick," cried he, leaping out of his Bed. Thus he was cured, dreſſed, and gone in an Inſtant.

THE Marchioneſs *De Pompadour*, who omitted nothing for procuring all poſſible Eaſe to her Huſband, on this Departure, ask'd of the Miniſtry, that Monſieur *De Pompadour*'s Society might be aug-

mented with the Remains of that of Monſieur *Daviſard*, whoſe Companions were the Marquis *De Saint Genies*, and the Chevalier *De Menil*; and that the two Bands might be incorporated into one, dining every Day at the Governor's, and living together. It was granted; and, when I was very far from expecting any ſuch Thing, who ſhould come into my Room but *Menil?* and without any Precaution. I was both ſurpriz'd and frighten'd; but, when he inform'd me of the happy Event, I was not only eaſy but fill'd with Joy, though at that Time under Grief for my Siſter's Death, the Circumſtances of which had extremely afflicted me. To the Shame of Nature it muſt be owned, that its Voice is little heard, when any Paſſion ſpeaks at the ſame Time.

MESSIEURS *De Pompadour* and *Boiſdavis* immediately after came to compliment me, on the Augmentation of our Society. The King's Lieutenant was gone that Day to dine at *Vincennes*; on his Return he call'd on me, and not knowing what had been granted to the Chevalier *De Menil*, on ſeeing him in ſuch good Company, and with all the Appearance of his having a Right to be there, ſtood without Speech or Motion. His Trouble ſenſibly affected me; and going up to him, I told him, that Madame *De Pompadour* had obtained that we ſhould be put altogether. He knew that ſhe was ſoliciting it, but did not think it was ſo near at Hand, and ſaid, with an Accent not a little forced, "That it was proper, and he wiſh'd "us Joy." More he was not able to utter, and remained on his Seat where he had placed himſelf, perfectly like one petrified; and the Exultations

of

of the Company added to his Confuſion, that being no longer able to hold out under ſuch a painful Situation, he left us.

THE Tortures which the Intercourſe between the Chevalier *De Menil*, and me might have given to *Maiſonrouge*, were alleviated by the Satisfaction of manifeſting his Attachment for me, and of directing our Commerce; but our Dependence on him reſulting from this, and the entire Knowledge of all our Steps, were Compenſations totally loſt by this Coalition. All that he had now to expect, was the Acknowledgements of former Services, now ſuperſeded.

THE next Morning he came to me again when I was alone, but quite altered and over-whelmed with Grief. "My dear Friend," ſaid he to me, "now you are happy. It is what I have wiſhed; "I am ſatisfied, though your Happineſs coſts me "dear. May you live eaſy with the Perſon who "loves you, and is agreeable to you. Don't require "me to be a Witneſs of it. Whilſt I could be ſer-"viceable to you, I ſurmounted my Reluctances "by incredible Struggles; and ſtill would, could "it do you any Good. You have no longer Oc-"caſion for me; give me Leave to come here "no longer but when Decency, and any Services "which may ſtill lie in my Way, ſhall oblige "me." "Why forſake me, my dear Friend?" ſaid I. "Do you think there is any Thing which "would make me Amends for loſing you? I had "rather forſake all other Acquaintance." "No," anſwer'd he, "I will deprive you of nothing. I "have ſacrific'd myſelf, without Reſerve, for your "Happineſs; may he in whom you have placed "it, be as faithful and devoted to you." I ſtrongly

inſiſted on it, and prevailed on him, not entirely to leave off ſeeing me. I promiſed to remove from his Eyes any Object that might offend them: Accordingly I took care that the Chevalier *De Menil* ſhould be out of the Way when he came to ſee me, which was but ſeldom; only when he had ſome News to inform me of, or a Meſſage from any Friend, ſeveral of whom uſed to call on him. I ſaw him indeed every Day at the Governor's, where we all uſed to ſpend Part of the Day.

WE met there at Dinner, and this was ſucceeded by a Party at Ombre; and, after an Hour or two waſted in this faſhionable Manner, we return'd to our ſeveral Apartments; the Chevalier *De Menil* was not long after me. The Company uſed to meet in my Room before Supper, to which we return'd at the Governor's, and afterwards every one went to Bed. In the Morning *Menil* was ſure to be with me, and his Viſits were none of the ſhorteſt.

NO other Liberty did I deſire, than that I now enjoy'd. It was to me as if there had been no other World, than within the Circuit of our Walls; and this I declare to be the only happy Time I have known in my whole Life. Could I have thought of finding Happineſs here, and that every where elſe I ſhould miſs of it?

I LOVED a Perſon, by whom I thought myſelf perfectly loved. I gave myſelf up without Fear to Sentiments, the Object of which ſeem'd to me rational, and the End certain. I could as ſoon have thought of the Sky falling, as of any Change in the Heart of the Chevalier *De Menil*. I made myſelf certain of his future Conduct, from his punctual Obſervance of the Rules I had preſcribed

for

for his Behaviour here. When we began to live without Reſtraint, I ſaid to him, that the Fears which had always haunted us at our clandeſtine Interviews, had been a pretty ſecure Guard to us, which now we ſhould want: That however I would take no Security againſt him, but himſelf; being perſuaded, that as he was determined to ſpend his Life with me, he would not go about to degrade me in his Eſteem, without which, on no Condition would I ever live with him. He aſſur'd me that, in regard to my Confidence, he would keep from me, rather than diſpleaſe me by any Sallies of a Paſſion, the Strength of which might ſometimes carry him to Inadvertency.

THUS I grounded my Security on a better Foundation than Preſumption would have been: This is ſo lofty, and the Baſe ſo ſmall, that we often ſee it eaſily overthrown. *Menil* kept his Word, and ſometimes would leave me pretty abruptly, in the Midſt of a very tender Colloquy. I never ask'd him the Reaſon of it, nor offered to withhold him. His Obſequiouſneſs to my Dictates pleaſed me much more than the moſt paſſionate Raptures, and I felt that ſweet Tranquillity which conſtitutes true Happineſs; or, the only Thing wanting to me was, an abſolute Certainty of enjoying it for ever, though it was what I made no Queſtion of.

THE Repairs of my Apartment being finiſhed I returned there, and with an Intent to furniſh it. To have paſs'd one Winter in a large Room with only bare Walls, I thought bad enough: The ſecond was now at Hand. Monſieur *De Maiſonrouge*, now more attentive to my Conveniencies, as he had no longer any Share in my Amuſements,

went

went to one of the Duke *Du Maine*'s Stewards for Furniture for my Lodgings. He occaſionally lent what was thought proper, and great Delight did I take in ſettling myſelf in this my new vamped-up Manſion. What particularly pleaſed me, was a Mantle-piece added to the Chimney, where I could lay a Book or a Snuff-Box; a Conveniency I had not before. To know the Value of every particular Thing, one muſt have wanted all Things.

OUR Society ſhared in my Change of Habitation, it being more convenient for meeting: But theſe Rendevouſes became too frequent, ſo as often to put me quite out of Humour, which *Menil* would ſeverely reprimand me for, without conſidering the Cauſe; which, from him, deſerved a great deal of Indulgence.

IT was now ſometime ſince he had returned to his former Apartment; and as we now eaſily ſaw one another and did not ſoon part, ſeveral indifferent Things came to be intermixed in our Converſations. He uſed to ſhow me, by Way of Diverſion, ſome ridiculous Letters, privately brought to him from a Female Relation of his, who, as he himſelf acknowledged, was more fooliſh than her Letters, and lived in the Neighbourhood of his Eſtate, in *Anjou*. I little minded what he ſaid about her, not dreaming that ever I ſhould have to do with any ſuch Perſon. Though, in the Kind of Liberty which we enjoy'd, all Communication abroad was ſtill prohibited us, the News extorted by each of us, and then related in common, like the Spoil of Robbers, furniſhed us a private Entertainment; eſpecially ſuch as promiſed a ſpeedy Deliverance, were greedily collected. I, in Honour, pretended to be no leſs deſirous of it than the

the others, though in the Bottom of my Heart very averſe from it.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, who at firſt had been carried to the Citadel of *Dijon*, on hearing that ſhe was to go into the Government of the Duke of *Bourbon*, ſaid, with *Io* in the Play:

" *Aux Fureurs de* Junon, Jupiter *m'abandonne*,"

" *To* Juno's *Rage* Jove *gives me up*."

Here ſhe ſpent five Months, amidſt Inconveniencies, which 'till then ſhe had only pitied, without being acquainted with them. Now no longer able to hold out under them, ſhe applied to the Princeſs her Mother, to obtain a Change of her Confinement; flattering herſelf, at the ſame Time, that ſhe would be brought nearer to *Paris*: But all the Choice ſhe had, was either to go to the Citadel of *Châlons*, a little more diſtant; or to ſtay where ſhe was. This required ſome Thought. She had here ſettled uſeful Correſpondences by Means of Perſons, who, from an undaunted Affection, had ventured entirely to devote themſelves to her.

A PRINCESS of ſuch illuſtrious Deſcent, diſtinguiſh'd by eminent Qualities, and labouring under ſevere Misfortunes, is a ſtriking Object, ſuch as muſt impreſs the moſt obdurate Heart. She might every where find Perſons animated with the ſame Zeal, and by the ſame Motives; but to make themſelves known, there muſt be Junctures which do not always fall out; and to be ſerviceable, Means which are not equally in all Hands. Yet theſe Conſiderations were over-balanced, by the Deſire which is ſo natural, of changing

changing an uneaſy Situation for another not at all better, and perhaps worſe; the Inclination to go, when one is with-held; and the Opportunity of ſeeing again thoſe, who were to conduct her: Thus her ſerene Highneſs accepted of *Châlons*.

ORDERS were given for preparing an Apartment there; and *La Billarderie*, who had commanded the Corps which had attended her at her firſt Journey, was ſent with a Detachment of the Life-Guards to conduct her to this new Priſon, where he ſtaid ſome Days with her. The Confidence with which, on perceiving the Goodneſs of his Temper, ſhe honoured him, together with her many Charms and Accompliſhments, produced in him an entire Devotedneſs. His Sentiments, hidden under the moſt profound Reſpect, perhaps were unknown to himſelf; but Reſtraint only imparted a greater Activity to them. From him ſhe received all the Services which could be expected from a Man of Honour, intruſted with the Guard of her Perſon; and theſe he accompanied with all the Acts of Complaiſance proper for hiding the Rigour of his Commiſſion, the Matter of which he never tranſgreſſed on, though he made ſome Alterations in the Form.

ON her Arrival at *Châlons*, ſhe was brought to the melancholy Sight of the fitting up of her Priſon. This had happened to her at the Citadel of *Dijon*, where the Lodging firſt appointed for her was not tenantable; and that which was built under her Eyes was found to be ſtill leſs habitable, both from its Situation and the Dampneſs of the freſh Mortar, that ſhe inſiſted on other Quarters. I believe alſo ſhe did not live in that which ſhe ſaw built for her at *Châlons*; however, here ſhe did not ſtay long. Theſe Things

I have

I have only known, ſince her Return and mine; but I inſert them here, as nearly in their Place.

THOUGH ſhe had borne her Captivity with Fortitude, and, in order to go through the Tedioufneſs of it, had cloſed with all the Amuſements to be had in Places ſo barren of Pleaſure; yet Hardſhips, together with Diſquietudes which ſhe could not entirely overcome, impair'd her Health. She us'd to ſay of thoſe paultry Diverſions, ſo very different from thoſe ſhe had been us'd to, "The Duke *D'Orleans* "may judge of my Pains, by my Pleaſures."

THOUGH narrowly watched, ſhe had found Means to ſettle Correſpondences, by which ſhe was pretty well informed of every Thing that paſſed, and even of the Reports that went about, though this was uſually no more than an additional Torture. News, which Priſoners feed on with ſuch Avidity, is a Poiſon to them. They come to the Knowledge of one Part, and remain ignorant of the other; and, on theſe defectuous Lights, build and pull down a thouſand Syſtems, which produce as many Chimeras and Anxieties. Their happieſt Condition, according to my Experience of it, is that where nothing reaches them.

THE Report that Monſieur *De Maleſieu* was to be removed to the common Priſon, in order for Tryal, and to be proſecuted with all the Severity of the Law, came to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Ears, and gave her an inexpreſſible Uneaſineſs. It was afterwards ſaid, that he would be confin'd in the Iſland of St. *Marguerite* *. Beſides his own Hand-

* A ſmall Iſland in the *Mediterranean*, on the Coaſt of *Provence*.

Hand-writing to be produced againſt him, the Miniſtry bore him little good Will, that his Situation was more dangerous than that of any other; and it muſt be own'd that, with all his Learning, he had no great Share of Fortitude. His Fears were ſuch, as often to put him on ill-digeſted Projects. He deſired me to give Evidence, that the King of *Spain*'s Letter, which had been found amongſt his Papers, was a Tranſlation from a *Spaniſh* Original. I ſignified to him, that very probably I ſhould have no occaſion to ſpeak of it; and that if I had, I could not bring myſelf to ſay a Thing, which might be ſo eaſily diſproved.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had now been about three Months at *Châlons*, when the Duke *D'Orleans*, on ſome Repreſentations of the bad State of that Princeſs's Health, to avoid the henious Charge of having ſuffered ſuch a Perſon to periſh amidſt the Hardſhips of an ignominious Priſon, allow'd of her going to ſpend ſome Time at a Country-Seat. *Sevigny*, in *Burgundy*, was propoſed to her, as a delightful Place. She ask'd the Preſident *De* ------, to whom the Houſe belonged, to lend it her; but he, fearing the Diſpleaſure of the Duke of *Bourbon*, Governor of the Province, deſired to be excuſed. Another was mentioned to her, called *Sevigny*, which was readily given up to her Highneſs.

MONSIEUR *De La Billarderie* was returned, with his Detachment of Guards, for conducting her thither. In the mean time the Preſident, who at firſt had refuſed his Houſe, underſtanding that the Duke's Thoughts of the Matter were quite oppoſite to his Suppoſition, came to make an Offer of it, which now the Dutcheſs declined: But

La

La Billarderie, repreſenting to her that ſuch a Man was not worth her Reſentment, and that ſhe would be much more conveniently at *Savigny*, ſhe went thither, and ſtaid ſome Time. At length, by freſh Sollicitations, ſhe was brought nearer to *Paris*; and *Chanlay*, a ſtately pleaſant Seat, within thirty Leagues of the Capital, was aſſigned for the Place of her Confinement. She lay at ſeveral Seats in her Way, and arrived there about the Middle of Autumn. The Princeſs Dowager was allow'd to come and ſee her, and ſpent a Fortnight with her. As ſhe had nothing ſo much at Heart as her Daughter's Liberty, ſhe conjured her to acknowledge ſincerely every Thing that related to her Affair. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* gave her an exact Account of it; by which ſhe convinced her, that in all ſhe had done there was nothing againſt the King nor the State, nor which could eſſentially prejudice the Regent.

After this Narrative, the Princeſs adviſed her to make the like Confeſſion to the Duke *D'Orleans*, as the moſt certain and perhaps the only Way for obtaining not only her Liberty, but that of all the Perſons engaged in the ſame Affair, then ſuffering on her Account. To this the Princeſs added, with great Tenderneſs, the Neceſſity of the Duke *Du Maine*'s Releaſement, who had been dangerouſly ill, without her knowing of it; and the Horror of his dying under Confinement, innocent as he was; and Monſieur *De La Billarderie* pathetically ſeconded theſe Repreſentations.

Powerful as theſe Conſiderations were, ſhe ſtrongly inſiſted on the Inconveniences of ſuch a Step, and proteſted that no ſingle Intereſt of hers

ſhould ever bring her to it; and that however urgent the other Motives were, ſhe could not make ſuch a Confeſſion, 'till ſhe knew whether the other Aſſociates had diſcovered themſelves; without which ſhe ſhould hazard their Ruin and her own Honour.

IT was decided, that this Point ſhould be previouſly cleared up. Monſieur *Pompadour* and the Abbè *Brigaut* were known to have made ample Declarations; but if Monſieur *De Laval* and Monſieur *De Maleſieu* had perſiſted in their Denial, an Acknowledgement, which could not be done without indangering them, was not to be thought of; but a Petition ſhould be carried to the Parliament for the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Diſcharge, agreeably to the Laws of the Kingdom, by which no Perſon is to be detained in Priſon beyond the Time appointed for producing the Cauſe of their Commitment and Detention. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* drew up the Model of this Petition, leaving it in the Hands of the Princeſs Dowager.

THESE Reſolutions being thus concerted, the Princeſs aſſured her Daughter, that ſhe ſhould no ſooner be at *Paris*, than ſhe would poſitively know (and to her it ſeem'd an eaſy Matter) what Count *De Laval* and Monſieur *Maleſieu* had done; and that ſhe, or the Abbè *De Maulevrier* her Confident, ſhould immediately acquaint her with it. To avoid all Riſque in this Intelligence, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* gave in Writing to the Princeſs ſome common Phraſes, to which ſhe annexed the Senſe of the principal Heads ſhe was to be informed of. One of theſe Phraſes implied, *Laval* has confeſſed; another, he has ſaid nothing. There were the like for Monſieur *De Maleſieu*.

SOON

Soon after the Princeſs's Departure, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* received a Letter from the Abbè; acquainting her, under the Cypher agreed on, that Monſieur *De Laval* and Monſieur *De Maleſieu* had ſaid nothing. Some Days after came another from this Abbè, ſignifying the contrary, under the ſame Cypher, that *Laval* and *Maleſieu*, after ſtanding out a long Time, had at laſt declared all. Yet this Teſtimony the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* did not think of ſuch Authenticity, as to determine her Meaſures. *La Billarderie*, who was ſtill with her, deſiring nothing more than the Princeſs's Liberty, and conceiving that he could be of Service to forward it, returned for *Paris*, and was ſeveral Times with Monſieur *Le Blanc*, who ſignified to him, that ſhe would never obtain it, without a ſincere and complete Declaration of all that had been tranſacted in the Affair, both by herſelf and her Aſſociates and Agents.

The Regent wanted to bring Matters to an Iſſue, but with Honour; that thus, he would be cleared from having, without any Foundation, put Indignities and Hardſhips on Perſons of ſuch Diſtinction. It was his firm Reſolution, that the Chiefs and their Adherents ſhould purchaſe their Liberty, by ſuch an Acknowledgement as would be an abſolute Juſtification of his Conduct *. But Monſieur *Le*

* The Regent had been often heard to ſay, "There "are two Things, which, rather than ſuffer, I will be "burned alive. One is, that any Attempt ſhould be "made againſt the Life of this Child; the other, that "the *Spaniard* ſhould reign in *France*." Thoſe who knew him intimately, did not doubt of his Sincerity in this Declaration; but the People ſaw only his Libertiniſm, and in that a Will to dare any Crime.

Blanc commiſſioned *La Billarderie* with a Meſſage from that Prince to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*: That if ſhe would give in Writing an exact Detail of the Affair, to be ſeen only by himſelf, ſhe and all the ſeveral Perſons included in it ſhould be ſet at Liberty.

LA BILLARDERIE, along with this verbal Commiſſion, brought her Letters from the Princeſs and the Abbè *De Maulevrier*; poſitively, and without Cypher, acquainting her, that the Count *De Laval* had declared every Thing, and that the Whole of the Affair was now known.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, perſuaded by this Teſtimony which was not to be ſuſpected, that ſhe might reveal all her Aſſociates without hurting any, acquieſced in the Declaration required of her; and, as a Mark of Candour, it was drawn up very circumſtantially. She delivered it to *La Billarderie*, to carry it to Monſieur *Le Blanc*, after ſhewing it to the Princeſs, to whom ſhe alſo wrote a Letter, intimating the Motives by which ſhe had been brought to what the Duke *D'Orleans* had required of her: At the ſame Time intreated her Highneſs, to ſecure the ſpeedy and faithful Execution of the Promiſes made on his Part; and repreſented to her, that herein not only her Intereſt lay at Stake, but her Honour, which was infinitely more dear; and that ſhe remitted it to her Care and Diligence, as ſhe could avoid the Blame of ſuch a Step only by the entire Satisfaction of all the ſeveral Perſons concerned.

THE Princeſs read the Letter and the Declaration, along with the Abbè *De Maulevrier*; who ſaid to *La Billarderie*, that the great Care which appeared in it, for clearing the Abbè *De Polignac* and

and Monſieur *De Maleſieu*, might bring a Suſpicion on the Truth of it. To this neither he nor her Highneſs made any Anſwer. *La Billarderie* carried it to Monſieur *Le Blanc*, in order to its being delivered to the Regent. A Warrant was immediately made out for the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Return; but, contrary to her Expectation, ſhe found *Seaux* was appointed for her Reſidence. This firſt Infraction made her fear others.

In our Priſon we knew nothing of the Premiſes: There was indeed a vague Report of a Diſcovery, but this had been ſo often talked of, that no Manner of Credit was given to it. At laſt Monſieur *Le Blanc*, who had not made his Appearance within our Walls for ſome Time, came here towards the End of *November*. He was alone, and the firſt Perſon he ſent for was Mrs. *Pruden*, Baron *Walef*'s truſty Correſpondent, and lately taken into Cuſtody. I was afterwards called for. He ſaid to me, That I ſhould have ſaved him a great deal of Trouble, if when I was before Monſieur *D'Argenſon* and him I had ſatisfied them concerning what I knew of the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Affair, with which I was perfectly acquainted; that ſhe herſelf had ſet it forth, in an exact Declaration; and that my Secreſy now was quite unſeaſonable. I anſwer'd, That it did not appear to me that I was thought to know ſo much; in effect, they had examined me but once, and then very ſlightly: "Beſides," added I, "if the Dutcheſs "*Du Maine* herſelf had ſpoken, what can I ſay "to give you further Inſight? Who ſhould know "ſo well as herſelf what concerns her? If ſhe had "told me what I am ignorant of, I could not add "any Thing to the Lights ſhe has given you."

"At leaſt," reply'd he, "you cannot deny having "given to her Highneſs Letters from *Spain*." I anſwer'd, "That the Letters which I might have "received were for myſelf; that ſome were ſent me "from different Countries, no wiſe relating to the "Dutcheſs *Du Maine*." "Theſe," ſaid he, "were "from Baron *Walef*, and deliver'd to you by an "Opera Girl." I told him, and it was true, that "I knew nothing of the Perſon, who had brought "me the Letters from Baron *Walef*, which were for "me." Monſieur *Le Blanc* reply'd, "But you "know the whole Affair; and ſpeak you muſt, or "ſtay in the *Baſtile* all your Life." "Well, Sir," ſaid I to him, "that's a Settlement to ſuch a one as "I, who have no Fortune." "It is not," anſwer'd he, "a very agreeable Situation." "Neither," ſaid I, "ſhould I chuſe it; but contentedly will "I ſtay in it, rather than purchaſe my Releaſement "by any Fiction." "It muſt be owned," ſaid he, "that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* has had ſtrange "Confidents." "For my Part, Sir," reply'd I, "without taking up your precious Time any longer, "I declare to you, that if I know nothing, I can "tell you nothing; and that if I had been intruſted "with any Thing, ſtill leſs would I tell it." He could not forbear ſaying to me, though it was not in his Part, "Well had it been for the Dutcheſs "*Du Maine*, had ſhe truſted no other than you:" Adding, that "Her Affairs were over, and ſhe was "returning." "Then I am eaſy," ſaid I; "And, "as to your own Concerns;" "Thoſe," anſwer'd I, "are not worth diſturbing myſelf about." "Whence this Confidence?" ſaid he, "has your "Nativity been caſt?" "The Nativity of one born

"in

" in ſuch a bad Fortune as mine, is caſt of itſelf," anſwer'd I; " one knows one is to be unhappy; " no matter how." Monſieur *Le Blanc*, ſeeing I only meant to rant, told me he would come with Monſieur *D'Argenſon*, and bring me a written Order from the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, to tell whatever I ſhould be ask'd. My Anſwer was, That I ſhould receive it with the moſt profound Reſpect, but without ſaying one Word more: And indeed ſuch Secrets one takes upon one's ſelf, in Compliance with thoſe who will obtrude them; but it is from Self-Love that they are kept. Monſieur *Le Blanc* went away but indifferently ſatisfied with my Anſwers; and though the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, after his Return, extreamly urged him to queſtion me again, he eluded it; ſaying, it was unneceſſary, that he knew all that I could tell.

I WAS no ſooner returned from this perplexing Dialogue, than *Menil* came to ſee me. I related the Scene to him, as there was no Indiſcretion in ſaying to him as much as I had to the Commiſſaries; for, great as the Confidence was which I repoſed in him, I never thought it warranted me to reveal to him any Thing of the Ground of our Affair. In his Rapture of Joy at my Anſwers to this laſt Interrogatory, he was going to forget the Circumſpection which he had been uſed to obſerve towards me; when I ſung to him theſe Words of an Opera, which was then acting:

" *Non, ne mêlons point dans un Jour*
" *Tant de Foibleſſe à tant de Gloire.*"

" *Forbear;*

" *Forbear; let us not in one Day*
" *Such Weakneſs with ſuch Glory blend.*"

I extricated myſelf as artfully with him, as I had with Monſieur *Le Blanc*. Some Days after, which was the Fifth of *January*, 1720, an Order came for clearing our Caſtle of all the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Domeſticks, Valets, Footmen, Rubbers, &c. except Monſieur *De Maleſieu* and myſelf. The Marquis *De Pompadour* and the Chevalier *De Menil* at the ſame Time received their Warrants to quit the *Baſtile*, and go into Baniſhment; the latter to his Eſtate in *Anjou*. He came haſtily to take Leave of me. This was an abrupt Separation, which I did not expect; and much leſs could I think of being the only one of our Company left in Priſon, as all the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Houſhold were going out, and ſhe was returning. But, in this Juncture, I ſcarce minded what perſonally concerned me, ſo much was I ſtruck with *Menil*'s Removal; whereas our parting ſeemed to ſet very eaſy on him, and the Joy of being releaſed from our diſagreeable Manſion, manifeſtly overcame any Sorrow of leaving me in it. It would have been otherwiſe with me, had I gone out firſt. This Difference of our Sentiments, which I had ſometimes ſuſpected but never ſo plainly ſeen, was a moſt torturing Affliction. He allowed me no Time, nor was I willing to expreſs any of it to him. He went away, leaving me in that Kind of Immobility in which the Soul, oppreſſed by a Crowd of jarring Sentiments, remains without any direct Action.

I WAS

I was roused from it, to go and dine at the Governor's Houſe with the Marquis *De St. Genies*, the unfortunate Companion of my inauſpicious Fortune. The Governor, knowing nothing of the great Events of that Day, was gone to take a Turn in the Country. We had only the King's Lieutenant, who, from Concern at our Adventure and what he was to make known to us, could not utter one Word. Never was a more doleful Meal than this. After Dinner, as I was going up as uſual to drink Coffee, the Lieutenant ſtopp'd me at the Stair-foot, ſaying, "Don't go up; you muſt return to your "Room, and not ſtir out any more." "Be it ſo," ſaid I; and, taking hold of Mademoiſelle *Rondel*'s Arm, I went to my Room. He paid the ſame Compliment to *St. Genies*; who, I believe, did not ſo well digeſt it. Having diſcharged his Commiſſion, he follow'd me to my Apartment; there he informed me, that Monſieur *Le Blanc*, at the ſame Time that he brought Warrants for the Releaſement of others, had given Orders that we ſhould be cloſer confin'd than ever; that he had asked him to let us dine together that Day, as uſual, and that he might defer notifying this Change 'till after Dinner. The poor Lieutenant was ſenſibly afflicted for this Fulmination, which I took as a Comfort; being over-joyed that, no longer ſeeing what ſupremely pleaſed me, I ſhould ſee nothing at all, thus not expoſe my Sorrow, leſt the Cauſe ſhould be ſeen into, and ſtill more unwilling that it ſhould be attributed to a Want of Spirit. We have naturally a greater Contempt for the Weakneſſes which make no Part of our Compoſitions, than for thoſe by which we are ſway'd. *Maiſonrouge* did not diſtinguiſh

guiſh the different Emotions of my Mind, and imagined all my Deſolation to proceed from this Renewal of my Captivity, at the very Moment when it ſhould have ended. He was for knowing the Cauſe, and asked me what I thought of it? "Probably," ſaid I, "they have pitched upon me "as the poor Aſs in the Fable, who had ſtole only "a ſingle Bite of Hay, and was devoted to Death "for the other Beaſts; who were more guilty, but "ſtronger than he." We reaſoned a long Time on this Event, but were juſt where we were at ſetting out.

THE Governor call'd upon me in the Evening, and expreſſed how much he was concerned at it; adding, That he had never known an Inſtance that a Priſoner, after being allow'd the Liberty which I had, ſhould be ſhut up again. He was ſtill more ſurpriz'd not to find me under any Conſternation, for a Calamity of ſo ugly an Aſpect. He could not ſufficiently applaud my Serenity, becauſe he did not perceive the wretched Support of it. Thus often we are extolled for that, which, if more narrowly ſearch'd into, would produce a contrary Effect.

THE King's Lieutenant, ſeeing me excluded from all Company, and every Way in a very melancholy Condition, told me, two Days after the Chevalier *De Menil* was gone, that he had received a Billet from him, full of Love for me. He was for ſhowing it me, but could not find it again. I knew him too well to ſuſpect any Artifice. The next Day I receiv'd one addreſſed directly to myſelf, which gave me no great Pleaſure.

I WAS

I was ſome Days without hearing one Word of the Chevalier *De Menil*, during which my Mind ran on a thouſand piercing Reflections concerning his Behaviour. I perceiv'd that the open Air had inſtantly diſſipated thoſe Sentiments, which I had thought ſo ſolid. This gave me inconceiveable Anguiſh: At laſt the Lieutenant told me he had call'd on him, and had deſir'd him to give me a Letter, and to prevail on me for an Anſwer; with which I complied. I receiv'd alſo another before he left *Paris*, unknown to the Lieutenant, by the Hands of his Footman; ſignifying to me, that in a long Converſation with a Friend of his, very zealous for our Court, he had intruſted him with our Connection and his Deſign, from a Perſwaſion that it might be of Uſe to bring him into our Intereſt, and induce him to ſerve us with my Princeſs. This Step quite reviv'd me, as it certified the Reality of his Intentions, and of his Eagerneſs for carrying them into Execution; but it put me to no ſmall Pain, that I could no longer hear from him, nor write to him. He was on the Point of ſetting out, and nothing was to be ventured by the Poſt. Here our incomparable Friend ſtepped in to our Relief. He felt what Uneaſineſs ſuch a Silence would give me, and ſaid to me, "You can "neither write to the Chevalier *De Menil* nor he to "you, in your preſent Situation; and all would be "loſt, if your Writing was to appear at the Poſt-"Houſe. I'll write to him every Week. You ſhall "ſee my Letters and his Anſwers; this will be a "reciprocal Information to both." I ſaw all the Merit of this laſt Service. The Appearance of the Connection with a Perſon ſo lately under his Guard, might render his Fidelity ſuſpected; but my Satisfaction

tisfaction preponderated againſt any other Conſideration.

TOWARDS the Cloſe of the Year the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Equipages had been ſent away to fetch her at *Chanlay*. *La Billarderie*, who carried the Court's Order to her, was to overtake them and go before. Monſieur *De Sailly*, Maſter of the Horſe to that Princeſs, who conducted them, took Poſt and went to *Joigny*, a little Town two Leagues from *Chanlay*, there to wait for Monſieur *De La Billarderie*, and to go to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* at the ſame Time with him. He ſtaid two Days there *incognito*, 'till the Officers of the King's Kitchen, who were in Waiting on the Princeſs and uſed to come every Day to buy Proviſions, concluding, by his Queſtions to them, that he was very much concern'd for her, reported it to the Dutcheſs, who directly ſent to find out who he was. To refuſe informing them was more than he could do. On this ſhe immediately diſpatched a Meſſenger for him to come to her; and, though this was tranſgreſſing other Orders, he obeyed: Previouſly, however, ſending a Meſſage for Leave to Monſieur *De Sangles*, the King's Lieutenant in the Citadel of *Châlons*, who had follow'd the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* to *Chanlay*, and had there the Guard of her Perſon. He acquainted him that he might come, but that he would be glad to ſpeak a Word to him, before he made his Appearance to the Princeſs. All that the Lieutenant wanted with him was, that he ſhould ſay only ſuch Things as were agreeable to the Situation of Affairs. He afterwards waited on her Highneſs, who was raptur'd with the Sight of him, as the Signal for her Return; but her Joy was allayed

allayed by *La Billarderie*'s Delay, of which ſhe could not conceive the Reaſon.

A PROMISE had been ſent to her, that on her Arrival at *Seaux* ſhe ſhould there find the Duke *Du Maine*, with his Sons and Daughter. Juſt as *La Billarderie* had got his Men together and was ſetting out, the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* informed him, that the Duke *Du Maine* had deſired to go to *Clagny* near *Verſailles*, and not to *Seaux*, whither he had appointed that his Children alſo ſhould not go.

LA BILLARDERIE, foreſeeing the Agony which this Alteration would bring on the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, would not go to her, 'till he had tried every Way for bringing the Duke *Du Maine* to what ſhe was deſirous of. This Negotiation, after delaying him ſeveral Days, had no Effect. He, at laſt, began his March, but with a Reſolution to conceal theſe diſagreeable Tidings, leſt there ſhould be no getting her from where ſhe was, unleſs her Deſires on this Article were complied with.

HER Uneaſineſs at his not coming had been increaſing, ever ſince the Hour when ſhe had depended on his being at *Chanlay*. She ask'd *Sailly* a thouſand Queſtions on the Cauſes of this Delay. He was no Stranger to the Duke *Du Maine*'s Reſolution againſt returning to *Seaux*, but, that it was not proper to tell her; yet his Confuſion, when ſhe mentioned the Joy of ſeeing herſelf again at *Seaux* with that Prince and her Children, had nearly betrayed him. She perceiv'd it, and ask'd him the Cauſe of it; but, by an exquiſite Preſence of Mind, he removed her Apprehenſions. At laſt *La Billarderie* arrived, and ſhe was now quite eaſy; for he told her nothing but what was

agreeable to her Wiſhes; it having been reſolved not to let her into the true State of Things 'till ſhe reached *Petit-Bourg*, where ſhe was to lie the laſt Night, and this Commiſſion was conferred on the Duke *D'Antin*. She ſat out, and *La Billarderie* omitted no Meaſure for preventing her having any Notice of this Incident before the Time appointed, that her Return might not be protracted, or his Rout interrupted. Amidſt all the Care taken that no Body ſhould ſpeak to her on the Road, one of the Houſe-Keepers at *Fontainbleau* gave the firſt Alarm; telling her, That it was whiſpered that the Duke *Du Maine* was gone to take up his Reſidence at *Clagny*. At this ſhe was ſeized with Amazement and Grief, and determined to know the Truth without Delay, which *La Billarderie* could now no longer avoid making known; and he did it the more readily, as now ſhe was come too far to go back. When ſhe knew that this Reſidence of the Duke *Du Maine* at *Clagny* was his own Choice, it greatly added to her Grief, ſuch a Diſpoſition in the Duke appearing to her a Preſage of freſh Calamities. However ſhe went on, and came to *Petit-Bourg*, the Place, which at other Times would have filled her Mind with a thouſand delightful Recollections. Monſieur *D'Antin* was glad the Secret had tranſpired, without his being oblig'd to break it to her; and, in the Converſation they had together, gave her to hope that as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be on the Spot every Thing would be ſettled to her Liking.

ON her Arrival at *Seaux*, ſhe found no Body there; and was informed that, without an expreſs Order

Order from the Princeſs Dowager, no Perſon was to go to *Seaux*, and ſuch Order ſhe thought it proper to give only to very few. She knew that the Writing, which the Duke *D'Orleans* had promiſed to keep ſecret, had been read in open Council; where, though it had been ill read, ſcarce liſten'd to, and leſs underſtood, it was tried and condemned. The Publick, who had not ſeen it, and never did, was exaſperated againſt the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, and broke out into the moſt virulent Invectives againſt her, not knowing that ſhe had been led into an Error by thoſe whom ſhe could leaſt ſuſpect, and without examining the Motives on which her Proceedings were grounded. The current Suppoſition was, that ſhe had betrayed Perſons embarked in an Affair of manifeſt Danger, purely from a Devotedneſs to her; yet had ſhe done no Detriment to any of them, and, in Reality, had for their Releaſement expoſed herſelf to the Cenſure of the World, which may be readily foreſeen on an Occaſion of ſo delicate a Nature.

The Abbè *De Maulevrier*, alarmed at the publick Clamours, in order to ward off all Suſpicion from the Princeſs or himſelf having any Hand in this Step, was one of the loudeſt in exclaiming againſt the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*; and he even brought the Princeſs Dowager abſolutely to diſapprove of her whole Behaviour. He charged her with ſacrificing two valuable Men, the Cardinal *De Polignac* and Monſieur *Maleſieu*, in whoſe Defence, but a few Days before, he thought ſhe was too ſollicitous. Honeſt *La Billarderie* was for putting him in Mind of what he had ſaid to him and written to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, ſo contrary to what he was

then ſaying. He denied it all; ſurely it could not ſo very ſoon have ſlipped out of his Memory, or rather he preferred a preſent Intereſt to Truth deſtitute of Proofs. He came to *Seaux*, where he very rudely poured forth to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* his utter Diſapprobation of her Meaſures. At firſt ſhe was, as it were, petrified with Aſtoniſhment. She was in Bed, and under her Bolſter had all his Letters and thoſe of her Mother, that ſhe might eaſily have ſilenced him. She was tempted to it, but her Prudence overcame her Impatience. She ſaw all the Danger of irritating, under the Situation ſhe was in, a Man who without Reſerve poſſeſſed the Confidence of the Princeſs, the only Support remaining; and who, if provoked, might give an unhappy Turn to her Diſpoſitions: She was aware alſo that if he ſhould know ſhe had kept ſuch Letters, he would not let the Princeſs alone 'till he had them in his Hands: That to refuſe delivering them, would bring her Reſentment on her; and that by giving them up, ſhe deprived herſelf of the Vouchers for her Conduct.

A FEW Days after, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* obtained Leave to viſit the Princeſs Dowager, who, being indiſpoſed, could not go to *Seaux*. She was very affectionately received, as the Princeſs could not enter on Reproaches which ſhe was conſcious muſt reflect on herſelf; and the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* confined her Talk to the Neceſſity of urging the Performance of the Regent's Promiſe, relatively to the Diſcharge of the Priſoners, and of reconciling the Duke *Du Maine* to her.

THIS Prince, chagrined at a Year's harſh Confinement for an Affair in which he was not concerned, had

had determined to remain at *Clagny*, and not ſee his Dutcheſs. He had been perſuaded that ſuch a Mark of his Reſentment would be looked on as a Proof of his Innocence, which it greatly concerned him to ſet in a clear Light, that the Regent might then be in ſome Meaſure obliged to reſtore him to the Function of his Poſts, and the Rank of which he had been deprived at the Bed of Juſtice, prior to his Impriſonment. Another Trouble to him was the Diſorder of his Affairs, and the Expences which occaſioned it; that he had ſome Thoughts of ſettling a fixed Allowance on the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, and taking Meaſures for paying off his Debts, without contracting any other.

THESE Schemes for a Separation the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* laid to Heart more than the public Cenſure, or the Defection of moſt of thoſe who, in her Proſperity, had affected the warmeſt Attachment to her. She omitted nothing for reconciling the Duke to her; but it proved ſuch a very long-winded Negotiation, that the Iſſue muſt be referred to the Sequel.

DURING theſe Tranſactions, I remained a confined Prey to melancholy Reflections. One Day a Turnkey, and not he who attended me, came into my Room; and, throwing a large Packet into my Lap, ſaid he would call for it again, and diſappear'd. I eagerly open'd it, and found it to be the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Declaration, with a Letter; in which ſhe acquainted me, That ſhe ſent me that Piece, as a Guide in what I ſhould ſay, concerning which ſhe left me entirely at my Liberty. This Letter being of her writing, I burned the material Part of it; but with great Care preſerved the laſt Lines,

which I often wetted with Tears and Kiſſes. They were as follow:

FRAGMENT.

"I LOVE and eſteem you more than ever; tho' "all you have done has not ſurprized me. Your "good Senſe and Fidelity were not over-looked "by me. Whenever I have the Pleaſure of ſeeing "you, aſſure yourſelf of ſuch Marks of my Friend-"ſhip as you deſerve. Adieu, my dear *Launay*."

BESIDES the Kindneſs with which it was fraught, the bare Writing of my Princeſs gave me a ſenſible Pleaſure. After giving it more than one reading, I began with the long Piece annexed to it; but in the Midſt of my Reading, in comes the King's Lieutenant. I huddled the Papers into a Trunk, that all he ſaw was my Vexation at being interrupted. He was uſed to the Irregularities of my Temper, and paid a Regard to them, that he ſoon left us, and I took out my Papers; but *Rondel* repreſenting the Danger of being ſurprized in the Day-Time, I put them by 'till Night. The Declaration was very long, that it took me up two Nights reading. I writ a Letter to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, the Contents are forgotten, and ſealed up the Packet again. I was directed, when I had gone through it, to make a Signal oppoſite to the Tower where Monſieur *De Maleſieu* was, that it might be fetched, which was done. The ſame Writing had at firſt been conveyed to him, with an Order to let me have a Sight of it. Him it more particularly concerned;

cerned; for me, I was mentioned but as it were collaterally, and in a ſlight Fact, relating only to the inſignificant Mademoiſelle *Dupuis*, whom I have mentioned: But Monſieur *De Maleſieu*'s whole Affair was formally ſet forth in all its Circumſtances, in order as much as poſſible to diſculpate him, by the earneſt Remonſtrances which the Dutcheſs declared he had made to her, and her expreſs Commands authoritatively laid on him, with regard to the Paper found in his Bureau. The Continuance of his Impriſonment cauſed a violent Grief to this Princeſs, 'till, by her powerful Sollicitations, the Regent ſigned his Diſcharge from the *Baſtile*; but, to ſave him from Exile, was beyond all the Activity of her grateful Friendſhip. He was carried to *Eſtampes*, where he remained ſix Months.

She alſo ſpoke to the Regent, in Behalf of the Count *De Laval* and me: But he told her, That we were both ſuſpected of being concerned in the *Britany* * Affair, which then cauſed great Ferments; and, 'till that was cleared up, no Diſcharge was to be expected. She proteſted to him, that, as to me, ſuch a Thing was impoſſible; that I never had;

hor

* An Hiſtorian of *Britany* had the Boldneſs to publiſh a Piece, ſhewing that the Power of the Kings of *France* over *Britany* was founded on Violence, without any legal Origin, and aſſerting the Independency of that Province. This indeed was anſwer'd by *Vertot*'s Treatiſe on the Dependency of *Britany*, yet ſome violent Inſurrections broke out. They were ſuppreſſed by a Superiority of Force; and, to leave ſenſible Perſons without any Colour of Argument for ſuch Struggles for their pretended Liberties, the above-mentioned Abbè, in 1720, publiſhed his unanſwerable Hiſtory of the *Settlement of the* Britons *in* Gaul.

nor could do any Thing without her Orders, and it was manifeſt that ſhe had no Hand in thoſe Commotions. The Baron *De Walef* indeed, for Want of better Employment and being uneaſy in his Circumſtances, had, with a View of Intereſt, embarked in that Intrigue; and, in his Correſpondence with the Inſurgents, employed that Woman, whoſe Acquaintance I owed to him, which raiſed a Surmiſe that I might have ſome Knowledge of the Practices, to which ſhe had been ſubſervient. It was ſo ſtrongly ſuſpected, tho' abſolutely guiltleſs, that I nearly eſcaped being ſent to *Nantes* Caſtle. I was apprized of it, and my Conſternation was the greater, as but a few Days before the Count *De Noyon* had been carried thither from the *Baſtile*; and ſo abruptly, as not to allow him Time to take his Things with him. I imagined I ſhould be ſtripped in the like Manner, and poſted along the Highways to a Goal, where my Keepers might be more ſavage than thoſe I had ſo throughly tamed: But it ended in my Fright, for, without carrying me ſo far, it appeared that I was none of the Incendiaries in the *Britany* Combuſtion.

HOWEVER the Regent, to elude my Releaſe, inſiſted that I muſt ſpeak as the others had done; that ſuch was the Condition ſettled, and that he would not be baffled by the ridiculous Heroiſm I affected. To bring me to this Submiſſion, Monſieur *De Torpanne* was deputed to me. As I had known him about the Duke *Du Maine*, it was judged that I ſhould have no Sufpicion of him. He had a Licence for coming into my Room, where I hitherto had not ſeen any one Perſon from without. He acquainted me, that he came from the Dutcheſs

Du

Du Maine, to releaſe me of all my Oaths and Obligations to keep her Secrets; that ſhe had herſelf been obliged to make a Declaration of them, and diſpenſed me from all Obſervance and Duty on that Head. I anſwer'd, that I had taken no Oaths; that I did not underſtand what he meant; that her ſerene Highneſs was Miſtreſs to give an Account of her Affairs; that ſhe could do it much better than I, who did not know ſo much, and that of what I might have known, I now remembered little or nothing, and that but uncertainly. He went away without getting any Thing further from me.

On this and the like Occaſions Mademoiſelle *Rondel*, with a Courage above her Station, exhorted me not to ſuffer myſelf to be ſeduced by any Sollicitations put in Practice for making me ſpeak. "The Conduct you have hitherto obſerved," ſaid ſhe, "has done you Honour; let me adviſe "you not to flinch from it. You are now out "of Harm's Reach. The Affair is over. The "worſt that can be is to ſtay here a little longer; "and what great Matter is there in that? Are "we not ſufficiently uſed to it?" I have always wondered that a Servant, coming in for no Share of the Honour her Miſtreſs may acquire, ſhould be ſo nice in this Point, and ſo chearfully ſacrifice her Liberty to it.

Soon after *Torpanne*'s Viſit, our Governor came to me to let me know, that Monſieur *Le Blanc* required a Declaration from me. I ſaid, that I did not ſo much as know what a Declaration was; that I had never ſeen any, but in Romances, and that it was probably nothing of that Kind Monſieur *Le Blanc* required; that I would write to him for more

more preciſe Information, and begged the Favour of him to take Charge of my Letter; which was as follows:

LETTER.

"SIR,

"THE Governor of the *Baſtile* ordered me "Yeſterday, in your Name, to draw up a "Declaration. Not knowing what the Subject of "it ſhould be, though entirely diſpoſed to obey "you, it is out of my Power to comply with this "Order, 'till you are pleaſed to ſpecify the Things "of which you require an Account from me.

"IF my Ignorance of the Faults which I may "have committed be not a Juſtification of me, yet "it renders me utterly incapable of making a "Confeſſion of them. Monſieur *De Torpanne*, "who, by your Permiſſion, has been with me, "informs me that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* has "given in very explicite Declarations of her Pro-"ceedings. If there can be any on which you "deſire further Lights from ſuch a one as I, it is "only taking the Trouble to indicate them, and "I ſhall do myſelf the Honour of anſwering you "with all the Clearneſs and Punctuality due to "Truth, and the Perſons who require me to declare "it. I have the Honour of being, *&c.*

"*April* 20, 1720."

THESE

THESE Motions made me think my Deliverance was drawing near. It being probable that the Regent would not allow of my immediate Return to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, and having beſides Intelligence that the Princeſs Dowager oppoſed it, I conſulted about providing myſelf with a Settlement, of which I might ſtand immediately in Need. The Taſte for Solitude which my forced Retreat had created in me, together with the diſagreeable Life I had led in the World, brought me to look on a Convent as the moſt eligible Place. It was properly my native Country, and I had always longed to be there again. *La Preſentation* had the Preference in my Wiſhes, dear Madame *De Grieu* being ſtill there, and it had alſo been my firſt Receptacle, on my leaving the Country. I communicated my Deſign to *Maiſonrouge*, who, in this alſo, proved my invariable Friend. He ſpoke to the Marchioneſs *Du Châtelet*, who had a great Eſteem for him, to write about me to Madame *De Richlieu* her Siſter, Abbeſs of *La Preſentation*, who ſent her the following Anſwer.

LETTER.

" DEAR SISTER,

" THO' I take no grown-up Boarders, yet was I " at firſt inclined to ſollicit for Mademoi- " ſelle *De Launay* to be committed to my Care; " but, at that Time, it was judged that ſuch a Step " would be of no Service to her, and might be " dangerous to me; ſo you may think whether

" I will

" I will not receive her, when ſhe is diſcharged " from the *Baſtile*. It is from more than one " Motive, that I ſhall very cordially; and none of " the leaſt is, for the Sake of your good-natured " Major. He began his aſſiduous Cares of her to " pleaſe you, and he has concluded them to pleaſe " himſelf. It is fit I ſhould receive her from his " Hand; and I even will have him account himſelf " obliged to me, as I am infinitely to him for all he " has done in this Reſpect. You are in the right, " my dear Siſter, to expreſs your Acknowledge- " ments of his Zeal and Complaiſance to our Bro- " ther; I cordially join in them, and a Million of " Compliments to that worthy Soldier."

SOON after this little Negotiation, I was inform'd, that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* ſtrongly inſiſted on having me again with her, whenever I ſhould leave the *Baſtile*, ſo that my Projects became very uncertain. That which I had moſt at Heart, depended on the Chevalier *De Menil*'s Return, and his Diſpoſitions. *Maiſonrouge* punctually kept his Word, writing to him every Week and receiving Anſwers, which he immediately brought to me, as he likewiſe ſhewed me the Letters he writ. Both were very circumſpect, by reaſon of the Hazard of being intercepted.

AFTER three Months and a Half paſt in Baniſhment, he ſent us Word that he was on his Return, and follow'd cloſe upon this Notice. At his Arrival he came to our Lieutenant, ask'd him a great many Queſtions concerning me, and deſired him to give me a Letter, with which I was little pleaſed. It principally turn'd on the Neceſſity of getting myſelf diſcharg'd.

diſcharg'd. His Style ſeem'd to be quite alter'd, and I ſuſpected there was no leſs Alteration in his Sentiments and Intentions. What *Maiſonrouge* told me of his Converſation, what I ſaw he concealed of it, the Air of Sadneſs while he was giving me this Account, every Thing concurr'd to alarm me. Afterwards I uſed to gather Hopes, from the very ſame Things which had produced my Uneaſineſs. Can the Grief of a Rival be any Sign of Infidelity in him who is preferred? would not it rather give him a Joy beyond Concealment? It is the Certainty of his Unhappineſs, and not of mine, which afflicts him. This is what I uſed to ſay to myſelf; but a thouſand other Replies threw me again into my former Troubles.

He writ ſeveral Letters to me, during the Remainder of my Captivity; moſt of them only fomented my Doubts and Anguiſh; which however, in my Anſwers, I concealed from him as much as poſſible.

The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, who ever ſince her Return, which was now five Months, had been ſolliciting my Deliverance, deſired the Princeſs of *Conti*, her Niece, who in all Reſpects behaved ſuitably to ſuch a Relation, to prevail on Monſieur *Le Blanc* that he would once more ſee me, and put an End to my Affair: But all the Princeſs could obtain of him was, that Monſieur *Bochet*, Secretary to the Prince of *Conti*, might be ſent to me with the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Orders. Inſtead of writing them herſelf, ſhe made Uſe of a Hand which I was acquainted with, and could not ſuſpect; on a Card, which I have kept, was written, "The Dutcheſs *Du*

" *Maine* orders you to write; and I am directed to " tell you ſo, in her Name."

MONSIEUR *Bachet* came to the *Baſtile*, and delivered the Card to me; giving me to underſtand, that a longer Perſeverance would offend all Parties, and that it would be every Way beſt for me to comply with this laſt Order. Accordingly I writ, but without any great Profeſſions of Sincerity, and mentioning only ſuch Things as were not wanted to be known, and others which ſome Perſons did not care to hear of. To this Piece I annexed a Letter to Monſieur *Le Blanc*. They were both as follow:

DECLARATION.

" BARON *Walef*, who ſometimes uſed to come " to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, ſince her living " at the *Thuilleries*; and who, from Time to Time, " would be bringing Pieces of Poetry of his com- " poſing, for me to ſhew them to her Highneſs: " This Baron one Day told me, that he had ſome " Thoughts of going to *Spain*, in order, if poſſi- " ble, to recover his Rights to a Succeſſion that had " fallen to him in that Country: That poſſibly he " ſhould go to *Italy*, where he had ſome other " Buſineſs; that before he ſet out he would wait " on the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, to receive her Com- " mands. Soon after the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* told " me, that Baron *Walef* had mentioned his Journey " to her; asking, at the ſame Time, whether ſhe " would not honour him with ſome Commiſſion? " that ſhe made anſwer, that if he ſhould hear " any particular News in the Places through which

" he

" he paſſed, ſhe ſhould be glad to have an Account " of it: That he needed only to write to me, and " ſhe ſhould ſee his Letters. He came to me alſo, " and talk'd to the ſame Purpoſe: Adding, that " he had a Female Friend, but did not name her, " who would bring me his Letters. Afterwards he " own'd to me that he was extremely at a Loſs, " being diſappointed of the Money, on which he " depended for his Journey; that without it he " ſhould loſe a very favourable Juncture for his " Claim; that the only Reſource was to diſpoſe of a " moſt curious Set of China that he had, deſiring " me to ſee whether the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would " not buy it. He brought it me the next Day to " ſhow to her Highneſs. Her natural Generoſity " immediately ſuggeſted to her, that ſhe could not " decently refuſe ſome Aſſiſtance to a Man of Quality, " who had ſhewn a Zeal for her Service, and ſhe " order'd his Set of China to be carried back, with " a Preſent of a Hundred Louis. He ſet out, and " it was ſome Time before he was heard of: At laſt " a Letter, dated at *Rome*, came from him, which " ſurprized the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, as he had not " ſaid one Word about his going thither. This " was ſucceeded by ſome others from *Madrid*. They " were all delivered to me by one of my own Sex, of " whom I know nothing; except that ſhe told me " ſhe was an Acquaintance of Baron *Walef*'s, and " her name was *Pruden*. I never mentioned her " to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, or had any particular " Converſation with the ſaid Perſon, only thanking " her for the Trouble of bringing me theſe Letters. " The Contents of them I have quite forgot, except " that they were not worth remembring. I have indeed

" ſome Idea of a Memorial, which Baron *Walef* " had drawn up to be delivered to Cardinal *Alberoni*, " and of which he ſent an Abſtract in one of his " Letters. It was a Heap of Chimeras, ſo con- " fuſedly huddled together as not to be underſtood, " much leſs could any regular Account be given " of it. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was not a little " provoked at ſuch impertinent Officiouſneſs; and " ſaid to me, that ſhould this Man take it into " his Head to make Uſe of her Name in his Viſions, " he might bring her into a great deal of Trouble: " And directed me, without Delay, to ſend him " Word to be quiet, and by no Means to offer to " take upon him Things with which he had not " been commiſſioned. The Letter was wrote with " Smartneſs, that he might the better underſtand " how much his wrong Steps were diſapproved of, " yet we had more of his Viſions; upon which I " remember the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* told me, he " was abſolutely beſides himſelf: Adding, *This is* " *an Accident ſo common to theſe who, like him,* " *ſet up to be Rhymers, that it was Weakneſs in* " *me not to foreſee it; that ſuch a Man might not* " *have it in his Power to boaſt of being known to* " *me:* So that, fearing the Effects of his diſtemper'd " Fancy, ſhe thought the beſt way would be to " intimate to him that he ſhould return; promiſing " him, as ſhe knew this was the Scope of his Ad- " ventures, to procure him a genteel Employment. " He wrote word back, that moſt willingly would " he return, ſeeing no Appearance of terminating the " Affairs which had call'd him into *Spain*, but that " he had not a ſingle Penny for his Journey, and " that he even was at a Loſs for preſent Subſiſtance;

" that

" that being deſtitute of Means to return, he could " have wiſh'd to have met with ſome Employment " where he was.

" THE weak State of my Health having hindered " me from attending the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* in her " Journey to *Seaux*, I was for a conſiderable Time " without ſeeing her. At her Return, ſhe told me " that ſhe had taken Meaſures, as ſhe thought it " incumbent on her, to prevent any Regard being " paid to what might come from Baron *Walef*, and " that ſhe had alſo made Intereſt for procuring him " a Place in *Spain*, in caſe he would not come back. " This ſhe believed would ſettle his Mind, that he " would no longer think of making himſelf a buſy " Body, without being required; and directed me " to inform him of it, and tell him to write no more, " for his Letters became more and more offenſive. " Accordingly we heard no more of him.

" I ALSO had Knowledge of another Thing, " which perhaps is not worth relating; however, " it was as follows:

" THE Abbè *Le Camus*, having informed the " Dutcheſs *Du Maine* that one Abbè *De Verac* was " the Author of a certain Libel, which had gone " about on the Conteſt of the Princes, ſhe was de- " ſirous of having all poſſible Proofs of this, in order " to overthrow the current Opinion of that Pamphlet's " coming from her Houſe. On this Occaſion I was " directed to have ſome Talk with a Woman of the " Name of *Dupuis*, an Acquaintance of theſe two " Abbès, from whom the Dutcheſs was aſſured that " I ſhould get the cleareſt Informations and Proof " of the Fact in Queſtion. I had but indifferent " Succeſs in my Commiſſion; not a Word to the

" Purpoſe did Mrs. *Dupuis* tell me. I was order'd
" to ſee her again, but to no better Purpoſe than
" before: However, ſhe made a Handle of it for
" coming often to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s, under
" a Pretence of having ſomething to ſay to me; yet
" the Amount of all her ſeveral Diſcourſes were, that
" the Abbè *De Verac* would be very proud of ſerving
" the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, if ſhe wanted any Thing
" to be written. I told her over and over that all
" her Affairs were concluded, ſo that ſhe had no
" Occaſion for a Writer. She returned to the Charge,
" ſaying, that if the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would be
" pleaſed to ſee the Abbè *De Verac*, ſhe would like
" him much, and that he could tell her ſome Things
" ſhe would be glad to know. I reported this
" Overture, which was again urged to me. The
" Dutcheſs *Du Maine* refuſed ſeeing the Abbé *De*
" *Verac*; and, ſuſpecting ſuch an unſeaſonable Ur-
" gency, ſhe directed me to tell *Dupuis* not to come
" any more within her Doors. She would not im-
" mediately take a Denial; and, though the Orders
" were ſo preciſe, ſhe returned on ſeveral Pretences;
" alledging, that ſhe had a weighty Information,
" which could only be imparted to the Dutcheſs
" herſelf. At laſt I procured her an Opportunity of
" ſpeaking to her Highneſs, to whom ſhe ſaid ſome
" Words, which however did not in the leaſt give
" a Turn to the Suſpicion ſhe had entertain'd againſt
" this Woman.

" THESE are the only Things in which I had
" any Concern, or any Knowledge of. I muſt add,
" that I perceived, by the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s
" frequent Motions, that ſhe was embarraſſed in ſome
" troubleſome Affair, of which I never knew the
" Particulars;

" Particulars; what I moſt obſerved of it was, her " extreme Fear that the leaſt Knowledge of it ſhould " reach the Duke *Du Maine*."

" *Feb.* 1, 1720."

LETTER *to Monſieur* Le Blanc, *on ſending him the foregoing Piece.*

" SIR,

" YOUR repeated Orders I hold too indiſpenſible, " any longer to delay complying with them. " Here is an exact Account of what I know, both " with regard to the Things which you took the " Trouble of queſtioning me about, and likewiſe " thoſe which of themſelves came into my Remem- " brance. It is, perhaps, neither in the Form nor " Style of a Declaration, which I probably under- " ſtand nothing of: But at leaſt, Sir, you will ſee in " it my Sincerity and Submiſſion to your Orders. " If I was wanting in conforming to them at the firſt " Notice, I have ſufficiently expiated that Fault, " by the Dread that I had incurred your Diſpleaſure, " which I hold to be worſe than all my other Miſfor- " tunes. I have the Honour of being, *&c.*"

THE Regent, I believe, did not much like this Piece; but as an apparent Compliance with the Conditions he had impoſed for obtaining our Liberty was all he wanted, he put up with it, and no further Mention was made of it, that the Publick did not know I had delivered any Writing.

SOME

SOME Days after, being at my Window, I ſaw Monſieur *Maiſonrouge* haſtily croſſing the Court, with a Paper in his Hand, which he held up to me. He came to me under an Oppreſſion which amazed me. None but thoſe skilful Painters, who can blend the Expreſſion of Joy to that of a Heart-felt Grief, could take off what I obſerv'd in his Countenance, at his giving me the Paper. It was the Warrant for my Diſcharge out of the *Baſtile*. "Now "you are at Liberty," ſaid he, "and now I loſe you. "This Moment is what I have paſſionately wiſhed. "I would have laid down my Life to have haſten'd "it; but now I ſhall ſee you no more, what will "become of me!"

THIS News excited in me only confuſed Motions; at leaſt Joy, if there was any, did not diſtinguiſh itſelf above the reſt. I regretted a Friend, who was ſuſceptible of an Affection which I too well ſaw to be particular to him. I was deſirous of ſeeing again the Chevalier *De Menil*, and to clear up my Suſpicions; and, perhaps, was not leſs afraid of ſo doing. I alſo longed to be again with the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, and was not without Dread at the Fatigues and Troubles which I was again to take on me. Thus all my Sentiments were ſuſpended, by the Equilibre of an oppoſite Sentiment.

WITH my Freedom I received an Order to repair immediately to *Seaux*, where the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* then was. I ſent to the *Temple*, deſiring the Abbè *De Chaulieu* to ſend me his Coach, and I would call on him in my Way. He was then confined to his Chamber by Illneſs, of which he died three Weeks after. I ſaw him, and obſerv'd how, in that Condition, what is of no further Service to us, becomes indifferent.

indifferent. He had ſhewn an extreme Concern at my Impriſonment, but not the leaſt Joy at my Deliverance. I had a true Senſe of the approaching Loſs of a Friend, who ſeem'd to make it his Buſineſs to enliven my Life with all the Satisfaction and Pleaſure it was capable of. I was not indeed without ſome who took care I ſhould want nothing that was really neceſſary to me; but in this agreeable Function he was never replaced. I ſtaid with the Abbè to the utmoſt, but not ſo long as I could have wiſh'd, being oblig'd to haſten to *Seaux*.

It was in the Evening when I arriv'd at *Seaux*, and the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was gone to take the Air. I haſten'd to meet her in the Garden. On ſeeing me, ſhe ſtopped her Chair, ſaying, "Ah! "here's Mademoiſelle *De Launay*; I am very "glad to ſee you." I went up to her, and ſhe embraced me, and drove on. I returned into the Houſe, and was ſhew'd the Room which ſhe had appointed for me. I bleſs'd myſelf at ſeeing a Chimney and a Window. I alſo heard, to my great Joy, that there were two new Chamber-Maids, one in the Room of the firſt, who was dead; and the other to fill up my Place, of which, conſequently, I was eaſed. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* had ſent Word to me, that ſhe would have Mademoiſelle *De Rondel*, of whom ſhe had heard a mighty good Character, to be her Wardrobe-Maid, the former unhappy Perſon being dead in Priſon. This was a Sacrifice I voluntarily made, in hopes it would prove a Step to ſomething better, and I took a younger Siſter of her's; but both of them continue Chamber-Maids to her Highneſs to this Day.

There

THERE was ſcarce any Body at *Seaux*, when I return'd thither. The Dutcheſs *D'Eſtrées* had come, as ſoon as ſhe had been able to obtain Leave. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, hitherto, was allow'd to ſee but very little Company, that her Cuſtom was to ſit up the greateſt Part of the Night, playing at *Biribi* with her upper Domeſticks, and ſleeping away the greateſt Part of the Day. I was to ſit and read by her, as heretofore; but this was now grown very uncouth to me, and theſe fatiguing Exerciſes ſoon made me regret the Eaſe and Tranquillity of my Confinement. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* gave me an Account of her's; inform'd me of every Thing that had happen'd to her, which I did not know; and ſaid a great deal to me, but with very few Queſtions: She alſo ſhow'd me the Princeſs's and the Abbè *De Maulevrier's* Letters. The following I receiv'd from poor *Maiſonrouge*, the Day after I left him.

LETTER.

" 7th of *June*.

" THINK, my moſt dear Pupil (this is a " Title which I deſire you will keep up) " think, I ſay, in what a Situation I am. I fluc- " tuate betwixt Joy and Sorrow. You know how " paſſionately I have wiſh'd for your Liberty. At " length you have it. So much the better: I " would have purchaſed it with my own. But " what Pain has it given me, and I foreſee will " continue to give me? It is without any Deſign

" or

" or Art that I lay myſelf open to you, ſuch as " I am. My Sincerity and the Uprightneſs of my " Heart are not unknown to you. I uſe no Pre- " caution for juſtifying my different Caprices. I " have paſſionately deſired to loſe you; I have loſt " you, and am now on the Rack. I often think on " this Contrariety, yet cannot abſolutely condemn " it; and do you, my worthy Friend, kindly excuſe " it. I ſhall always love you with the utmoſt " Tenderneſs; and, during my Life, ſhall rejoice " infinitely in every Thing that makes for your " Happineſs. Your Virtue, your Courage, have " made me entirely yours. So many other fine " Qualities, of which I had ſo near a View, make " me continually lament my Wretchedneſs, but " will alſo make me ever remember, that he who " has once loved you, muſt never give over. Pray " be careful of your Health. Yeſterday's Buſineſs " had not the beſt Effect on mine. The different " Motions in which I was agitated cauſed me " ſuch a Night, that I would not wiſh to the " worſt of my Enemies. I take great Care of your " Cat."

Two Days after, I ask'd Leave to take a Journey to *Paris*, for bringing away many Things I had left at the *Baſtile*. I was extreamly impatient for ſeeing my hearty Friends again, and eſpecially to have ſome Talk with the Chevalier *De Menil*, to whom I ſent Advice of my Excurſion in the following Billet:

BILLET.

BILLET.

"AT length, unleſs ſome ſudden Diſappointment falls out, I hope, by next *Monday*, "to be at *La Preſentation*; and there we will come "to a right Underſtanding, for my Mind and Heart "are full. In the mean Time, as nothing is certain, I will tell you what can be ſaid of my "preſent Situation, not what I think; for you "would conclude my Mind to be diſordered: However, it is no more than the Effect of the continual "Watchings, to which I have been oblig'd ever "ſince my Return. Never have I hitherto had "ſuch a Weight of Melancholy upon me; and if "I do not receive from ſome other Quarter the "Satisfaction I want, I am afraid I ſhall be wanting to myſelf."

THE next Day but one I went to Madame *De Grieu*, at *La Preſentation*. She was in an Extacy of Joy at ſeeing me. In the Parlour I found the Chevalier *De Menil*, who, far from any ſuch Raptures, betrayed Guilt and Confuſion. I was myſelf ſtruck with his Looks, as from them I augured a total Change.

HE began to plead the bad State of his Circumſtances, occaſioned by ſelling an Eſtate, which he had unneceſſarily parted with for an Annuity. His Fondneſs for this Kind of Income, plainly ſhew'd that he had never any other Thoughts than of living for himſelf. The Veil, which with more or leſs Thickneſs had 'till then covered my Eyes, now dropped off; before me I ſaw the Abyſs into

into which I had thrown myſelf, by a haſty Credulity. In order at once to ſhake off my Illuſion, I ask'd him, where were his former Intentions? He told me, that he was as deſirous of executing them as ever; that he was very far from having renounced 'em, but that ſuſpended they muſt be 'till it was ſeen what Turn Affairs would take; that, in the mean time, as he had mentioned in my Letter, he would go to *Switzerland* (this was to ſee the Marchioneſs *D'Avaray*, whoſe Husband was Embaſſador there, and from whom he pretended great Expectations:) This, he ſaid, could not be diſpenſed with; but how great ſoever his Deſires might be of ſeeing that Lady, he was ſtill more deſirous of being at a Diſtance from me. However diſguſted I was with him, I was not for returning without ſpeaking once more to him. I told him, that my Stay at *Paris* would be for two Days, and that I was with Madame *De Réal*, my moſt intimate Friend, Madame *De Gricu*'s Niece, where he might find me the next Day in the Afternoon.

AFTERWARDS I went round amongſt my Friends, from whom it may be ſuppoſed I met with a better Reception, yet I remember nothing of it. The Grief which had abſorbed my Soul, rendered it incapable of admitting any other Sentiment. I was at the *Baſtile*, as that had been the Object of my Journey. Here I found my worthy Lieutenant, dejected and indiſpoſed; but of what we ſaid to each other, I have not the leaſt Remembrance. I do not ſo much as know whether we had any particular Diſcourſe; all I recollect is, that I gave him a little Piece, which at his repeated Entreaties, I had made a

Sketch of when confined. To it was annexed this kind of Epiſtle-dedicatory.

LETTER.

To Monſ. De Maiſonrouge.

"SINCE it is to you, Sir, that I owe that "Freedom of Mind which I enjoyed in my "Captivity, it is no more than juſt that the Fruits "of it ſhould be dedicated to you. The Worth "of them, except the Neceſſity, is ſo ſlender, that "I ſcarce dare preſent my Offering, which conſiſts "of ſome Reflections, of which none are carried to "their proper Extent, and collectively they fall ſhort of "the propoſed Scope of the Work. This is indeed "but a ſmall Fragment. I cannot plead either Hurry "or Want of Leiſure; the only Excuſes of the "Brevity and Imperfection of this Writing, are that "Supinity and Indolence which are bred and gather "Strength in Solitude. If you are pleaſed to re-"ceive it as a Teſtimony of my Confidence in you, "and of the Acknowledgements which I owe to the "many Favours you have done me, it will be an "additional one; of which, as of all, the others, "I ſhall preſerve an eternal Remembrance."

THE Tranſactions of the Remainder of the Day are quite out of my Mind. The next Morning Monſieur *De Silly* paid me a Viſit at Madame *De Régli's*, expreſſing a deal of Joy at ſeeing me again, and no leſs Applauſe of my Conduct. I again jaunted away the Day, and came Home early. Madame

De

De Réal was gone to the Opera. I had declined going with her, and would not allow her to ſtay at home to keep me Company. I promiſed myſelf a more intereſting Paſtime. I waited continually for the Chevalier *De Menil*, who did not come. It was the Impreſſion of this torturing Evening, which ſtruck out of my Memory what had immediately preceded, and what follow'd it. There is no Part of my Life that I can compare to this. *Menil*'s Infidelity I now ſaw as confeſs'd; I ſaw that he even no longer obſerv'd any Decency or good Manners towards me; and, what gave the keeneſt Edge to my Deſpair, was that I at the ſame Time ſaw that, perfidious as he was, I could not tear my Heart from him.

MADAME *De Réal*, on her return home, finding me under a Diſorder of which ſhe had never ſeen any Thing before in me, though we had ſpent Part of our Lives together in the moſt intimate Confidence, could not be eaſy 'till ſhe knew what had thrown me into ſuch a violent Agony. I open'd the Affair to her, and related the whole Adventure; and I found ſome Conſolation in pouring forth my Heart to one, who loved me with ſo tender an Affection. I had, in ſome Meaſure, brought her up, and conſider'd her as my Daughter: Beſides, ſhe was in herſelf a moſt amiable Creature; eaſy, good temper'd, ſenſible, a great deal of Wit, without knowing it; and of Beauty, without any Intent of pleaſing.

THOUGH my Converſation with her had a little eaſed me, I paſſed the Night in an Agitation, which was not reliev'd by one Inſtant of Sleep. At Day-Break I wrote to the Chevalier *De Menil*.

HE came to Madame *De Réal's* before I went away. His Failure the Night before had, it ſeems, been occaſioned only by a Miſtake, being told at the Door that I was gone out. In fine, there he was not to blame, but in many other Reſpects ſo much, that I was but little better pleaſed, as I ſignified to him in my Letters, after my Return to *Sceaux*.

AT the ſame Time I receiv'd a Letter from Madame *De Vauvray*, informing me, that my Want of Leiſure for dreſſing myſelf and enquiring into the Fashions, excuſed her Forwardneſs in ſending me the Patterns. With this Letter was brought a Box, in which I found a Woman's Dreſs from Head to Foot, with all the ſeveral Appendages, and the Whole in the moſt elegant Taſte imaginable. So polite an Attention, and at a Juncture when it was ſo ſeaſonable, very much affected me. All the Cloaths which I had ſent me in my Confinement were quite worn out, that at my Releaſement I may ſay I was all in Rags. I now found myſelf brilliantly equipp'd by the Care of a Friend, whoſe Generoſity I have not been able to acknowledge any further than by a grateful Remembrance, retained 'till this awful Time, when I am paſſing into a Forgetfulneſs of all ſublunary Concerns.

AFTER my Diſcharge from Priſon, I found ſufficient Notice taken of me. My ſmall Share in an Intrigue, which made ſo much Noiſe, imparted a Kind of Luſtre to me. The ſteady Conſiſtency of my Behaviour acquired me greater Applauſe, than the little Conflict it put me to in Reality deſerved: But our Actions, cannot be eſtimated by their intrinſick Sources, theſe not being known; it is the

the Poſition in which they are exhibited to the publick Eye, that determines their Value. The Warmth of my former Friends, pleaſed with this Kind of Succeſs, revived. Many Perſons, to whom I was not known, ſought my Acquaintance; and I might have ſwam in Pleaſures, had not the wretched Poiſon, with which my Heart was imbibed, hardened it againſt any Gratifications.

In the mean time the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was ſtill under extreme Uneaſineſs, with which I could better ſympathize, than have joined in her Diverſions. Many Perſons kept away from her, for fear of giving Umbrage to the Regent, with whom, notwithſtanding the apparent Reconciliation, ſhe was thought not to be on good Terms; and ſhe herſelf was not, at that Time, very fond of Company. The Cardinal *De Polignac* and *Maleſieu* were ſtill at the Places of their Exile; but what afflicted her above every Thing, was, that the Duke *Du Maine* perſiſted in ſtaying at *Clagny*, and would not ſee her. He ſent to her a Propoſal to name a Sum for the Expence of her Houſhold, and ſhe to have the Management in her own Hands; but ſhe would hear of nothing which tended towards a Continuance of this excruciating Separation. On the contrary, every Means that could be thought of ſhe employed to bring about a Reconcilement. The Princeſs Dowager, and every Body who had Acceſs to the Duke, were entreated to join their good Offices; and to work upon him through his Conſcience, ſhe employed the Cardinal *De Noailles*, ſo diſtinguiſh'd for his Moderation, and for every other Chriſtian Virtue.

The Duke *Du Maine*, thus urged on all Sides, could not refuſe at leaſt an Interview; which was

held at the Country-Houſe of Monſieur *Landais*, Secretary to the Ordnance. The Duke came thither, and the Princeſs brought the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. She exerted all her engaging Graces and Politeneſs, but they had not the Effect on the Duke's Mind which ſhe expected. If the Caſe had been only a mere Diſcontent, there would not have been that Obduracy in his Reluctance; but a determined Reſentment is to be overcome only by ſuch Reaſons as demonſtrate the Impropriety and Diſadvantage of it: And this at length he was brought to ſee, and became reconciled.

THUS he returned to *Seaux*, and there lived nearly as uſual, ſtill prepoſſeſſed that great Cautions were to be obſerved. To this Intent, when Monſieur *Maleſieu* return'd from Exile, he ſent him a mild Intimation not to come into his Preſence. The Duke had ſettled on him and his Poſterity the abſolute Property of the Eſtate of *Chatenay*, which had, on that Occaſion, been diſmembered from the Barony of *Seaux*, and there he remained with his Family. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* bore this Abſence very impatiently, and all her Relief was a continual Intercourſe of Letters, without ever going to *Chatenay* in Perſon.

MADAME *De Maleſieu*, his Spouſe, had follow'd him in his Exile, and continued with him ever ſince his Return. She was Governeſs to Mademoiſelle *Du Maine*, whom it was thought proper to leave at *Chaillot* Convent, 'till every Thing was again brought to its uſual Courſe.

THE Cardinal *De Polignac*, at his Abbey of *Anchin*, being under no leſs Fears than the Duke *Du*

Du Maine, durſt not entertain the leaſt Correſpondence with the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, which left him more Leiſure, for an unſuſpicious Cultivation of the didactic Muſe; in which he ſo much delighted, and applied to the moſt excellent Purpoſes. The Dutcheſs, in the mean time, was very ſollicitous for vindicating her Conduct to him. For this ſhe availed herſelf of Madame *De Chambonnas*, who was going to *Flanders*, to write, and by whom ſhe ſent him a Copy of her Declaration. He would not ſo much as caſt an Eye upon the Papers, 'till a Perſon, to whom he referred them, aſſured him he might read them over without Danger. Though he muſt neceſſarily ſee, in the attentive Peruſal of that Piece, how much the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* labours to palliate every Particular relative to him, and ought to have taken it kindly of her; yet thro' a puſillanimous Fear, which in ſome Meaſure throws a Shade over the Dignity of his Poeſy, he could not be brought to any further Commerce with her: And, at his Return, only paid her a frivolous Viſit of Ceremony. He even refuſed (ſuch Timidity had Puniſhment impreſſed on him) to be preſent at the Marriage of the Marquis *De Chambonnas* with Mademoiſelle *De Ligne*, to which he had been invited as a Relation, becauſe the Ceremony was performed at the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Houſe in the Arſenal, and ſhe was to be there.

Sometime after, the Demiſe of the Pope calling him to *Rome*, he came to take his Leave of her, and ſeemed free and open; and, at going away, aſſured her that ſhe ſhould often hear from him; that, when he returned, he would reaſſume the Behaviour of a true Friend, of which he had intermitted

mitted the Duties, to avoid giving Umbrage to the Regent. These were indeed fair Words, yet Fear kept its Ascendancy, and the Dutchess heard no more of him.

In the mean time this Princess gradually rose to her full Liberty, and they who had kept away from her, either willingly or by Compulsion, now crowded about her. *Malesieu* returned to *Sceaux*. She saw Company, without Restriction. She went to *Paris* when she would, and stayed as long as she pleased. The Duke *Du Maine* was reinstated to the Exercise of all his Employments, and the only Trace of their Misfortunes was the Degradation from his Rank; to this likewise he was restored under the Ministry of the Cardinal *De Fleury*.

Soon after my Discharge from the *Bastile*, I lost my Mother. She had, for a long Time, been in a Convent; and besides many bodily Pains, but indifferently provided for. Though I scarce knew her, I was very much concerned for her; and the more, as I now was beginning to see myself in a Situation to afford her a more liberal Relief.

Before my Committment to the *Bastile*, Monsieur *De Valincourt* had brought me acquainted with Monsieur * and Madame *Dacier*. He had even

* Born in 1651, died in 1722. Studied under *Tanaquillus Faber*, or rather *Taneguy le Fevre*, who was then also instructing his Daughter. Monsieur *Dacier* was charmed with the young Lady's fine Qualities, and their Inclination for Study was the Source of that mutual Tenderness, which lasted, without any Interruption, during the forty Years of their Marriage. He published some of the Classicks *ad usum Delphini*; was a Member

even admitted me to an Entertainment, which he gave for reconciling the ANTIENTS with the MODERNS. *La Motte* *, at the Head of the latter, had been ſmartly attacked by Madame *Dacier* †, whom he had

ber of the Academy of Inſcriptions, likewiſe of the *French* Academy, and afterwards choſen its perpetual Secretary. When the Medallick Hiſtory of *Lewis* XIV. was finiſhed, Monſieur *Dacier* had the Honour of preſenting it to His Majeſty, who knowing the great Share he had in it, ſettled on him a Penſion of Two Thouſand Livres, and nominated him his Librarian. In his Manners, Behaviour and Sentiments, he exhibited a perfect Model of the antient Philoſophy, of which he was a great Admirer; and which he improved, by the Rules and Principles of Chriſtianity.

* Born in 1672, died 1731. Was brought up to the Law; afterwards totally addicted himſelf to Poetry and Plays. The Miſcarriage of his firſt Piece, call'd *The Originals*, chagrined him ſo that he retired to a very auſtere Life in an Abbey; but his Fervour being evaporated in a few Months, he returned to *Paris* and wrote for the Stage 'till his Death, before which he loſt his Sight. His Tranſlation of the *Iliad* does him no great Honour.

† Born about the ſame Year as Monſieur *Dacier*, who marry'd her in 1683. In 1674 ſhe publiſh'd *Florus in uſum Delphini*. Queen *Chriſtina* wrote her a Letter, to induce her to quit the Proteſtant Religion, and invited her to her Court with very conſiderable Offers. On her Marriage ſhe immediately made known to the Great *Boſſuet*, the Deſign ſhe had for ſome Time entertained of returning to the *Romiſh* Church; but Monſieur *Dacier* not being yet convinced of the Neceſſity of ſuch a Change, they retired to examine the Controverſy betwixt the Proteſtants and Papiſts; and determing for the latter, in 1685 made

their

had answer'd with equal Politeness and Force. Their Contest, after having for a long Time been the Entertainment of the Publick, ceased, by the Mediation of Monsieur *De Valincourt*; and a Peace having been negotiated, the Act was solemnized in this Assembly, to which the Chief of the two Parties had been invited. I represented Neutrality. The immortal Memory of *Homer* went round, and all was well.

MONSIEUR and Madame *Dacier* had been greatly concerned at my Imprisonment, and gave me such Marks of it as were in their Power. At my Deliverance they express'd no less Pleasure; and Monsieur *Dacier*, though over-whelmed with Affliction for the dangerous Illness of his Wife, wrote me a Letter in both their Names, full of the warmest Esteem and Tenderness. He lost that celebrated Woman, so exactly made for him, and his Grief was such as arises from

their publick Abjuration. This was follow'd by considerable Favours from *Lewis* XIV. She died in 1722, more esteemed for her Virtue, Firmness, Benevolence and Equanimity, than for her eminent Learning and Intellects. Her chief Works are a Translation of *Homer's Iliad* and *Odysses*, with Notes; and of *Plutarch*, jointly with her Husband: Of *Anacreon*; Part of *Plautus*, and *Aristophanes*. She had also composed Observations on the Scriptures; which, being often urged to publish, her constant Answer was, "That a Woman should "read the Scripture, and meditate on it as a Rule of "Conduct; but that, agreeable to St. *Paul's* Precept, "she should keep Silence." It must not be omitted, that on her Marriage a young Gentleman complimented her with this Distich:

"*Docto nupta Viro, Docto prognata Parenti;*
"*Non minor* Anna *Viro, non minor* Anna *Patre.*"

from a Senſe of the Impoſſibility of repairing the Loſs. I ſignified to him, in a Letter, how much I ſhared in it. His Anſwer ſpoke an exceſſive Affliction, and his Obligations to me for my high Ideas of the Perſon he ſo much lamented. Six Weeks after I writ to him in the Dutcheſs's Name; and, in his Anſwer, there was ſtill the ſame Degree of Senſibility as in the firſt Moments of his Loſs. I truly pitied him, and then thought no more of the Matter.

SOMETIME after, the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, in whom my Captivity had revived ſome Degree of Favour, ſaid to me, "In returning from *Verſailles* Yeſterday, I met poor *Dacier*, at the "Marſhal *De Villeroy*'s. It really grieves one to ſee "him. He declared to us, that his Grief was the "ſame as the very firſt Day, and it would ſoon "or late be his Death. Well, ſaid I to him, "there is ſtill one Way to relieve you; you muſt "marry again. *Bleſs me!* cried he, *where ſhall I "find a Woman to replace her whom I have loſt?* "Mademoiſelle *De Launay*, anſwer'd I. He ap-"peared quite ſtruck; and, after ſome Pauſe, reply'd, "*She is the only one in the World with whom I "could live, and who would not injure the "Memory of Madame* Dacier. The Marſhal and I, "ſeeing him ſtagger, jointly puſh'd the Overture, "and have entirely brought him to liſten to it. "He ſhall marry you. He is a famous Man and "has Money, and you will ſucceed an illuſtrious "Woman: There will be Honour and Advantage "too in this Match." That I was well convinced of, and expreſſed great Acknowledgements of the Care which ſhe was ſtill pleaſed to take of a Proviſion for me. She aſſured me that ſhe would follow the

the Affair cloſe, and bring it to a good Iſſue: However, Avocations fell out; the Dutcheſs went a Journey into the Country, where Diverſions ſuperſeded this Intention. I mentioned it to Monſieur *De Valincourt*, who approved of it, and took more connected Meaſures for bringing it about. He was intimate with Monſieur *Dacier*, from a Similarity of Talents and Diſpoſitions, and eaſily got out of him what the Dutcheſs *De la Ferté* had ſaid. He own'd that the Motion, though but ſlightly thrown, had made a ſtrong Impreſſion on him, and that ever ſince his Thoughts had been chiefly taken up about the Means of rendering his Views acceptable to me. Monſieur *De Valincourt* undertook to break the Affair to me, and to let him know my Inclinations.

AN unſurmountable Love of Freedom and Quiet, had made me for a long Time deſirous of whatever could procure me both. Monſieur *De Valincourt* was to carry a favourable Anſwer, dependant however on the Duke and Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Conſent.

MONSIEUR *Dacier*, overjoyed at this happy Beginning, embraced the Propoſals which Monſieur *De Valincourt* made to him, of dining with him and me the firſt Time I ſhould be at Liberty to come to *Paris*, and he would acquaint him of it. This took Place ſoon after. We had a great deal of Talk, in which he aſſured me of his Readineſs to do every Thing in his Power for me, referring to me only the Care of obtaining the Duke and Dutcheſs's Conſent.

THOUGH I had nothing of Madame *Dacier*'s Merit, the Hopes of living again with a Perſon whom he could eſteem, inflamed Monſieur *Dacier* with a Kind of Paſſion for me, more vivacious than ſeemed

ſeemed to comport with his Age and Condition. As his Grief, and the Melancholy reſulting from it, were inſupportable, the more neceſſary did the Solacement which now preſented itſelf appear to him, that he ſhew'd even a juvenile Ardour for concluding the Engagement which he had projected. He brought to Monſieur *De Valincourt*'s a State of his Subſtance, the Whole of which was to come to me; and he ſhew'd that it amounted to near Twenty-five Thouſand Crowns, excluſive of his Apartment at the *Louvre* and his Penſions, Part of which he thought there would be no Difficulty in ſecuring for me. The Dutcheſs *De la Ferté*, at her Return, had again ſet the Affair in Motion, and mentioned this Article to the Dutcheſs *De Ventadour*, to the Biſhop of *Fréjus*, at that Time the King's Preceptor, and to the Marſhal *De Villeroy*, who all promiſed to obtain the Favour, as it was to facilitate an Affair ſo unanimouſly approved.

All that now remained, was the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Conſent; but, at the firſt Mention of the Overture, ſhe took Fire; ſaid, that I was neceſſary to her, and that ſhe could not conſent to a Settlement which deprived her of me. Though of ſuch great Advantage to me, I was not for accepting it againſt her Will; neither could I with Decency, nor without forfeiting the Rewards of a long Service. I ask'd for Time, in order gradually to gain upon her Mind, and bring her to conſent to this Separation; which yet I myſelf could not think of without ſome Reluctance, neither was I extreamly fond of this new Engagement; and I pleaſed myſelf in protracting an Affair too good to be miſſed, yet not ſo alluring as to be hurry'd.

INCENSED as I was againſt the Chevalier *De Menil*, my former Sentiments ſtill ſecretly worked in the Bottom of my Heart, and counterbalanced my higheſt Intereſts. The new Paſſion which had riſen in him, during his Exile in *Anjou*, for that Female Relation of his whom he ridiculed to me, only let me into his Fickleneſs, without exciting the leaſt Jealouſy. His Journey to *Switzerland*, and his ſeven or eight Months Stay there ſoon after my Diſcharge, though, through all my Diſſimulation in this Reſpect he ſaw the extreme Grief it gave me, convinced me that I had no longer any Share in his Heart. His Return, with another Journey into *Anjou*, not leſs to avoid me than to be again with my worthleſs Rival; his Coldneſs and Confuſion when I ſaw him, in the Interval of theſe Journies; the Acknowledgement of his Change, which he made at my peremptory Demand; his total Renunciation of any Claim to me: Theſe did indeed give me a Right to diſpoſe of myſelf, without his Conſent or Knowledge, but had not yet excited in me the Power of doing ſo on the firſt Propoſal of a new Engagement, that I could not forbear ſounding his Thoughts. I writ to him in *Anjou*, where he then was.

His Anſwer was like thoſe myſterious Oracles, the different Meanings of which may always be accommodated to a Conſtruction favourable to what is deſired. I ſaw in it a Concern at loſing me, ſome diſtant Hopes of a Renewal; the Whole richly gilded over with a generous Preference of my Proſperity, to every other Conſideration: In fine, more of Sentiment than for a long Time paſt; and, poſſibly, there might be ſome Truth in it. There

is

is nothing ſo indifferent which one does not endeavour to with-hold, when we are loſing it.

The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, at her Return from Confinement and before my Releaſe, had been informed of my Connection with the Chevalier *De Menil*, and his pretended Intentions; and, when I came to *Seaux*, talked of them with ſome Slight. The Indiſpoſedneſs which I perceived in her to countenance them, ſtung me. She forbid me ſeeing him at her Houſe, under Colour that his Proſcription was not yet quite taken off, and ſeemed to ſet herſelf againſt whatever I might ask on that Head. I could eaſily ſee, that all ſhe meant was to keep me with her: But when ſhe came to hear of Monſ. *Dacier*'s Offers, it turned her Mind in Favour of my former Settlement. She told me, that ſhe had wiſhed it might take Place; that the Times had not allowed of her promoting it; that now ſhe was delivered from ſuch Circumſpection; that if I preferred my former Views, to thoſe which then offered themſelves, I might be aſſured of her Readineſs to forward them; and that ſhe would the more willingly concern herſelf in this, as it would not remove me ſo far from her: And beſides, it ſeemed to her infinitely more ſuitable to me, than the Match in Queſtion. She even entered into Particulars; ſaying, that conſiderable Vacancies might fall out in the Duke *Du Maine*'s Houſhold; that they could not be better filled, than by my Chevalier; that they would make up any Deficiency of his Fortune, and take away all his Pretences for eluding his Engagements with me.

Had I been guided only by my own Lights, however ordinary they may be, I ſhould eaſily have diſcovered the Snare; but Paſſion, ever blind, led

me into it: Yet, under all my Waverings, I kept off for ſome Time. Deference to the Counſels of my Friends buoyed me up. Monſieur *De Valincourt* and Madame *De Réal* were continually repreſenting to me the conſiderable Advantages of my Settlement with Monſieur *Dacier*; the Independency and Fortune which would, at leaſt, accrue to me hereafter, and urged me to conclude it. The Marchioneſs *De Lambert* *, perhaps, being a ſtaunch *Modern*, from Diſlike to a Chief of the oppoſite Party, gave me a doleful Deſcription of the Life I ſhould lead with Monſieur *Dacier*. "What will you do," ſaid ſhe, "with a Man, who makes ſuch a Parade "of his *Greek*? and much he'll look upon you, who "know not a Word of it."

In the mean time Monſieur *Dacier* ſollicited ſeveral Perſons, to intercede with the Duke and Dutcheſs *Du Maine* for their Conſent. Madame *De Chiverny*, one of his Patroneſſes, deſired her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* to ſpeak to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. The Prince of *Conti*, to whom he had Acceſs alſo, ſpoke in his Behalf. So many various Means unſucceſsfully employed divulged the Affair that it became publickly known, and it was alſo generally approved of. Innumerable were the Compliments paid to me, and even to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, who plainly indicated how little acceptable they were to her.

I USED

* Was finely educated by her Father-in-Law, who early perceived her admirable Genius. Her Houſe was a Kind of Academy, where Perſons of Letters uſed to meet. Her *Advice to a Son and Daughter* is much eſteemed. Died at *Paris*, 1733, aged 86.

I USED to ſee Monſieur *Dacier* now and then, either at Monſieur *De Valincourt*'s or Madame *De Réal*'s. He often writ to me, and grew more and more deſirous of concluding our Union; particularly I had once a Converſation with him, when he ſhowed an Eagerneſs which made me draw back. I then felt the Inconveniency of a Husband with ſuch a Degree of Fondneſs which one cannot bring one's ſelf to. I had gone to *Paris*, and returned to *Seaux*, full of this Conviction. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, unknowingly, took Advantage of it, in a Converſation we had on this Subject, and in which I gave Ground. She began with a Preamble full of Kindneſs; expatiating on the Uſe I was of to her; what a Loſs my going away would put her to, conſequently what a Vexation it would be to her; and at length ſaid to me, "To be ſure you have not an unſurmountable Inclination for Monſieur *Dacier*: Intereſt is the Whole. Pray, what are the Emoluments he propoſes to you?" I gave her the Particulars of them. "That's but a ſmall Matter. "I can and will do a great deal more for you, "only ſacrifice to me this unequal Match. Conſider "on it." "Madam," anſwer'd I, "to you I have "given myſelf, and will not ſell myſelf elſe-where. "I am at your Highneſs's Diſpoſal." "Well," reply'd ſhe, "think no more on your Scholar, and "I will think of making your Life as pleaſant and "happy as poſſible." In Reality, ſhe heaped unexpected Favours on me; took me with her in her Airings, her Parties of Pleaſure; and, very few Things excepted, uſed me like the Ladies of her Houſhold.

MONSIEUR *De Valincourt* was very much diſpleaſed that I ſhould recede ſo giddily, and without any Security of a Proviſion. I imagined that what I had done would, on that Account, be the better taken; yet I might have known that the Diſſipation of Pleaſures, or Attention to higher Objects, hinder Princes from remembring theſe Kind of Things.

THIS zealous Friend laboured to perſuade me, that what I had ſaid to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was no more than a Compliment, and was ſtill for proſecuting the Affair; but Monſieur *Dacier*, who at the Beginning of it had a threatening Illneſs upon him, found himſelf unable to fulfil his Views, and, in his Turn, aſked a Demur. I went to ſee him. He immediately left the Academy where he then was, and came up very faſt; but could ſcarce utter a Word, being almoſt ſuffocated by the Diſtemper in his Throat: Yet he ſtruggled hard to expreſs a mighty Affection for me, and ſtill hoped to ſpend his Life with me. Though he ſeemed to me in a very bad Way, I was infinitely ſurprized when, two Days after, I heard of his Death. Many ſaid he ought to have conſidered me in his Will; I don't know whether I had not myſelf ſome little Thought which looked that Way.

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine* was a little mortified at this News, and ſignified to me that it gave her an extreme Concern to have hindered me from embracing the Advantages ſhe had propoſed to me. I was ſorry for him, more from his known Eſteem of me, than from the faint Hopes I had of our Union. Now I could ſee the irretrievable Fault I had committed, in letting ſlip ſo fair an Opportunity of procuring Quiet and Freedom.

THE

THE Chevalier *De Menil*, now returned from his ſecond Journey, was more indifferent to me than ever. The few Viſits he paid me, I perceived to be ſo much againſt the Grain, that I plainly told him he was welcome to diſpenſe with them. He made little or no Excuſe, and we never ſaw each other but accidentally; ſometimes at Madame *De Menou*'s, a Relation of his, whoſe Acquaintance I cultivated as a Perſon of ſolid Accompliſhments and an amiable Virtue, and ſhe always received me in a Manner correſpondent to my great Eſteem of her.

THE other Relation from *Anjou*, ſo different from this, came to *Paris*. He boarded her with the above Lady, and became enamoured of her to an Exceſs, that it grew a Town-Talk. He was deſirous I ſhould ſee her: Perhaps he might think it a Juſtification of his Change; for I cannot imagine that he meant to make a Merit of the Sacrifice he made to her, in me. However it be, he prevailed on her to make the firſt Advances; to which I anſwered in the uſual Way, that I might not ſeem to treat her differently from any other. Perhaps alſo, I was not ſorry to behold the Rock on which I had been wrecked. She writ to me, and invited me, when I could come to *Paris*, to dine at Monſieur *De Menil*'s with Monſieur *De Fomenelle*, and ſome others of my Friends. I came and ſaw her. I thought her, as ſhe was, tall, well ſhaped, not handſome, and leſs pretty; her Diſcourſe and Behaviour quite Country. She appeared the ſame to others. My moſt ſolid Comfort was, to ſee the powerful Charm which had alienated that Attachment I had ſo highly valued, and now I ſeriouſly determined to obliterate the melancholy Remembrance of it. Among the Diſtractions which occurred, that

from

from Monſieur *De Silly* occupied the chief Place in my Mind. I have noticed, that at my leaving the *Baſtile* he was ſoon with me; for the Kind of Luſtre which that Confinement had given me, was not indifferent to him. He ſought me out when I came to *Paris*, and was with me more than ever. At that Time his entire Soul was taken up with a Paſſion for an Object, more diſtinguiſhed for Rank than Beauty. In his high Opinion of her Merit, he was perſuaded that ſhe was incapable of Weakneſs for any other than himſelf. This Victory gained over Virtue which had ſeldom come in his Way, inflamed his Sentiments beyond other Charms to which he was more accuſtomed. This Work of his Imagination he was every Day decorating with the moſt ornamental Allurements; but the more brilliant Illuſions are, the more rankling is the Cataſtrophe of them. He ſaw, or imagined, that this Woman, of whom he conceived himſelf the ſole Favourite, beſtowed a favourable Look alſo on others. As the Vexation this gave him was inſupportable, he opened it to me, together with his whole Adventure. This was a Confidence which diſpleaſed me, yet it was a Pleaſure to ſee him quite ignorant of any Concern which it might be of to me. He asked my Advice. I told him, that my Regard for him would incline me to hear him relate his Diſquietudes, and the Cauſe he had for being under ſuch Trouble, but that my Way of Thinking would allow me to go no further; that beſides, being in every Reſpect ſo very unfit for the Buſineſs in Queſtion, I was ſurprized he ſhould think of bringing me into it. He conjured me, by the Friendſhip which I had ever ſhewn him, at leaſt to hear him. I conſented, which was no ſmall

Matter;

Matter; for he had ſo many Things to ſay, all vague and indeterminate, and with ſo many Repetitions, that I myſelf wonder'd how I could hear him out. Speaking was not all; he uſed to write me Letters of a Length to frighten me, that unqueſtionably his Paſſion was very violent. However, he reſolved to ſacrifice it to his Vanity, which he conceived to be outraged. This Deſign he alſo communicated to me. I told him to think well of it; and, when I perceived him to be pretty well fixed, I became more free of my Counſels, as I might with more Decency take Cognizance of Ruptures. This he was for beginning with a Letter, of which he inſtantly requeſted me to give him a Model, his Mind being too agitated to write with Regularity; and the Tranquillity of mine was not a leſs Impediment in finding out ſomething to ſay. Yet, willing to gratify him, and perhaps, though without any Pretenſion, deſirous of detaching him from one whom I did not like his loving, I compoſed a Letter, which he approved of. He copied it, and ſent it to the Lady, who was exaſperated at it, and, in the moſt preſſing Terms, required to ſee him. He would not. Here was a freſh Perplexity, for wording his Refuſal, and a new Entreaty to me that I would alſo furniſh him with this Piece. This drew on another; being embarked, there was no ſtopping. A Lady of great Rank and Celebrity was privy to this Affair; and, as ſhe pretended, had come into it to ſave her Friend's Reputation, and guard her from her own Imprudence.

Monsieur *De Silly*, who was under ſome Obligations to her, had taken the Opportunity of her Abſence to break with her Client. The

latter

latter writ a doleful Account of her Diſaſter to their common Friend, who immediately writ a fulminating Letter to the faithleſs Lover. He ſent it to me, and I muſt anſwer it. All this was doing whilſt I was at *Seaux*, where not a Day paſſed but an Expreſs came from him with very prolix Diſpatches, and always ſome Employment or other for me. Nothing has ever ſo much ſhewn me the invincible Power which a firſt Inclination had given him over me, as the Complaiſance with which I followed the Courſe of this Affair.

THE Lady Confident returned from the Country. I was much in her Favour. She knew I was acquainted with Monſieur *De Silly*, and complained to me of him; aſſuring me, that he had meant only to impoſe on the Perſon whom ſhe eſpouſed. I told her, that I believed I knew the contrary. "Oh!" ſaid ſhe, "had you ſeen the Letters he has writ "to her, you would be convinced that he never "had any Thing of Love for her." Indeed they did not expreſs a Heart ſtrongly affected, but then it was not from him that they properly came.

THE forſaken Miſtreſs having, after this harſh Denial of an Interview, received Intelligence that we had agreed to dine at a Seat of the Friend's near *Paris*, came thither. This was an Apparition which extremely ſurprized me; but much more when at riſing from Table, ſhe, without any Pretence or Ceremony, hurried Monſieur *De Silly* into the Garden, and kept him ſo long, that the Hour approaching for my indiſpenſible Return to *Seaux*, and he having engaged to bring me back, I was under a Neceſſity of ſending him Word of it. He was not to be found, that I mentioned my Uneaſineſs

to the Lady of the Houſe. She was vexed to the higheſt Degree that I ſhould be preſent at ſuch a ridiculous Scene, acted within her Purlieus, and of which ſhe was conſcious what Judgement I ſhould form. Seeing no good came of Meſſages, ſhe went herſelf with me into the Garden, and at length found them in a very animated Colloquy, but the Spirit of it was a more turbulent Paſſion than Love. The Woman with her Cap half off her Head, and the Look of a Fury; the Gallant in a Compoſure full of Indignation.

He was now driving to *Seaux*. He told me, that nothing ſhe could ſay in her Defence had been of any Weight; that ſhe had refuſed to comply with what he had required, to prevent further Suſpicions; and that he was more than ever fixed in his firſt Reſolutions. In effect, he withſtood all her Aſſaults, and did not cloſe again with her; yet his Mind ran on her ſo that he uſed to ſend me a Detail of all her Proceedings, with diffuſe Annotations. Some of them offended him; and, in his Pique, he compos'd Verſes againſt her, and though the firſt he ever made were ſo full of an acrimonious Poignancy, that I adviſed him by all Means not to let them go abroad; that if his Sword might ſucceſsfully vindicate his Muſe, the tremendous Law had Thruſts not eaſily parried. My good Will made me pretty large on this Head, and he yielded to my Reaſons. He continued a long Time talking and writing to me on this Subject; and the natural Inſcriptions of the claſhing Motions of his Heart, uſed to give me the more ſenſible Concern, being what I had myſelf partly experienced. I liſtened to him, and anſwered him whilſt he had any Thing to ſay.

The

THE Letters which I had writ to him on this Affair he ſecretly kept, and moſt of thoſe which he had received from me ſince my Inlargement. He had taken Meaſures for their coming to my Hands, with many other Papers, in caſe I ſurvived him; and they were punctually delivered to me, after the tragical * Event of his Death.

THE Remainder of my Life, though long, contains very little, the Remembrance of which affects me; and the latter Part quite obſcure and uniform. All Correſpondence betwixt the Chevalier *De Menil* and me had long ſince been over. Some Thoughts I had of rewarding poor *Maiſonrouge*'s faithful Attatchment, were diſconcerted by his Death. A lingering Illneſs, with which he was ſeized ſoon after our Separation, obliged him to go into his native Province for the Benefit of the Air and to drink the Waters, but there he died. I lamented him infinitely more than I had been able to value him.

I WAS now deſtitute of every Object; and this Want of Sentiment threw me into a Kind of Annihilation, worſe than the total Ceſſation of Life. I conceived a Diſguſt of it, and the World became odious to me; all my Deſire was to withdraw from it. Monſieur *De Valincourt*, ſtill my Friend, but whom Devotion now kept in an almoſt continual Retreat, not only approved my Diſpoſition, which I had communicated to him; but, that I might be enabled to put it in Execution with Decency, of his own Accord ſollicited a ſmall Penſion for me, and obtained it. But the Negotiation was ſpun out

* A moſt cruel Aſſaſſination. Several Conjectures about it, but never clearly known.

out ſo long, that ſome intervening Obſtacles entirely broke it off. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* fell dangerouſly ill, and it was a long Time before ſhe recovered. On this afflicting Occaſion, when I exerted myſelf as far as Nature could bear, ſhe ſhewed me ſo much Kindneſs and Confidence that I was not able to acquaint her with my Deſign. I thought Time might bring about ſome more favourable Juncture. This Purpoſe I ſtill continued to revolve in my Mind, when the Chevalier *De G*----, who had profeſs'd himſelf my Lover before my Reſidence in the *Baſtile*, and to whom, at my Delivery, I had thought proper to make known that I had entered into more ſerious Engagements, mentioned to me a Thought of his that a Perſon attached to our Houſe by ſeveral Ties, before my coming into it, had at that Time for me Sentiments above a common Eſteem; that he had heard him more than once, talk of me in ſuch Terms, as put it quite out of Queſtion.

THOUGH living under the ſame Roof, we had little or no Acquaintance. He had an unſociable Haughtineſs, and I was not forward, that we ſcarce ever ſpoke to each other; yet I had a Value for him. One ſaw in him a nice and punctual Probity. His Spirit in riſquing to diſpleaſe rather than diſguiſe Truth, his Plainneſs and Candour, Virtues no leſs rare in ſmall than great Courts; together with noble Sentiments, a diſtinguiſhed Character in his Profeſſion as a Soldier, had gained my Eſteem. Though, what I had been told of his Sentiments for me, I looked on as a mere Chimera, yet it made me take more Notice of him. Curious of knowing further, weary of Inaction, and prone to freſh Engagements, when detached from all others, I made ſome Advances

to him, and embraced the Opportunities of converſing with him; which were not unfrequent, for he ſoon came to ſeek out the Places where I was to be met with. Being Summer, we were at *Seaux*; and every Evening I uſed to walk in a Part of the Garden cloſe to the Houſe, and he was as conſtant in making his Appearance, that not a Day paſſed but we had a pretty long Conference. The firſt Time he failed it gave me a Concern which I had forgot; that I began to dread the Horrors of a new Paſſion, yet by Nature and long Cuſtom it was a Kind of Support I could not do without; but I now knew that ſuch a Prop, of itſelf tottering, falls on her who reſts on it, and fortunate is ſhe if it does not cruſh her. The Contraſt betwixt my Knowledge founded on Experience, and the Impulſe of Propenſity, threw me into a very convulſive State of Mind. I reſolved to ſtifle this alarming Sentiment in its Birth, but I found it ſtronger than I had imagined it to be, and it even gathered new Force from my Struggles to overcome it. My very Sedulity to avoid the Object which was growing ſo formidable to me, rivetted the Idea of him in my Mind, that it became as a fixed Point, to be compared only to the delirious Effect of an Idea inceſſantly haunting the Mind. The Compariſon, which I made of it in thoſe young Days, filled me with terrifying Prognoſticks.

My Care to ſhun, made me be the more ſought. What I alledged for putting an End to our Commerce, indicated my Sentiments. Whatever Leſſons Reaſon may ſuggeſt to the Heart, it will generally have its own Way. This Deluſion added a Vivacity to his Deſires: Vanity alſo kindled, and aſſumed all the Appearances of Sentiment. I, as uſually happens, miſtook

miſtook it, and this ſtrengthened my Bands; at the ſame Time I was more convinced of the Neceſſity of breaking them. The Perſon's Rank and Temper had nothing to recommend this new Paſſion. It tortured me, without ſubduing me; incenſed me againſt myſelf, that it was all Bitterneſs and Reproach.

Whilst I laboured under theſe Agonies, Madame *De Réal* came to ſee me at *Seaux*. There was no Body in whom I had a greater Confidence; yet I was for concealing from her a Weakneſs which my Years, and the melancholy Trials I had gone through, rendered inexcuſable. She perceived my Trouble, and urged me to know the Cauſe. My Anſwer was only Tears; but theſe put her upon the Scent. "I ſee," ſays ſhe, "that tired of In-"difference, you have taken ſome Inclination which "you diſapprove; and pray, the Perſon?" at the ſame Time naming a very accompliſhed young Prince. "Alas! no," anſwer'd I; "my Incli-"nations are whimſical. I am ever loving Perſons "whom I do not like:" And indeed the Perſon, by whom I was thus captivated, had in him little that was pleaſing, yet had he made ſome notable Conqueſts; but ſo elated was he, beſides a Vanity natural to him and a dry unequal Temper, that his very Virtues were ſcarce ſupportable. I completed my Confidence in Madame *De Réal*; but told her, that if it coſt me my Life, I would tear from my Heart Sentiments ſo indecorous, and which inſtead of placing me in Eaſe and Credit, could only bring me to Wretchedneſs and Diſgrace.

My Reſolution was firm; but the Execution difficult, being in a Place where I ſaw myſelf ob-

ſerved by him I was for avoiding; and who knowing my Weakneſs, could the eaſier manage it to his Ends, that I thought the Poſt too hot, and the only Way was to make a ſudden and through Retreat. But how, and what Plea to alledge to my Princeſs? How ſtand her Indignation and Reproaches, having no plauſible Reaſons to alledge? To avoid theſe Embaraſſments it came into my Head, at once and without letting any Thing be ſo much as ſuſpected of my Deſign, to throw myſelf among the *Carmelites*. Once ſhut within thoſe impenetrable Ramparts, I thought I ſhould ſuſtain any Attacks.

THE Counteſs *De Braſſac*, a zealous Stickler for our Family and to whom I was very well known, had an Apartment there, in which ſhe ſpent Part of her Life. I went to ſee her at her Parlour, and deſired her to bring me acquainted with ſome of the Nuns, of whom ſhe had often ſpoke to me as Gentlewomen of a very refined Converſation. I converſed with three or four, and excellent Company they were. I looked on their Acquaintance as a Cordial which would carry me through the Auſterities of their Diſcipline, and my Reſolution was inflamed by the Viſit. I imparted it to Madame *De Braſſac*, whoſe elevated Devotion encouraged me in it, though ſhe foreſaw how ill it would be taken by the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. A few Days after I took the Opportunity of one of our Coaches, which was going to fetch her to ſpend the Evening. I went as if I was to receive her at the Convent Gate, but when I ſaw it open'd, in I went, and told her that there I would ſtay; and begged of her to acquaint the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, that this being my deliberate Reſolution I could not bring myſelf to declare

it

it to her, neither ſhould I have been able to withſtand her Oppoſition.

THE Prioreſs and ſome Nuns, who had waited on the Counteſs to the Gate, were preſent. This Irruption of mine ſurprized them no leſs than her, who little thought I would put my Deſign in Execution ſo ſoon. Being recovered from their firſt Aſtoniſhment, they asked me whether I had well weighed it? I told them I thought ſo, and that too much Examination in theſe Matters only weakened the Reſolution of performing them; that I requeſted them to admit me that Moment; that I could not anſwer for my being again in ſuch a happy Diſpoſition. This Anſwer raiſed to me Doubts about the Certitude of my Calling. The Prioreſs, an intelligent diſcreet Gentlewoman, told me, that in her Opinion it would be beſt for me to think further of it; that if I was truly called to that State, Reflection would incline me to it the more; that if it alienated me from it, it was better ſoon than too late. It ſignified nothing, I would be admitted; but the Prioreſs ſtood to her Point. The other Nuns and Madame *De Braſſac* alſo ſided with her, and all agreed that it was beſt to delay my Reception; ſo I returned with Madame *De Braſſac*, who however laboured under ſome Doubts whether ſhe had done well or ill. I, for my Part, was perſuaded that a Delay would overſet all. I felt myſelf too weak to expect ſuch an Effort from me at Pleaſure.

I THOUGHT however that this Step, though it had failed, would intimidate him on whoſe Account I had taken it. I informed him of the Riſque which I had run, that he might be induced not to expoſe me to it any more. He was ſtruck with it, and obſerved

a greater Diſtance. By this I only ſuffered the more, and could not detach myſelf from him. He ſaw it, and renewed his Advances. My Mind was teeming with new Deſigns for an utter Separation.

AT that Time we had at *Saux* Madame *Du D*-------. She ſought my Acquaintance with Graces, which it would be Brutality not to anſwer. No Perſon has more Wit, nor with ſo much of Nature in it. Its active Fire penetrates to the inmoſt Receſſes of every Object, abſtracts it from itſelf, and gives a Relief to every particular Lineament. She is ſupremely poſſeſs'd of the Talent of depainting Characters; and her Portraits, more animated than the Originals, give a better Knowledge of them than the moſt intimate Commerce.

SHE ſhowed me ſeveral ſuch Portraits, to which I owe quite a new Idea of this Manner of Writing. Among the reſt was mine; but a little Prepoſſeſſion, and too much Politeneſs had, contrary to her uſual Way, miſled her from Truth. I ventured on it myſelf, that ſhe might ſee her Miſtake, and gave it her as it ſtands here.

PORTRAIT *of the* AUTHORESS, *By* HERSELF.

" *LAUNAY* is of a middling Stature, lean, thin " and diſagreeable. Her Temper and Mind are " like her Perſon; nothing amiſs, yet nothing " pleaſing. Her Misfortunes have greatly contri- " buted to her Reputation. Thoſe who are without " Birth or Fortune, being ſuppoſed to want Edu- " cation,

" cation, what little Worth they have is the more
" eſteemed; yet ſhe has had an excellent one, and
" 'tis from it ſhe derives all the Good that may
" belong to her, as Principles of Virtue, noble
" Sentiments, Rules of Conduct, and which now by
" Habit are become as it were natural. It has ever
" been her Folly to be willing to be rational; and as
" Women finding themſelves ſtreightened in their
" Bodies think themſelves finely ſhaped, ſo her
" Reaſon having been troubleſome to her, ſhe has
" imagined herſelf to have a great deal: Yet has ſhe
" never been able to get the better of the Vivacity
" of her Temper, nor to bring it to ſo much as an
" Appearance of Equality; which has often rendered
" her offenſive to her Superiors, diſagreeable in
" Society, and quite inſupportable to thoſe under
" her: Happily Fortune has not put it in her Power
" to bring many into this Miſery. With all theſe
" Defects, ſhe has acquired a Kind of Reputation,
" for which ſhe is purely indebted to two fortuitous
" Occaſions; one diſplaying ſomething of Wit in
" her, and the other ſhewing that ſhe was not
" without Diſcretion and Firmneſs. Theſe Events
" having been of general Knowledge, cauſed
" her to be known amidſt the Obſcurity in which
" ſhe was ſhrouded, and gained her a Kind of Re-
" gard above her Condition. She has endeavoured
" not to be lifted up by it; but the Satisfaction in
" thinking herſelf free from Vanity, is itſelf a Piece
" of it.

" SHE has given up her Life to ſerious Occu-
" pations, rather for ſtrengthening her Reaſon than
" embelliſhing her Wit, of which ſhe makes little
" Account. No Opinion appears to her ſo clear as to

" fix

" fix her, but ſhe is as ready to reject as to eſpouſe
" it; hence it is, that if ever ſhe diſputes it is gene-
" rally out of Pettiſhneſs. She has read a great
" deal, yet knows no more than is requiſite to under-
" ſtand what is ſaid on any Subject whatever, and
" to avoid talking impertinently. She has carefully
" applied herſelf to the Knowledge of her Duties,
" and has poſtponed her Inclination to the Obſervance
" of them. From her little Complaiſance to herſelf,
" ſhe takes upon her to ſhew none to any other
" Perſon; in this ſhe follows her natural Stiffneſs,
" which her Situation has bent without deſtroying
" the Spring.

" HER predominant Paſſion, is the Love of Li-
" berty; a very unfortunate Paſſion in her, who has
" paſſed the greateſt Part of her Time in Servitude:
" Accordingly, amidſt many unexpected Pleaſures
" ſhe may have found, it has always been a very
" galling Yoke to her.

" SHE has ever had great Senſibility in Friend-
" ſhip; yet engaged more by the Merits and Virtues
" of her Friends, than by their Sentiments for her:
" Indulgent when they are wanting to her, provided
" they be not wanting to themſelves."

THE painful Alternatives juſt mentioned I under-
went for ſeveral Years, without any Intervals of Set-
tledneſs or Complacency; and in this Time I alſo
loſt the Perſons who, of all others, were deareſt to
me; the Marquis *De Silly*, by a horrible Death;
may it be buried in eternal Oblivion! A Year after
died Madame *De Réal*, who was all my Comfort.
Madame *De Grieu* her Aunt, who had brought
both of us up with ſuch Tenderneſs, followed ſoon
after.

after. I alſo loſt Monſieur *De Valincourt*, the only true Friend remaining to me. On all Sides I ſaw myſelf left alone, that the Ties which ſtill bound me to the World being broken, I conceived a Diſguſt againſt it, which, being increaſed by others from my Princeſs, diſpoſed me more than ever to the abſolute Retreat; but not to the *Carmelites*, whoſe rigorous Life, on Examination, I judged to be beyond my Conſtitution, and perhaps beyond my Zeal. St. *Lewis*, at *Rouen*, was the Place where I longed to diveſt myſelf of worldly Concerns. The Affection we retain for the Places where we ſpent our Youth, made me prefer this to any other; and I ſpoke of it to Madame *De Buſſy*, a Lady of an excellent Temper and Senſe, and with whom I cultivated an Intimacy ſince my Loſs of dear Madame *De Réal*. I diſcloſed my whole Heart to her, who, ſeeing that it was the only Way for breaking thoſe Shackles which made my Life wretched, approved of my making an Eſſay of the Meaſures I ſeemed to have ſo much at Heart.

I LAID before the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* the Deſire I had of ſeeing again a Place, where I had paſſed the greateſt Part of my Life; and very earneſtly entreated her Leave for taking a Journey thither, and making ſome Stay. She at firſt was diſpleaſed, that I ſhould ask any ſuch Thing: However, by importunate Inſtances, I obtained her Permiſſion; but under a ſolemn Proteſtation to return. She ſuſpected that this Journey might only be a Colour to a Deſign of retiring, and queſtioned me on this Article. I own'd to her, that I had for ſome Time paſt taken a Liking to Solitude, and that it had always been my Deſire to end my Life where I had begun it. On this

this ſhe required freſh Proteſtations, that I would renounce this Deſign; but all that I would promiſe was, to return at the Term preſcribed.

I SET out with that Joy which reſults from having, though in a ſmall Matter, ſurmounted very great Difficulties. Thoſe which I had met with from my Princeſs were not all. The Man whom I ſhun'd had uſed every Means, except that which he ſhould, for detaining me. I had by Letters deſired a Nun of my Acquaintance to break my Deſign to the Abbeſs, being myſelf unknown to her. I was receiv'd in the Convent with Tranſports of Joy of which Nuns only are capable. The Remembrance they had of me was much more lively, than what I had retained of them; but this, from our very different Walks, was no more than natural.

THEIR exceſſive Fondneſs grew a Burthen to me. The Abbeſs likewiſe took a Liking to me, that I muſt always be with her. I went there to be at my own Diſpoſal, and found myſelf more in the Hands of others than when in the Midſt of the World. The ſame Paſſions, the ſame Motions which agitate great Courts, are ſeen in theſe little monarchical States, but the Things are ſet at Work with leſs Skill, and for Views, the Littleneſs of which makes the Buſtle more diſagreeable. I found in it nothing leſs than that ſolitary, peaceful Manſion, which my Deſires breathed after. I thought that a Place, where I ſhould be neither known or carreſſed, would much better ſuit my Views, that I quite dropped the Deſign of ſettling here. After a Stay of about ſix Weeks, I returned to *Seaux* agreeably to my Promiſe. My Reception was none of the moſt gracious. My late Taſte of Liberty had diſpleas'd.

THE

THE Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, apprehending that I would at once break the Ties which attach'd me to her, was inclined to ſtrengthen them. She at firſt debated with me about my Thoughts of retreating; was for diving into all the Reaſons of it; allow'd me to particularize the Perplexities and Diſguſts, to which my anonymous Situation near her continually expos'd me. The Diſtinctions which ſhe had granted me, ſince my Elevation from the Function and Appellation of Chamber-Maid, had no ſtated Boundaries, that I ſcarce ever knew whether I was within or without them. If I tranſgreſſed them ever ſo little, either unknowingly or by her Orders, the Pouts and Mutterings of her Ladies, ſtrict in keeping up the due Diſtance betwixt them and me, diſdainfully checked my involuntary Treſpaſs. Theſe Inconveniences I adduced, in Plea of the Deſign I meditated: Though they were not the real Motives, they were the better adapted to ſtrike her. She told me that Evil might be remedied, by marrying me to a Man of ſuch Rank, as ſhould put me on a Level with all the Ladies of her Court; that the Poſts in the Duke *Du Maine*'s Diſpoſal, enabled him to make the Fortune of a great many People; that it would be no Difficulty to find ſome Officer under her Prince, who, for Preferment, would readily lend an Ear to this Marriage; that ſhe would immediately look out for a Perſon, fit to anſwer her Views in this Reſpect, and who, at the ſame Time, ſhould be agreeable to me. I thought that ſuch a Perſon would not be eaſily found, and that I ſhould have Time and Means for avoiding it, if the Match was not advantageous enough; that, if it was, it would be preferable to my Condition; that the Neceſſity

of

of dividing my Services, would procure me a Kind of Liberty; and that, by my Way of Thinking, I ſhould find in this Engagement a no leſs ſtrong Barrier againſt my Weakneſſes, than within the Walls of a Convent: So that, inſtead of gainſaying the Dutcheſs's Propoſal, I with great Reſpect thanked her for the great Care ſhe was pleaſed to take of my Settlement.

SINCE my miſſing Monſieur *Dacier*, I had not been without Offers; but the Inconveniences I perceived in them, juſtified my Refuſal. Amongſt others, a Man who had frequently ſeen me whilſt his Wife was living, as with whom I was very intimate, ſoon after her Death offered out of pure Eſteem to ſhare his Fortune with me. It had been large, as to Money; but at that Time his Affairs were in ſuch Confuſion, that I could not bring myſelf to enter into a Labyrinth, where no Outlet was to be ſeen.

A KIND of a Country Gentleman, whom I accidentally fell in Company with, for Want of better Knowledge of the World, imagined that one poſted in a Court and in Favour with a Princeſs, might at any Time make a Perſon's Fortune. He had long ſerved in the Finances, and a conſiderable Place in that Branch was what he aimed at. This Man looked on me in a magnifying Light, as one whom if by bidding high he could gain over, he ſhould quickly carry his Point. He ſaid nothing to me the firſt Time; but ſoon after he applied to me in a diffuſe Letter, very finely writ, ſetting forth his Views; the Place he deſired; the Grounds of his Pretenſions; the Means of procuring it; and his Intention of acknowledging my Services, with a very conſiderable Sum or Penſion. In Anſwer, I plainly told

told him I had no Intereſt; and if I had any, I ſhould not ſell it at any Rate: As, in Reality, when there has been a greater Proſpect of ſucceeding, I have always looked on theſe Kind of Contracts with a Contempt they deſerve.

THE Candour and honeſt Principle, which my Letter manifeſted, ſenſibly touched this Perſon. He returned an Anſwer, in which he changed the Offer he had made, into that of his Perſon, if his Fortune ſhould turn out good enough for my Acceptance; or even ſuch as it was, if he might preſume to offer it me. I anſwer'd him again with the ſame Frankneſs; letting him know, that nothing was to be expected from me, with Relation to his Fortune; and that it being out of my Power to contribute to it, I could not handſomely accept of ſharing it. He renewed his Inſtances, with which he ſent an Inventory of his Subſtance, the Value of his Employments, and the great Hopes he had both from a conſiderable Undertaking, in which he had a Share, and from the Intereſt of ſome Men in Power. In theſe Offers I ſaw ſuch a Suitableneſs, as to gain my Attention. There was in him alſo a great deal of Probity, plain good Senſe without Culture, virtuous and even liberal Sentiments, and ſuch an Eſteem for me, that I could not but acknowledge it; further I did not go.

HE came to *Paris*, during which he was more than once with me, expreſſing the moſt reſpectful Attachment and ſtrongeſt Deſire to unite his Deſtiny to mine. I gave him to underſtand that, in my Situation, conſidering the Age that I had now reach'd, it would be inexcuſable to alter my Condition, unleſs for a Fortune of a very advantageous Aſpect; and

that I was one of thoſe Antiques, the Value of which is heighten'd by Ancientneſs.

HE unfolded to me the Undertaking, in which he had engaged the greateſt Part of his Subſtance. Immenſe were the Sums which he promiſed himſelf from it, as the Succeſs, he ſaid, was infallible. I had another Opinion of it, and would not enter into any Engagements on ſuch dubious Appearances. In effect, the Affair miſcarried, and his Ruin was the Conſequence; and this likewiſe was follow'd by other Misfortunes. It gave me the greater Concern, from the Deſpair in which I ſaw him, at his Inability to make me any Offer. It would have given me infinite Pleaſure to have repaired his Misfortunes, and by myſelf or others to have acknowledg'd his generous Sentiments; but I had the Mortification of miſcarrying, on ſome Occaſions which he named to me for ſerving him.

I HAD likewiſe other Matches offered me, which came to a like End. One was a Man of a middling Rank but rich, living at *Paris* very retired, and wanted a diſcreet Wife to keep him Company; but not knowing him, I queſtion'd whether I ſhould like his. The Concluſion was to be without any Enquiry, ſo mine was in the Negative.

A LADY propoſed to me another. This was a Gentleman about Fifty, who had lately retired from the Service to a pretty Eſtate, where he lived in a handſome and well furniſhed Houſe. This Gentleman I ſaw at the Perſon's Houſe, who firſt mention'd him to me. His Perſon and Behaviour were not to be found Fault with, nor did I appear to him ſo decrepit as he had imagined; and, being ſatisfied with my very ſmall Fortune (for the Friends I had loſt left me

ſome

ſome Marks of their Affection) he ſaid to his Friend that, provided I had no Repugnancy againſt ſpending my Life at his Seat, he was ready to conclude the Match.

On this Propoſal I conſulted with Madame *De Buſſy*, whom I had acquainted with all the other, which ſhe had diſliked, and who alone knew what made me liſten to them. Concerning this I ſent her Word, for ſhe was abſent, that it was indeed throwing myſelf out at the Window; but that was no more than I had long thought of. She, in her Anſwer, ſaid that this Window ſeemed to her ten Stories high, and that ſhe would not have me take ſuch a Leap; repreſenting, that to mure myſelf up with one whom I did not know, or who perhaps was not capable of knowing me, was the Way literally to realize the figurative Expreſſion, under which I had exhibited this Match to her; that therefore ſhe ſhould not approve of it, unleſs he would allow me to divide my Life betwixt *Paris* and his Eſtate.

Pursuant to this Advice, I deſired the Lady Mediatrix to acquaint the Gentleman, that my Attachment to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would not permit me to leave her without returning, nor to enter into an Engagement which ſhe would never conſent to on ſuch Proviſoes. His Anſwer was, that if I was for retaining any other Connections than thoſe I ſhould enter into with him, I did not ſuit him. This Anſwer alſo perſuaded me, that he little ſuited me; ſo thus ended the third Offer.

Of all theſe fruſtrated Projects, the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* knew nothing. She had, in the mean time, commiſſioned Madame *De Surl*-----, a *Swiſs* Officer's Lady who was acquainted with me, and entirely devoted to the Dutcheſs, to look out amongſt the

Helvetic Corps, commanded by the Duke *Du Maine*, for one who would marry a Woman without Birth, Youth, Beauty, or Fortune; a Diſcovery which the thirteen Cantons, put together, could ſcarce afford. Accordingly the good Gentlewoman was a long Time about it; and, when her Miſſion was quite out of my Mind, coming one Day to *Seaux*, ſhe told me, "I believe I have, by mere Chance, found "the Man. Monſieur *De Surl*---- took me with "him to an Officer, his Countryman, who lived "in the Neighbourhood of the Seat where I was. "I found a ſmall new Houſe, with every Thing "clean to Nicety, and Abundance of Cows and Sheep "about it. The Owner, who is not young, pleas'd "me by a very advantageous Countenance. He is "a Man of Birth, a Widower, and lives in this "Retreat with two Daughters. They ſeem diſ-"creet, good temper'd Girls; at leaſt I could ſee "they were clever Houſwives. He has met with but "little Preferment, after a long Service and an irre-"proachable Diſcharge of his Duty, becauſe he has "kept himſelf private; as Merit, which does not "endeavour to ſhow itſelf, is ſeldom found out: "But," added ſhe, "I am inclined to think that an "Intereſt, by which he could riſe without any "Trouble to himſelf, would be very acceptable to "him; and, if the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* thinks "fit that I ſhould have him ſpoke to, I make "no queſtion, by what I can gather from Information, "that the Propoſal will be very well received by "him; and for you, nothing can ſuit better. He "is a Man of a good Family, has been but little in the "World, and has not contracted its Vices. He is "Maſter of a ſmall Parcel of Land, which he keeps

"in

" in his own Hands, and the Box is only two " Leagues from *Paris*. This, with what may " be expected from the Duke *Du Maine*'s Patronage, " will enable you to live very prettily."

WHILST ſhe was thus ſpeaking, her Diſcourſe preſented to my Mind an Image of rural Life; the Oppoſition of which to mine gave a Relief to every Object, and filled me with Admiration of its mild and ſimple Beauties. At that Time I was in Milk Diet, and nothing ſeemed to me ſo ſatisfactory as to have Cows of one's own. The Pride of Men carefully hides from them the low Circumſtances which have contributed to determine them on the moſt important Occaſions, and it is only an exact and difficult Retroſpect which can trace them out. Now behold me quite in Love with the new Kind of Life which I propoſe to lead.

ANY Offers which I liked were unqueſtionably to be laid before the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. Theſe ſhe approved of, and it was reſolved that, without naming me, the Settlement in queſtion ſhould be propoſed to Monſieur *De S*------. Madame *De Surl*---- had a Friend, who was more intimately acquainted with him than herſelf, and he was charged with this Negotiation. The Overture was well received by Monſieur *De S*------, who, however, ask'd ſome Days to return a poſitive Anſwer. He lived with his Daughters, for whom he had juſtly all the Affection of a Parent; and his firſt Preliminary was, their free Conſent to come under a Mother-in-Law, an Appellation always odious. In this he met with ſome Difficulty. Miſtreſſes in their little Cottage, and directing all the Concerns of it, they fear'd that I would deprive them of their Au-

thority, the great Object of Jealouſy in the Country no leſs than at the Court. This they might have been eaſy about, from my Want of Capacity and Taſte for thoſe very uſeful Occupations, but this they knew nothing of. However, they yielded to their Father's Inclination; who, in this Offer, ſaw before him a ſure and eaſy Fortune: But he, very prudently, was for giving a fixed Object to general Promiſes. He was only a Lieutenant in the *Swiſs* Guards; the Captain of his Company had for ſome Time, by an Apoplexy, been incapable of doing his Duty. His Demand was, to fill the Poſt when it ſhould fall, as the Captain's Death could not be far off; and that, in the mean time, he ſhould have the Title of Commandant of the Company, of which he performed the Functions ever ſince the Diſability of his Captain: Promiſing to conclude the propoſed Marriage on receiving this firſt Favour, as a certain Pledge of the Remainder, which he was contented to wait for.

THIS was the Subſtance of his Anſwer; which the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* approving, turned all her Thoughts on recommending the Deſign to the Duke *Du Maine*. She ſet forth to him all the Reaſons ſhe had for deſiring to ſee me ſettled, and placed them in that beautiful Light which ſhe can impart to whatever her Mind is ſet on; but he, with his uſual Addreſs, eluding what he would not directly oppoſe, applauded her Deſign in general, but propoſed other Perſons, whoſe Conſent was dubious and their Suitableneſs leſs certain. The Dutcheſs *Du Maine* would not take the Change; but, being uſed to his Doublings, follow'd him 'till ſhe came up with him. This took up a long Time, during which

it

it was thought proper that Monſieur *De S*------ and I ſhould ſee each other. This Interview was at Madame *De Surl*-----'s. He was better pleaſed with me than there was room to hope. Of him, I formed no determined Judgement at this firſt Meeting; but, ſome Time after, Monſieur and Madame *De Surl*---- and I went by Appointment to his Country-Houſe, and dined there. The Place, the Repaſt, the Company, every Thing put me in Mind of the Golden-Age. Here was a little chearful Houſe, with Walls as white as Snow; it looked the better for not being furniſh'd. I have not ſince placed ſo great a Value on this Kind of Ornament. The Poultry of his Yard, the Fleſh of his Flocks, and the Fruits of his Garden covered the Table. Our young Landladies dreſſed Part of the Food, and brought us Cakes and Cheeſes of their own making. It was with Pleaſure I contemplated this Manner of Living, ſo agreeable to Nature, which is become foreign to us; and I thought it would ſuit me. I liked the Maſter of the Houſe; his Perſon, his Carriage, his unaffected Politeneſs, flowing from the Heart and expreſſive of a mild benevolent Temper; and ſuch is his. His Soul, exempt from all Paſſions, is carried towards Good by a natural Propenſity, which nothing can with-hold or divert. Of this ſteady Calm the Reſult is a perfect Equanimity; upright and prudent Views, as not offuſcated by any mental Diſorder; Ideas rather juſt, than abundant; few Words, but ſenſible: In fine, one whoſe Company cannot be troubleſome; ſomething farther from creating Diſguſt, than exciting Fondneſs. All this I then confuſedly perceived, but afterwards had a clear experimental Diſcernment of; and I found a Man whom Nature

Nature had placed, where Reaſon cannot reach. After Dinner we talk'd over the Buſineſs which had brought us thither. Monſieur *De S*----- made no Difficulty of declaring, that it was what he was extremely deſirous of, yet required to be previouſly inveſted with the Title, as introductory to the Poſt. I myſelf did not conceal my Approbation of ſuch a Preliminary, and we parted very well ſatisfied with each other. When I was got into the Coach, he put at my Feet a little Lamb, the fateſt of his whole Flock, deſiring my Acceptance. This Paſtoral Preſent ſeem'd to me perfectly of a Piece with all the reſt of the Entertainment.

I MADE a Report to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine* of the Succeſs of our Journey. She was impatient for the Execution of whatever was of her ſcheming, and the Delay of this put her very much upon the Fret. The Duke *Du Maine*, to whom ſhe was continually urging the Condition required, ſtarted new Difficulties. Some Incident, which might render ſuch a Step in Form, was to be waited for; none happen'd. In the Interim, it came to my Knowledge that the Land, thought to be Monſieur *De S*-----'s, belonged to his Daughters, and thus the only Emolument accruing to me from this Match, was to be married to a Man of ſome Rank; which, indeed, as to my Situation, was not without its Conveniences, but otherwiſe what I was very indifferent about. We went to *Anet*, a Seat of the Duke *Du Maine*'s, and ſubſequent Diſtractions ſeemed to have ſwept away the Remembrance of this Affair. Not a Hint would I give of it. So much was it lowered in my Thoughts, that I wiſhed it might never be remember'd any more; for I was continually advancing

vancing in Years, that all matrimonial Schemes became more and more ridiculous in me. Such were my Diſpoſitions when, after our Return from *Anet*, about the Beginning of Winter, the Duke *Du Maine* ſaid to the Dutcheſs, "*De S*------'s Captain has had "another Fit of the Apoplexy, and I inſtantly ſeized "the Opportunity to make him Commandant of "the Company; ſo that's over." This was the only Condition he had required for terminating the Affair. I was ſent for, and the Dutcheſs, with an uncommon Effuſion of Joy, told me the News, which I received with as much Coldneſs. What had pleaſed me at a Diſtance, looked quite otherwiſe near at Hand; and at once ſeveral Inconveniences, hitherto latent, broke in upon my Mind, that I was perfectly amazed at my own Blindneſs. At the ſame Time I ſaw that, after ſuch a Step, there was no drawing back from it. From the Agony this brought on me, or ſome other Cauſe, I fell ſick; but the Loſs of my Life ſeemed to me the only Reſource left me. Melancholy as this was, it failed. I recovered, and now was to take on the Yoke which I had aſſented to, and at firſt viewed with Delight. We went to *Paris*, where I waited on Madame *De Buſſy*. She liked the Match, and endeavoured to revive my Spirits, but I was at leaſt for putting it off; and in Hopes of ſome lucky Incident ſollicited, though ineffectually, for a Delay 'till after the Campaign, which Monſieur *De S*------ was going to make. My Princeſs told me, that the Duke *Du Maine* had given his Word for the Commiſſion, that it was noiſed abroad, and that ended it muſt be. As my laſt Trial I repreſented to her, that my ſupreme Duty being an Attendance on her, I was

moſt

moſt inclined to keep only to this ſo honourable Engagement; but that if I enter'd into any other, that I would alſo fulfil, which would be incompatible with the aſſiduous Service I owed to her Highneſs: That I begged of her to think on it before the irrevocable Step was taken, that I might not afterwards fall under the Perplexity of reconciling oppoſite Duties. She reply'd, that ſhe had foreſeen that I ſhould be oblig'd to divide my Time betwixt her and my Husband, and accordingly ſo it ſhould be; Part of the Year he ſhould have my Company, and the other Part I ſhould be with her. I requeſted that, if it was in the leaſt againſt her Inclination, ſhe would not ſacrifice it to a Settlement which it would give me no Uneaſineſs to relinguiſh. She was inflexible, and ſo little minded what I ſaid, that afterwards ſhe would never remember the Repreſentation I had made to her, nor her Conſent that I ſhould divide my Duties.

THE Penſion, which the Duke *Du Maine* had granted me on my Releaſement, was ſecured to me. Her Highneſs gave me ſome Cloaths; and thus the Victim being decorated, was led to the Altar by Madame *De Chambonnas*, Miſtreſs of the Robes to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, and afterwards brought back to her moſt Serene Highneſs; who received me, and even embraced me with great Tranſports of Joy. I was next uſhered in to the Duke *Du Maine*, to whom I repeated this Verſe of a Pſalm, *He raiſeth the Poor out of the Duſt*: "I may alſo add," ſaid he, "*and maketh the barren Woman to keep Houſe.*" He was pleaſed very condeſcendingly to aſſure us of future Favours. Little did we think of loſing him ſo ſoon.

ALL

ALL theſe Duties being performed, Monſieur and Madame *De Surl*----, Monſieur *De S*----, and I, took Coach to go and dine with him at *Gennevilliers*, where I had been allow'd to ſtay ſome Days. By the Way I called on Madame *De Buſſy*, who was now very ill. She had been lingering a long Time, yet at Sight of me Joy viſibly ſparkled in her Countenance. She gave me a fine Snuff Box, and ſeveral other Tokens of a tender Friendſhip. It was with a ſenſible Concern that I left her; and never ſaw her more, 'till in her laſt Moments. This Melancholy, which I brought away, might not a little contribute to put me out of Humour with my new Manſion. My Daughters-in-Law, who probably had flatter'd themſelves that the Match would not be brought about, inſtead of coming to receive me, were not to be ſeen. They had refuſed being preſent at the Ceremony, which already had given me to judge of their Affections towards me. The eldeſt was prevailed on to ſhew herſelf; and, at laſt, ſhe appeared, but with a Face and Behaviour little ſuitable to the Occaſion: However, inſtead of taking Notice of it, I endeavoured, by a great many Blandiſhments, to overcome her ill Humour. Dinner was near over before the youngeſt came in, making ſome awkward Excuſes for being ſo late; and the Whole took ſome Appearance of Concord and Chearfulneſs, yet far from ſatisfactory. Monſieur *De S*---- being vexed at my diſagreeable Reception, and I in a Cloud to find myſelf married, a Confuſion ſpread through the Houſe, and the Company took Part in it. Beſides thoſe I have named, it conſiſted of ſome choſen Friends, who had follow'd us.

THE

THE Day after ſuch inauſpicious Commencements, being uneaſy about Madame *De Buſſy*'s Health, I wanted to ſend to hear from her; and the Means not being procured me with any Readineſs, I withdrew to give Vent to my Tears. One of our Gueſts came to look for me, and being the ſame who had firſt opened the Match to Monſ. *De S*-----, was the more concerned to find me under ſuch an extreme Grief, which confuſedly included various Subjects. I excuſed my Uneaſineſs on ſeveral Pretences, and determined to hide it as much as poſſible. Monſ. and Madame *De Surl*----, with their Friends, were gone; and now I was under greater Trouble at being alone, and as it were a Stranger in a Houſe, which I was intitled to look on as my own. Monſ. *De S*---- omitted nothing to render the Manſion agreeable to me, but the firſt Impreſſions could not wear off ſo ſoon. I remained there a few Days more; we then went to *Paris*, to wait the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Return from *Seaux*, whither ſhe had gone to ſpend the Carnaval.

SHE ſoon returned, and expreſſed a great deal of Joy at ſeeing me in my new Character. I had all the Privileges of the Ladies of her Houſhold, Admittance to her Table and Coach; yet, on an Occaſion which came round ſoon after, I found ſhe did not care I ſhould be ſeen ſo near her in public. It was the Time when the King reviews the *Swiſs* Guards. The Duke *Du Maine* ſaid to her, he would have her be there, and entertain me with the Sight. She went, but I was put in a Coach with Madame *De Surl*----; whilſt Madame *De Beſſ*----, being more known at Court, was in hers: Whence I inferred, that

that the Sacrament of Marriage does not, like that of Baptiſm, waſh away original Stains.

THIS Diſcovery was ſucceeded by another, which ſhewed me that I was ſtill further out in my Reckoning. Monſ. *De S*----- had gone Home, to paſs *Lent* with his Family; and, towards the Cloſe, ſent me Word that immediately after *Eaſter* he was to ſet out for the Campaign, expreſſing how agreeable it would be to him, if I would ſpend *Paſſion-Week* at his Houſe at *Gennevilliers*. I intimated it to the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*. She heard it with an Amazement, mixed with Indignation; and, to an abſolute Refuſal, added very vehement Complaints: Taxed me with Ingratitude and Deceit; as if, in paying ſome Regard to the Husband ſhe had given me, I threw off all Duty to her. It was to no Purpoſe I offered to her Conſideration, what I had repreſented previouſly to the Marriage: All was forgot; at leaſt I hope ſo, for all was flatly denied. Then I ſaw that the Chain, which I had been for ſlackening, was drawn tighter. This Contradiction, which portended many others, was the more irritating, as I paſſionately deſired this ſhort Interval of Liberty to ſhare it with Madame *De Buſſy*, then at the Point of Death. That Week which I had deſtined for another Place, I was forced to ſpend at *Seaux*; and there it was that ſome Days after I heard of my Friend's Death. This filled up the Meaſure of my Grief; and the Marks of her Kindneſs left in her Will, ſhewed her deſerving of all my Eſteem. She left me a pretty Country-houſe completely furniſhed, which had been her Delight, and the Diamond Ring ſhe always wore: Yet to me their chief Value has been, that they were Memorials of ſo dear a Friend; with whom, as deeply graved on my Heart, my Mind has been converſant in a thouſand affecting Recollections.

I HAVE not known a Woman ſo perfectly rational, and with ſo little Study or Formality in her Reaſon. Never was a more ſenſible Soul and more placid Mind. Every Thing in her was Sentiment, even to Thoughts; but Sentiment entirely conſiſtent with the pureſt Lights. From this excellent Harmony reſulted Senſibility without Inequality, and Paſſions without Vehemence; a mild Vivacity, exquiſite yet complacent Senſe. Her Heart was the Reſidence of Truth, Probity, Candour, and the moſt tender Benevolence; they were Natives of it, and throve ſpontaneouſly. Her Virtues were alſo embelliſh'd by that viviſying Warmth, which imparts a Grace to all Things, even to Faults. But what beyond any Thing attached her Friends to her, was that in her was found that true and perfect Friendſhip, ſo often ſuſpected of being only a viſionary Idea. The Confidence ſhe inſpired, was that which one has for one's ſelf; and one would readily have told her, what would have given Pain to own to one's ſelf. Her tender Concern, her ſollicitous Attention to what was ſaid to her, penetrated the Heart, and laid open its cloſeſt Folds. Further, the Salutarineſs of her Advice, and her perſuaſive Talents added an Utility to the Charms of the Confidence repoſed in her.

UNDER the Grief which the irreparable Loſs of ſuch a Friend gave me, I was obliged to accompany her Highneſs to *Anet*; where the Reſentment of my Superior ſeemed to machinate in Combination with the Jealouſy of my Equals and Inferiors, to increaſe the Lowneſs of my Spirits, which they effectually did. The ſole Satisfaction I brought back, was a Sight of the delightful Hermitage which had been left me, as it ſtood within a ſmall Diſtance from our Road; but Half an Hour was the longeſt I ſtaid there. This curſory Survey, however, left in me a great

great Deſire of living in that peaceful Receſs. Here alſo my Intentions were to be croſſed; by freſh and direful Misfortunes. The Duke *Du Maine*, who had hitherto enjoyed a perfect State of Health, was ſeized with a Diſtemper which at firſt ſeemed nothing, but was ſoon declared incurable. There is no expreſſing the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*'s Anxiety. Her Affliction obliterated all bitter Remembrances of ſome Abuſes of her Superiority, and ſhe would have me entirely with her. The cloſe Attendance which the Duke's Condition required, kept her a whole Twelvemonth at *Seaux*, in an excruciating Suſpenſe; and during the whole Time, ſhe, who excepting the Interval of Confinement had been immerſed in Pleaſure and Diſſipations, notwithſtanding the ſhocking Nature of his Diſtemper, perſevered in the moſt punctual Diſcharge of all the Offices of Affection. She was loſing a Prince, who was the Support of her Houſe; and whoſe perſonal Merit kept up, after his Fall, the very great Regard which had been uſed to be paid him, both by the Publick and at Court. His Virtues indeed were rather the Effects of Religion, than the Gifts of Nature. He loved Retirement, Study and Work; and, with every Thing that is amiable in Company, ſhunned it; but when in it, no Perſon more eaſy, polite and chearful, and always the ſame Man. She was alſo loſing in him a Husband, over whom ſhe had an invincible Aſcendancy; from which ſhe uſed to draw great Advantages, without loſing that of an abſolute Freedom.*

After inexpreſſible Sufferings, the Cancer in his Face ſucceſſively deprived him of all the Functions of Life; and, at length, of Life itſelf.

He went through all the Tortures of his Death with a Chriſtian Fortitude, and gave exemplary Inſtances of an elevated Devotion. With him ſeemed to

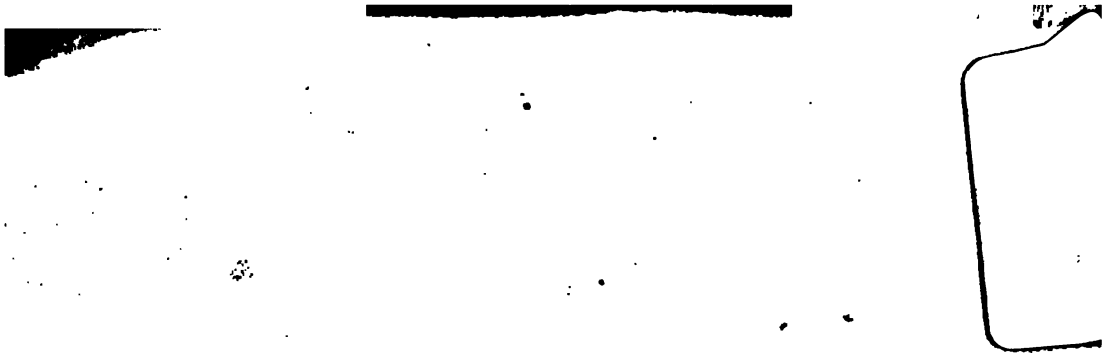
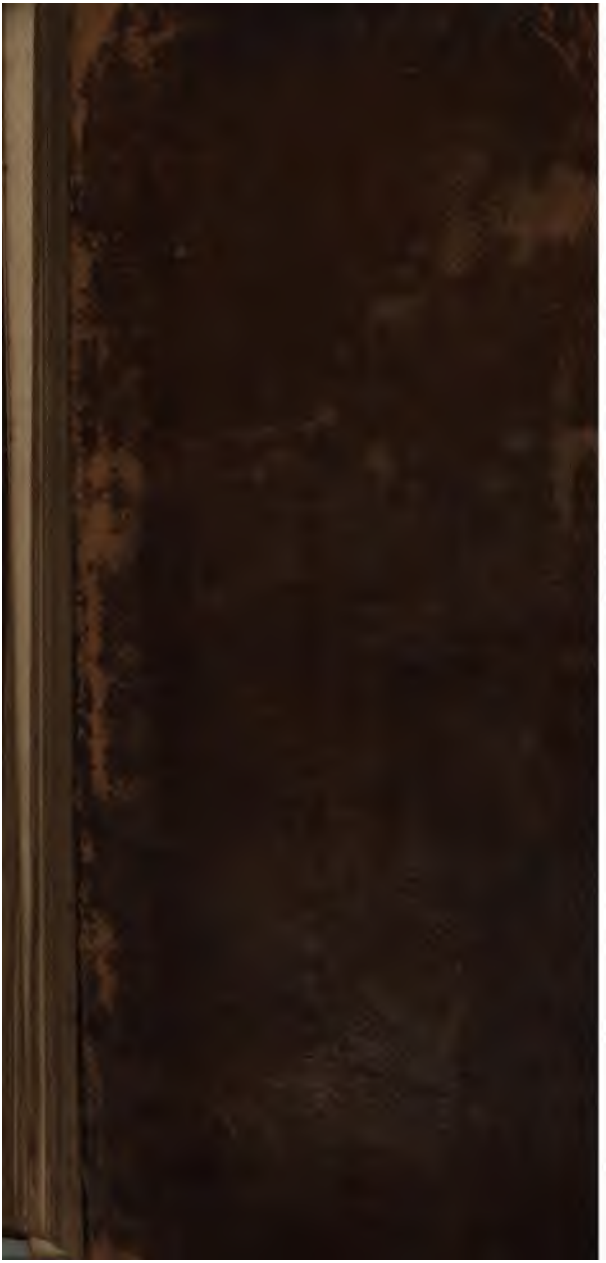
expire

expire all thoſe Hopes of Fortune which had ſeduced me; yet they had a leſs Share in my Grief than my unfortunate Princeſs, and his own Perſon, ſo worthy of Eſteem.

THOUGH I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no Evil.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"HERE Madame *De Stahl*'s Illneſs ſuddenly became ſo violent, as to deprive her of the Power of writing any more; and, from a Senſe of her approaching Death it was, that ſhe writ that appoſite Paſſage of *Pſalm* xxiii. The ſubſequent Part of her Life was quite uniform. The moſt remarkable Paſſages are, that the Dutcheſs *Du Maine*, after Affairs were ſettled, gave her a very honourable Diſcharge, yet continued her Penſion, and procured Monſieur *De Stahl* a Company in the Guards. She writ two Plays, beſides ſmaller Pieces, all very well received. Her agreeable Qualities in a little Time overcame the Jealouſy of her Daughters-in-Law, and ſhe even divided her Subſtance betwixt them and her favourite Convent of St. *Lewis*. Monſ. *De Stahl* perfectly anſwered the Idea ſhe at firſt conceived of him. It muſt naturally be ſuppoſed that a Perſon of ſuch Sentiments as Madame *De Stahl*, left this World in the ſame hopeful Manner as the Duke *Du Maine*, and this I can atteſt. She died at *Gennevilliers*, in the Night of the Fifteenth of *June*, 1750. *Requieſcat in Pace!*

"JAQUES TRISTAN."

FINIS.